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The American Wonderland of Natural Bridges

THE EXTRAORDINARY SCENIC FEATURES OF A UNIQUE REGION AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF SOUTHEASTERN UTAH, WHICH THE GOVERNMENT HAS TAKEN IN CHARGE AS THE NATURAL BRIDGES NATIONAL MONUMENT

By Ethel and James Dorrance

A BRIDGE! And a wonder bridge at that—a marvelous piece of architecture! Who in the world could have built it?"

Across the rough trail of the cañon bottom the "see America first" explorer pulls up his cayuse at the head of his pack-train, and stares. Quite suddenly across his horizon, from one lightish-colored sandstone cañon-wall to the other, a stringer of rock has flung. Seen from his distance, it looks wafer-thin, almost ephemeral. In fear that he is the victim of a mirage, he brushes a hand across his eyes, urges on his horse, then pulls up to gaze again.

There it is, all the plainer for his closer approach, its abutments reaching out with more or less exact steps, the floor of its

span as solid as Broadway. Unmistakably it is real. It has stood there for ages, and in all probability it will stand there for ages to come.

Who, indeed, could have built such a causeway out here across White Cañon, an irregular crease of varying depths that lines one of the upturned mountain sections of the vast, unsurveyed land of southeastern Utah? And for what purpose?

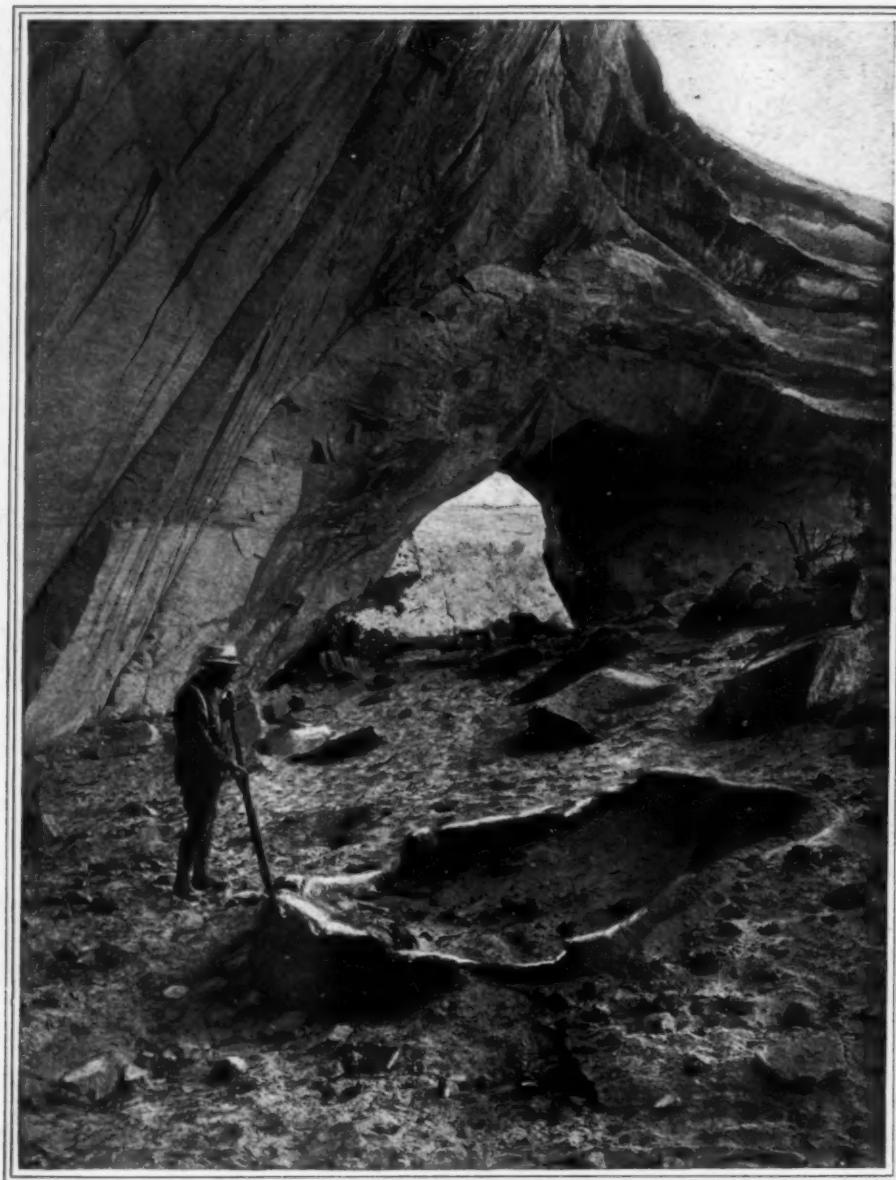
Almost a State's width to the north lies the wet drouth of Great Salt Lake; over in Arizona, to the southwest, the titanic scar of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado; near enough to be neighborly, the green table of Mesa Verde is set. But here is neither the saline desert nor that of yellow sand and burning solitude, any more than the ver-

dure of the plateau. Just an ordinary cañon is the White, of a sort that might be called livable, where vegetation still has a chance and water is to be found in pools and creeks.

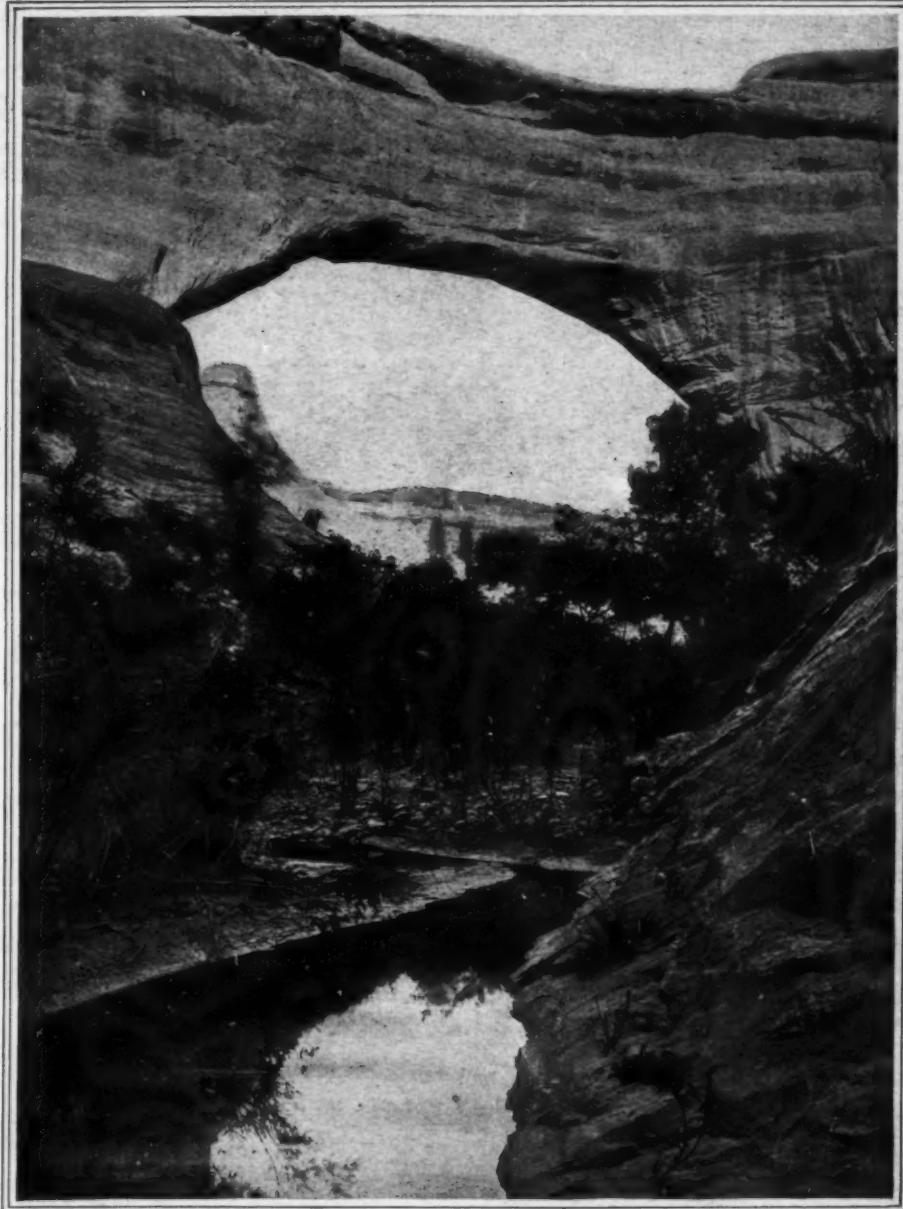
No mortal ever could or would have constructed this miracle of masonry, for there neither is nor ever was any traffic for it to

bear. It is a wonder of nature's handiwork —Owachomo, "the round mound," otherwise known as the Edwin, and the smallest of the trio to be found in the Natural Bridges National Monument.

Around another turn in this cañon of surprises the Bridge of the Sacred Dancers shows its thicker-spanned bulk. Less than



EXCAVATING IN THE BED OF THE CAÑON UNDER THE CAROLINE ARCH, WHERE THERE ARE
REMAINS OF PREHISTORIC DWELLINGS

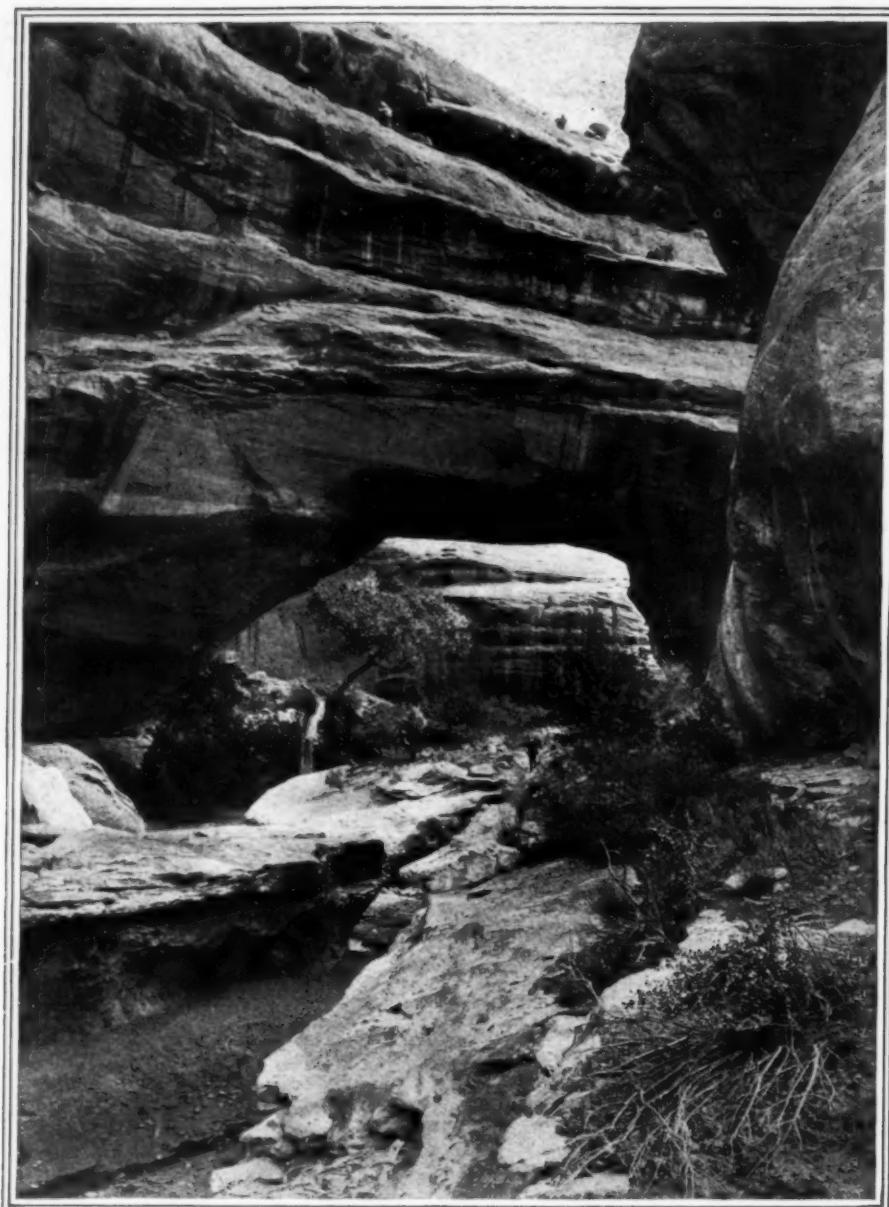


THE AUGUSTA ARCH, ALSO KNOWN AS SIPAPU, OR THE PORTAL OF LIFE, THE LARGEST OF THE THREE SPANS IN THE NATURAL BRIDGES NATIONAL MONUMENT.

two miles farther on the Portal of Life, the most cyclopean formation of its kind known to the world, once more challenges the traveler's credulity.

These most remarkable products of eccentric stream erosion the government of the United States has set aside, together

with the adjacent territory rich in prehistoric remains, as a playground for you and yours and the generations that will follow you. And that you may enjoy the sight of them, even though unable to make the pilgrimage, a camera expedition has recently been sent out to photograph them.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CAROLINE ARCH, WHICH IS ALSO KNOWN AS KACHINA, OR THE BRIDGE OF THE SACRED DANCERS, FROM AN INDIAN SYMBOL CARVED UPON IT

From a photograph by George L. Beam

Let the New Yorker imagine the East River gone dry and its shores stripped of their serried array of buildings. Then let him suppose that he is making his way along the bed of the channel dividing Brooklyn from Manhattan. Glancing up,

he suddenly descries the Williamsburg Bridge curving overhead, then Manhattan Bridge, and then the Brooklyn Bridge, which less than forty years ago was a candidate for addition to the seven wonders of the world. He will understand, if his im-

agation is in good working condition, the effect of a first view of Utah's natural triumvirate.

And the analogy may be continued. The Brooklyn Bridge, with its abutment land, cost a trifle over twenty-five million dollars—cost, besides, incalculable labor for thirteen years. For centuries nature's erosive forces toiled, unrelieved by day-and-night shifts, toward the completion of three spans that will probably stand steadfast when the proudest work of the New York bridge-builders has been junked. In the height of its floor above the water-level, the Brooklyn Bridge measures but one hundred and thirty-three feet; the Portal of Life, one hundred and fifty-seven feet.

THE WAY TO THE NATURAL BRIDGES

No great number of Americans have as yet had the privilege of viewing these unique formations, but the way is to be made easier from year to year. The coming summer is likely to see the total number of past visitors doubled in one season. Unfortunately, the whole of the road to the bridges is not yet open to motors, as is that to Mesa Verde and many of the Southwest's scenic high-spots, but road-building has cut down the pack-train distance.

The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad approaches nearest to this region, this governmental monument, as it does to so much of the scenery of the three States which it serves. The trains let you off at Thompson, Utah, a little more than five hundred miles from Denver. Thompson is a small town with a main street of the typical small-town sort. Except for its opinion of itself, as asserted in its slogan, it would scarcely warrant the hesitation of a self-respecting train. But what a slogan—"The Gateway to an Empire"!

"That's just what Thompson, Utah, is, pardner—the gateway to an empire!"

So declares the ubiquitous solid citizen in Stetson, overalls, and jangling spurs whom you chance to accost on the station platform just after the express pulls out. There will probably be some one about to detail the unsurpassed trout-fishing and big-game-hunting in the La Sal Mountains to the south; and if you are a "scenic," the Moab auto-stage is waiting for the first jaunt of thirty-seven miles.

From Moab another auto-stage carries you sixty-eight miles farther, south of Monticello, and thence twenty-five westward to

Blanding. Here you change into "roughs"—khaki and knee-boots preferable—and employ a guide, a worthy who does all the rest without your leaving the shade of the hotel veranda.

Next morning, as early as you are willing to be called, your saddle horses are waiting and your mules packed with all essentials and luxuries to taste. After a crisp breakfast, sans ceremony, your bridge-sighting expedition gets along. It is not a hard trip, this last fifty-five miles, once you accustom yourself to the most serious differences between Pullman plush and saddle leather. There is vegetation most of the way; scarcely a mile crosses real desert, and most camp-sites have plenty of clear, cool water.

A half-way camp you come to on Elk Mountain in the Kigalia Forest Reserve—a grateful resting-place, where you may meet a hard-working ranger and his cabin-neighbor, the wolf-killer. This veteran trapper is a typical Utah character. If he should happen to be wearing cuffs on his denim trousers, don't take it that he is aping the fashions of London or Broadway. The turn-up is a "happen-so," because his present pair fits better "reefed in." Don't fail to meet him, either in camp or along the trail, and be sure to have him tell you of his thousand-dollar killing—when he brought down a huge *lobo*, slayer of so much stock as to have had a thousand dollars offered for his death by the cattlemen.

EDWIN, CAROLINE, AND AUGUSTA

In approaching the bridges you first see the smallest, but also the most symmetrical and the best adapted to photographic treatment. Your guide obligingly takes the pack-mules ahead to the height of the span, one hundred and four feet above the cañon bed. Out over a roadway thirty-five feet wide he rides, and the camera does the rest. That he really feels as nonchalant as he looks, while crossing, is the more credible when you grasp the fact that the top of the arch is natural rock ten feet thick.

Scarcely three miles beyond Edwin, you come upon Caroline, the Bridge of the Sacred Dancers, a regular old lady elephant of a structure, one hundred and seven feet thick at her top span, with a width up to forty feet. Her length of one hundred and eighty-six feet swings ninety-eight feet above the stream level. Reasons there are for making camp beneath the Caroline,

even though no sacred dancers are billed to entertain you in the light of the midnight moon. One is the discovery, near by, of a prehistoric dwelling which warrants investigation. Another is the stream of running water, beside which your guide, now serving as cook, spreads a tarpaulin in lieu of a kitchen table and sets about the preparation of one of the many feasts for gods which he knows how to concoct.

Will you ever forget the way the sight of him whetted an appetite, already keen from days in the Utah open, as he knelt beside the flour-sack stirring biscuits in the original container with the same single hand used so deftly in the rolling of brown-paper "smokes"? Never, we guess—any more than the taste of them when done!

Perhaps the engraving on a preceding page will best express the grandeur of Augusta, the Portal of Life, largest of the three bridges, situated two miles down the cañon from your camp. All about it are cliff-dwellers' ruins to furnish added proof that the prehistoric inhabitants of the region possessed unusual appreciation of nature's prodigality with the beautiful. There is no indication, however, either here or at the other bridges, that these peoples took any hand in fashioning them, any more than that they utilized them except in a religious way.

The following table of dimensions of this magnificent structure was verified by the recent expedition:

Height, 222 feet.
Thickness at top of arch, 65 feet.
Width at top of arch, 28 feet.
Width of span, 261 feet.
Height of span, 157 feet.

The two larger bridges were first christened in 1903, being named Augusta and Caroline after the wives of Horace J. Long and James Scorup, who were instrumental in bringing to the outside world the news of these scenic wonders. Three years afterward, Colonel Edwin F. Homes sent a party for further exploration. Finding the third bridge unnamed, they followed the nomenclature idea of the early investigators and added a boy to the family, calling it Edwin, after Colonel Homes.

Not until the suggestion of making the bridges a national monument came under consideration, in 1908, was there discovered a Piute Indian, misnamed Mike, the only real "native son" of the region. He declared that he had been born in a wickiup

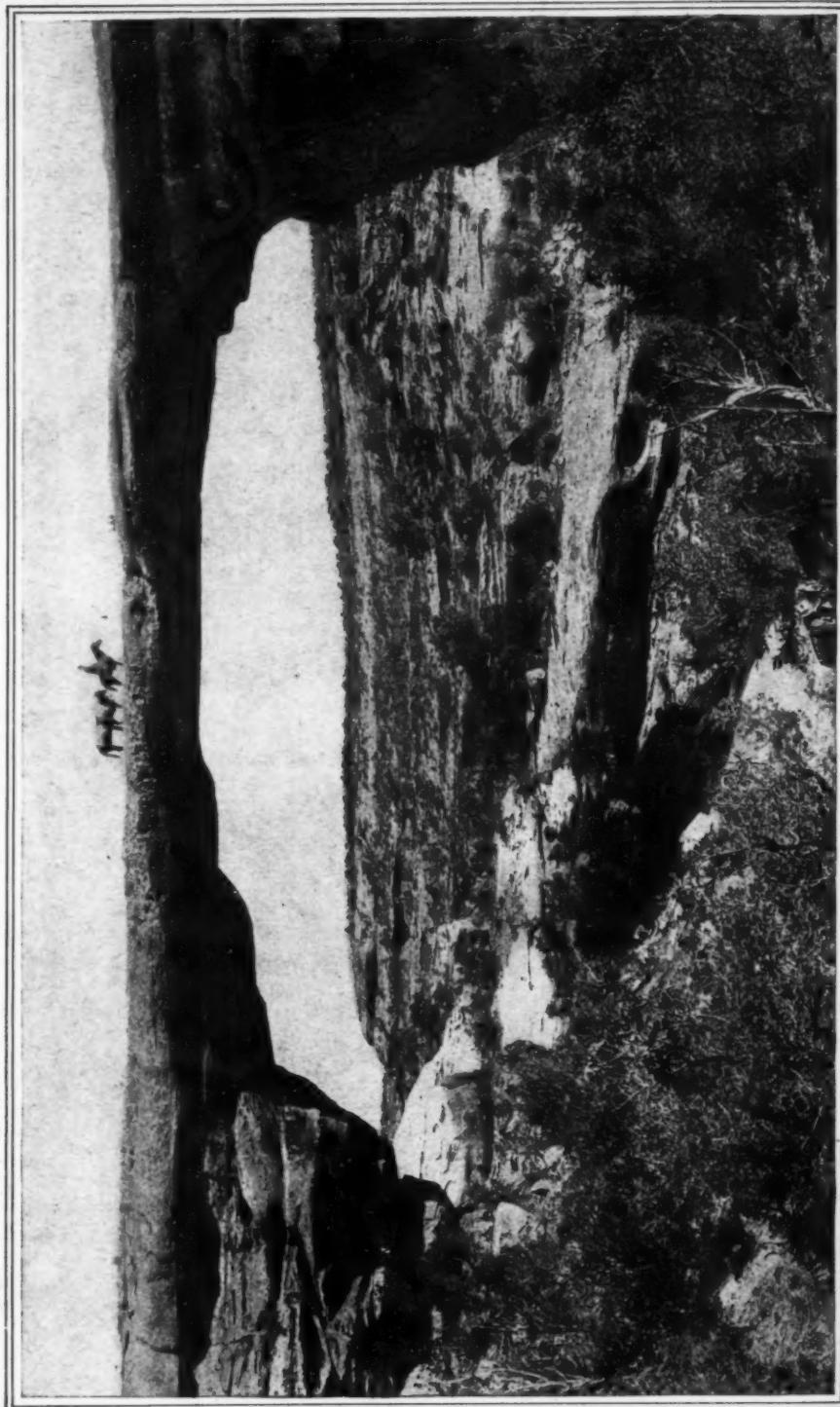
under one of the bridges, and that his father had spent much of his life there. According to Mike, the natives had never troubled to give them individual names, since they were known collectively by an Indian term meaning "the space under a horse's belly between his fore and hind legs." Though lacking in dignity, the descriptiveness of this appellation is readily admitted by all who see them.

Closer inspection of the trio of stone giants suggested appropriate Indian names. Upon the second some prehistoric race had carved a symbol recognized as that of the Kachina, who were the sacred dancers of the Hopi Indians. On the largest a formation resembling a draped bier suggested the name "Sipapu"—the Portal of Life. A conical mound upon the smallest gave it the proper Hopi name "Owachomo," already translated as "round mound bridge." These have been officially approved by the United States Board of Geographic Names, but to the guides the bridges will remain "Carrie," "Gussie," and "Ed."

NONNEZOSHIE, THE RAINBOW ARCH

South of Mesa Verde, within the Navajo Indian Reservation and near a corner of San Juan County, Utah, there has stood for ages a fourth natural bridge—the Rainbow Arch. Unique in the fact that not only is it symmetrically arched below but also presents a curved surface above, it has received the distinction of being made into a national monument by itself. This bridge is three hundred and nine feet above the water-level, and its span is two hundred and seventy-eight feet. From the Natural Bridges Monument it can be reached by a trip of one hundred and sixty miles by team and pack-horse through a country rich in scenery and in prehistoric interest.

Last summer a party of travelers from Cleveland, Ohio, approached the Rainbow Arch from the south, coming up through the Navajo Reservation by way of Surprise Valley. They got out of the valley through a pass so narrow that the falling of a four-foot boulder would have blocked it completely to man and beast. Over domes of wind-weathered rock and up and down shale slides they picked their way until, through a small side gulch, they gained the cañon spanned by the Rainbow Arch. But let Mr. Walter D. Sayle, who led the party, describe the experience to you, as he did to us.



THE EDWIN ARCH, ALSO KNOWN AS OWACHOMO, OR THE BRIDGE OF THE ROUND MOUND—THIS IS THE SMALLEST BUT ARCHITECTURALLY THE MOST SYMMETRICAL OF THE THREE SPANS IN THE NATURAL BRIDGES NATIONAL MONUMENT

From a photograph by George L. Baugh



NONNEZOSHIE, OR THE RAINBOW ARCH, A REMARKABLE NATURAL BRIDGE IN SAN JUAN COUNTY, UTAH, WHICH HAS ALSO BEEN TAKEN IN CHARGE BY THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

From a photograph by Walter D. Sayle

"About one-half mile from the arch we leave our horses, as they are to take an easier trail up the side of the cañon. We proceed along the bed, jumping from rock to rock, crossing the pools of the tiny streams many times, before our ears hear a call:

"The bridge!"

"And there, rising before us, is that great work of nature, Nodzealid Nonnezoshie—Rainbow Arch.

"We make our camp under the great buttress of the arch on a shelf thirty-five feet above the bed of the cañon, spending the afternoon climbing up and down to get more favorable views. The most inspiring one was obtained by stretching on one's back in camp and looking at that great stone rainbow curved nearly three hundred feet above. Truly it is a wonderful and inspiring sight! And the longer one looks, the more majestic it becomes.

"The Indians hold this work of nature in great reverence, and believe it to be in some way connected with the Great Spirit. None will walk under the arch, nor will they touch it with foot or hand. Our native interpreter, Cloysozen Bega, quite willingly climbed up the mountain trail with

us to near the top of the arch, but declined to place his foot upon it, shaking his head mysteriously when asked if he wished to assist the others in the climb to the top. Just beside our camp was the ruin of an altar where the medicine men came at intervals to cleanse their souls and worship at the shrine of the Great Spirit."

As Zane Gray says of it, "Nonnezoshie will always be alone, grand, silent, beautiful, unintelligible." Although long known by legend and report, Rainbow Arch was not actually discovered until 1909, when it was reached by a combination of two parties, one under Mr. W. B. Douglas, representing the United States Geological Survey, the other headed by Professor Byron Cummings, then of the University of Utah. Since then perhaps one hundred and fifty whites have undertaken the rather hazardous trip.

With the National Park Service now in full control of both the Natural Bridges and the Rainbow Arch, the way thereto will constantly grow more accessible. The two monuments are not formally guarded by Spread-Eagle Rangers, but are under the nominal charge of permanent residents of their respective districts.

How the Government Can Encourage Business

A GREAT QUESTION NOW BEFORE CONGRESS AND THE COUNTRY IS WHETHER AMERICAN INDUSTRY IS OR IS NOT TO BE REGULATED BY OFFICIAL BOARDS CHIEFLY COMPOSED OF THEORISTS WHO HAVE NO PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE OF BUSINESS

By Bert M. Fernald

United States Senator from Maine

WHEN Warren G. Harding, now President of the United States, stated during last year's political campaign that he favored "more business in government and less government in business," he delivered one of the most encouraging messages that the business men of this country have received from a man in high position in a quarter of a century. It met with universal approval from one end of the country to the other, and I am sure that all business men indorse it as a principle which, if carried out in governmental practise, will bring an era of general confidence and good feeling.

Our country is still suffering from the effects of the world war, and it will require time to establish normal conditions. It should be the duty of Congress to lend every possible aid toward a complete restoration of pre-war conditions. We should encourage and not discourage business. We should lend a helping hand, and not throw any obstruction in the way of progress.

There has been much hysteria in this country during the past few years. We have had too much meddling in private business. We have too many official bureaus and commissions. Government regulation is an octopus that strangles commercial development and progress. Of course, I do not approve any corporation or individual guilty of unfair practises, but so long as business is conducted honorably and honestly the government should keep out of it and not meddle. A business man

myself, I know how the business men of the country feel about legislation that puts our industries under the control of Federal commissions.

Problems of stupendous importance are pressing for consideration and solution by the new Republican administration. In the trying period of transition from a war basis to a time of peace, the minds of men have been full of uneasiness and distress. Many of them have been ready to listen to any arguments or suggestions for relief, and willing to accept theories and remedies that under normal conditions they would vigorously reject.

It is also the case that many people seem to forget that we have recently passed through the greatest war in history. From many sources we have heard unjust and unfair remarks about the administration, both civil and military, during the period of the struggle. As a matter of fact, whatever the errors that have been made, our success is sufficient warrant for the outlay and sacrifice.

After fault-finding with the government and its officials we have been apt to take the greatest industries of the country and find fault with those. It began with the railroads, when there was stirred up in this country the feeling that the railroad magnates were going to become dictators. This aroused the belief that the railroads should be taken over by the government and should come under government control.

After the railroads, critics began their attacks on other large industries. Of late it

seemed very popular to complain against the packing industry—or the packers, to be more explicit—because theirs has grown to be a business of gigantic size. This industry, which Congress has singled out for drastic legislation, is no different from other large industries; and if a license is to be applied to it, the same system should in all fairness be applied to every other business in the country.

Those who criticise the packers on account of the magnitude of their operations should remember that in many important industries there is a single corporation that handles a similar proportion—in some cases a much larger proportion—of the total output. For example, I may mention the United States Steel Corporation, the International Harvester Company, the Continental Wall Paper Company, the American Woolen Company, and others.

If we are going to break away from American traditions and subject private industry to government restriction and regulation, why should we begin with any one industry? If we are ready to take this step, and to extend government regulation definitely over private industry, let us make a clean sweep of it, and provide commissions to regulate and control all interstate corporations. If one company, or one line of industry, is to be under government control and subject to the dictates of a government official, all business should be treated alike.

We might go even further. Not only might we undertake to see that every business man should be told by some clerk of the government what he should do, but surely professional men should be under the same control. Certain professions are now so closely affiliated with the business interests of the country, and the fees charged are so exorbitant, that it would seem that they, too, should be placed under the same restrictions.

During the war, no doubt, it was essential in many instances that the government should take control of certain important industries. No one will criticise any act that was necessary for bringing the conflict to a successful issue; but the result was that nearly everything a man did was regulated by some one besides himself. If an individual or an organization wanted to know what he or it could do, it was necessary to come to Washington and consult some official or some war board organiza-

tion. Men got into the habit of permitting some one else to do their own thinking for them.

The government idea of conducting private business was further expanded when it got into the price-fixing field. The government settled the price first of one product, then another. It guaranteed a certain price on articles of production. It regulated credits; it regulated labor and capital, hours of work and rates of wages. This war period of Federal regulation has got into the minds of many people an idea that the government can do anything and everything; that it possesses magic powers, and that by waving its wand it makes impossible things become possible.

I do not believe that this is a policy desired by the people. Certainly it is not to be the policy of the government, bearing in mind President Harding's wish of "less government in business." After the experience we have had with the Federal control of railroads, telegraphs, and telephones, I do not think Congress intends that the experiment shall be continued further. It would certainly lead to chaos and commercial bankruptcy.

A PLAGUE OF THEORISTS IN AUTHORITY

The great trouble with government bodies controlling big business has been that practically no one has ever been appointed to serve on them who had any knowledge, experience, or training in the business which the commission, bureau, or board had to control. That has been one great trouble with the Federal Trade Commission. The same thing is true with the Interstate Commerce Commission and with the Shipping Board.

The avowed purpose of the Federal Trade Commission was to help and encourage business, and naturally one would suppose it would be a sane policy to have at least one business man a member of that bureau. It has had in its membership too many reformers, too many dreamers, too many theorists, and no one of practical business sense. It has harassed, annoyed, and meddled with American business until the country has lost faith in it. Its operations are in themselves a sufficient warning that no more such commissions are wanted.

The original theory of the Federal Trade Commission, that of being of assistance to business—for I understand that this was its purpose when it was created—was a

practical and feasible one; but it has enlarged its field of operations, and now has its special attorneys, special experts, special agents, special clerks, and other employees, who travel over the country gratuitously meddling here and unnecessarily investigating there. So far as I know, there is not a single business in the United States that has uttered a word of commendation of the Federal Trade Commission because of any assistance received from it. There may have been some such instance, but I have never heard of it. Many of its so-called experts, from the best information I have, are opposed to the American idea of business. Some of them are of foreign birth and education, and were brought up in an environment of socialism. Yet these individuals have been investigating American business and recommending changes in its conduct. Is there any wonder that the Federal Trade Commission is discredited in the minds of the business men of this country?

Four years ago President Wilson, in a letter to the Federal Trade Commission, directed it to make an investigation of the food supply of the country. The order naturally meant that the entire industry from the producer to the consumer—or, putting it in another way, from the farm to the table—should be investigated, but this was not done. The only part of the business with which the commission dealt was the manufacturing phase of the packing industry. No attempt was made to look into the producing, the distributing, or the retailing end of the business.

The subsequent report of the Federal Trade Commission, making charges against the packers, came up for examination in the course of the hearings before a committee of the United States Senate. A number of business men who testified at the hearings denied that there was any basis for the charges, and discredited the commission's report. Many of these witnesses were known to members of the Senate as citizens of the highest honor and integrity, and their word has never been questioned. Are we to believe these reputable citizens, whose business compels them to be in almost daily contact with the big packers, or are we to discount their testimony and accept the contrary statements of an employee of a government bureau?

I, for one, would believe practical business men and farmers—men recognized as

the leading citizens in their communities—rather than a government commission of theorists, who know nothing about business, who are socialistically inclined, and who believe that the government ought to regulate private business.

WHY HAS RAILROAD-BUILDING CEASED?

While I am on the subject of commissions, I want to refer to the operations of the Interstate Commerce Commission. In the beginning I want to say that in many cases this commission has rendered valuable service, but in other instances I think it has been a menace to the transportation system of the country, over which it has control.

When one analyzes the personnel of the Interstate Commerce Commission from the time it was organized down to the present day, one need not be surprised that this governmental agency has failed in many instances to render a satisfactory service to the country. It has strangled and starved and annoyed our transportation companies until the building of railroads has practically ceased. A few years ago we used to hear about the Harrimans, the Hills, and the Flaglers, who developed the great Northwest and the valley of the Mississippi, who brought fruits from California and Florida to the breakfast-tables of the people in Washington, Philadelphia, and New York. We hear nothing to-day of great railroad magnates, for the ambition to construct railroads has ceased. There are no men to-day undertaking to get capital to build new lines.

We have been drying up for the past ten years, and I suppose that in the next ten to twenty years, if we pursue this policy of creating new commissions, there will be no producers to need railroads. They will all be down here in Washington, working for the government at salaries of ten thousand dollars a year.

The first active operative railway official ever nominated for the Interstate Commerce Commission was appointed only a few months ago. Its membership for the most part has been composed of lawyers, politicians, professors, so-called economists, and experts who never had a day's experience in the management of a railroad. Some members have had railroad affiliations, like being counsel for a railroad; but these commissioners were primarily lawyers, rather than men versed in the oper-

ation of railroads. Of the seven men serving on March 4 of this year, I think five are either politicians or professors.

As a result of the policy pursued by the Interstate Commerce Commission, thousands of people throughout the country have suffered severely. Railway securities are widely scattered at the present time. Indeed, it has been said that the ownership of our railroads, directly or indirectly, is in the hands of practically our entire population. Every insurance policy-holder, every bank depositor, every student in a college or other endowed institution, has a vital interest in having railway credit conserved and maintained.

If during these years the Interstate Commerce Commission had contained a few practical railroad men—men who understood the operation of a railroad, who knew something about traffic conditions, who knew something about rates and railroad economics—it would have been a means of helpfulness. Instead, it has been dominated and controlled by men without business training, without any practical knowledge of the operation of our transportation system. Its members have been theorists who imposed their idealistic notions on the railroads with most unfortunate results.

Shortly before the roads were taken over by the government, the Interstate Commerce Commission refused to allow them to make an increase of fifteen per cent in freight rates, which their managers considered necessary for the proper maintenance of their business; yet immediately after they came under Federal control rates were raised thirty-five per cent, and there have since been large further increases. This illustrates the lack of a consistent and businesslike policy that has marked governmental regulation of industry.

A GREAT QUESTION BEFORE CONGRESS

Congress must now decide whether it will turn over the supervision of complex and vital industries to official bureaus with almost unlimited power, whose members would have no practical or technical knowledge of the business under their control—for it is proposed to debar from membership any one connected with the business in question.

It is also proposed to give the government power to say what lines of business certain concerns may or may not enter, what products they may or may not han-

dle. If this principle is to be established for one industry or business, it might as well be established for all. If it is applied to the packing business, it might as well be applied to a mail-order business or a department-store which handles nearly everything. Are we going to put a limit in this country upon a man's endeavor? Are we going to say to the manufacturer, the merchant, the banker, or to any other kind of business in this country:

"You can do only so much business; you may engage in only certain kinds of business; and when you have accomplished certain things, you must stop!"

Think of a man, or three men—ten-thousand-dollar-a-year men—sitting here in Washington regulating and controlling an industry which, like the packing business, runs into billions of dollars a year! It is absurd and ridiculous; yet this is the very thing that some proposed or pending legislation would bring about.

Such commissions, moreover, will be like every similar commission that has been created; each of them will be anxious to extend its own power and jurisdiction. The number of their employees and the size of the pay-roll will be augmented, and before long the cost to the government would run into the millions.

I realize that it may be unpopular to defend any large corporation, but I believe that any man who is carrying on a lawful business, be he a millionaire captain of industry or a peanut-vender, should be protected by equitable and liberal laws. It is not a governmental function to meddle in private business so long as that business is conducted legally, honestly, and fairly. Official meddling is contrary to the history of this country and to everything that has contributed to its greatness.

If men who are constantly pointing to owners and directors of big business enterprises, and criticising the men and their supposed motives, rather than their methods, will desist from attempting to dictate to the great successful industries of the nation, our young business men will once more find abundant openings for ambition and initiative and genius. Instead of attempting to make big business little, it is time to get together and make little business big.

I am deeply concerned about the success and welfare of the American business man. It is true that we are living in an

uncertain age, that conditions have changed, and that in these days of unrest we hear new and strange voices—voices which speak a language foreign to American traditions and teachings. If there ever was a time when we should stand firmly and squarely upon our feet, it is now.

As for the present duty of Congress, it is time to give the country a rest from agitation and useless legislation. It is time to

say to the people that the multiplication of bureaus and commissions is over. If we uphold the hands of President Harding, and assure him that we are with him in his desire that there should be more business in government and less government in business, nothing will do more to encourage our people and restore confidence.

Henceforth that should be and must be our policy.

Rose Marie

BY WILLIAM MERRIAM ROUSE

Illustrated by Paul Stahr

IN the beginning they were called the children of heaven by the *habitants* of Cap à l'Aigle. Later there was not a good *grand'mère* within sight of the St. Lawrence who did not feel sure that they had been abandoned by heaven. Still later no wise man had the temerity to feel sure of anything, understanding that the matter was one for the wisdom of a Jesuit to explain.

Rose Marie Marcile was as graceful as the mast of a sloop and as beautiful as rose-red dawn over the blue river. That she should be loved by Jules Bellemare was as fitting as that summer should meet and mingle with the spring. When they walked down the street of Cap à l'Aigle together, after mass, people turned and said:

"*Voilà! Les enfants du ciel!*"

Bellemare was like a growing elm-tree, strong and shapely.

Parbleu! No one knew why they did not marry at once and be happy under one of the steep roofs of Cap à l'Aigle. Jules had no family at all to consult, and Rose Marie, an orphan, lived with a good-tempered aunt. Bellemare, moreover, did well in the woods in winter and upon the river through the warm months. They alone knew the nature of the shadow that ever grew deeper upon them.

This shadow thickened to a storm one Sunday afternoon when Jules was rowing Rose Marie along the coast in his *chaloupe*. The shadow was one of those trouble-drag-

ons that are always ready to come out from behind the devil, spitting fire and brimstone, at a word, a look, or a thought. This afternoon it leaped forth when Rose Marie, whose dark eyes had become filmed with silent dreaming, pointed west over the broad river and murmured, half to herself: "Beyond lie Quebec and Montreal!"

Bellemare stopped rowing, but the long muscles stood out upon his forearms, for he gripped the oars with a tight grip. His eyes, which usually were deep with tenderness when he looked upon her, hardened.

"Are your thoughts always to be beyond?" he asked. "Beyond! Name of a dog! Is there nothing here, then?"

"Is it a crime to think of the cities?" Rose Marie flashed. "Those who have been there say that Quebec is like a crown of jewels at night."

"And here there is a crown of jewels in the sky of *le bon Dieu* at night."

"*Eh bien*, is it not the same sky over the city?"

"The blue sky—the blue mountains—the blue river," growled Bellemare. "Are they not enough?"

"The pig of my Aunt Mathilde—he eats and sleeps and says, no doubt, that it is enough."

"Am I, then, a pig?"

"You are content like a pig—with Cap à l'Aigle."

"Rose Marie Marcile, you have promised to marry that pig!"

"*Alors, I will marry him; but I shall see the cities, my Jules!*"

"The two do not go together, *parbleu!*" By now he was thoroughly angry. So was she, and lightnings flashed from her eyes. "Always you have talked like this. What does it mean? I have intended that we should go some day to Quebec, and perhaps to Montreal, but I will not be driven like a trained dog harnessed to a sled. You have something in your thoughts. Speak now!"

"It is true that I have something in my thoughts," she cried, and the rose-red in her cheeks grew deeper. "I am going to live—to live! I will live, and I shall not marry you until I have been to Quebec and Montreal!"

"Ah!" said Bellemare, breathing deeply as does a man when he knows that he is going under water. "That is strange talk! And if I say that you must not go?"

"I shall go!"

"A girl alone? Our Lady of Pity knows what will become of you."

"Tiens! You mean, Jules Bellemare, that I will become bad?"

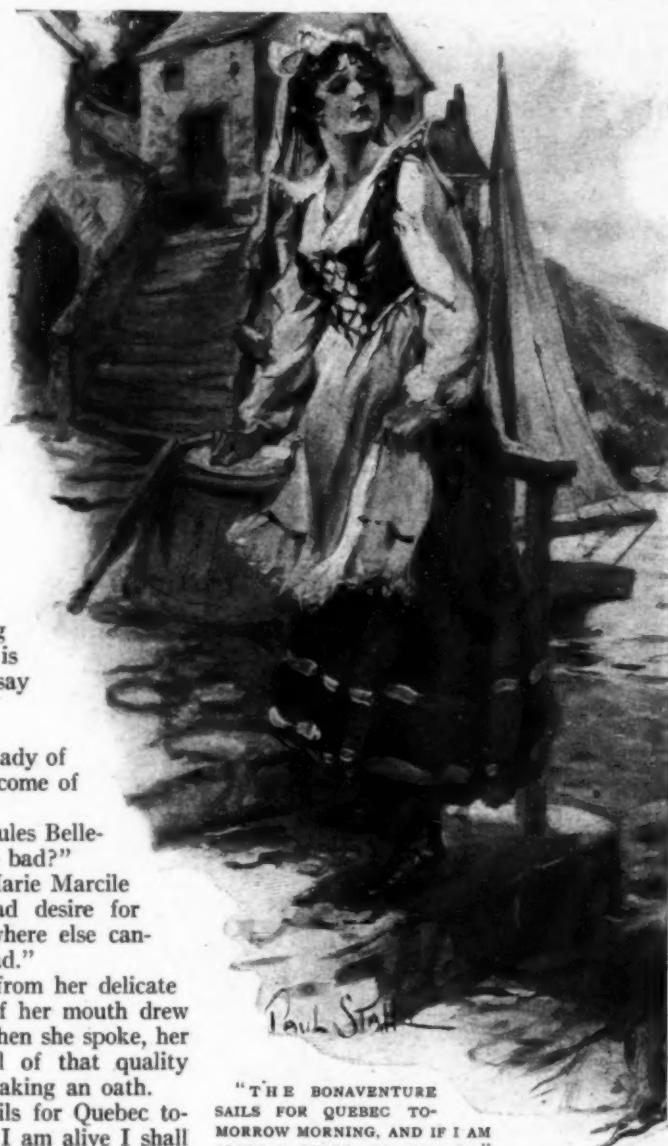
"I mean this, Rose Marie Marcile—I mean that this mad desire for something that is somewhere else cannot be otherwise than bad."

Now the color faded from her delicate cheeks and the curves of her mouth drew out to straight lines. When she spoke, her voice was low, but full of that quality which the voice has in taking an oath.

"The Bonaventure sails for Quebec tomorrow morning, and if I am alive I shall go on her. As for you, Jules, you may do what you like. I am tired of quarreling the same quarrel!"

After she had said this Bellemare looked at her through a long moment of silence; searched her soul to probe the depth of her

intention. Then he set his shoulders to the rowing again, pulling with long strokes; and he did not speak until his *chaloupe* slid up on the fine sand beside the stone pier of Cap à l'Aigle. He helped Rose Marie out of the boat, and faced her.



"THE BONAVENTURE
SAILS FOR QUEBEC TO-
MORROW MORNING, AND IF I AM
ALIVE I SHALL GO ON HER"

"Thou shalt not go!" he said. "Not because I would keep a woman who does not love me, but because it would be thy destruction!"

Rose Marie knew him to be stronger

than she was. All through the journey home she had sat tight-lipped with the tension of one who fights a strong will. A word from her would have made the matter straight at this moment; but, perhaps because of a feeling of weakness, she let loose her temper. She lashed out like a panther, and her slender fingers bruised his mouth so that a trickle of red stained his chin.

"Stop me!" she challenged.

Then her little feet took her toward the house of her Aunt Mathilde, and each swift touch of them against the earth was a blow upon the heart of Jules Bellemare. He did not move until she had disappeared. He

wiped the blood from his chin and stared unbelievingly at his fingers.

II

THUS it sometimes is with those who love with more strength than wisdom. Jules slept not at all that night. Fortunately it was summer, or he would have frozen to death in the fields. At dawn, when fair Canada is created in new beauty every day, Bellemare was at the stone wharf where the schooner Bonaventure lay moored to great iron rings. Piled with freight forward and amidships, there was a little space left clear aft for passengers.

Jules Bellemare watched the road leading down from the village. There was but this one way for Rose Marie to come. He knew little of what went on within his disturbed soul during the hour, the two hours, through which he waited upon the pier. In the long night he had learned that Rose

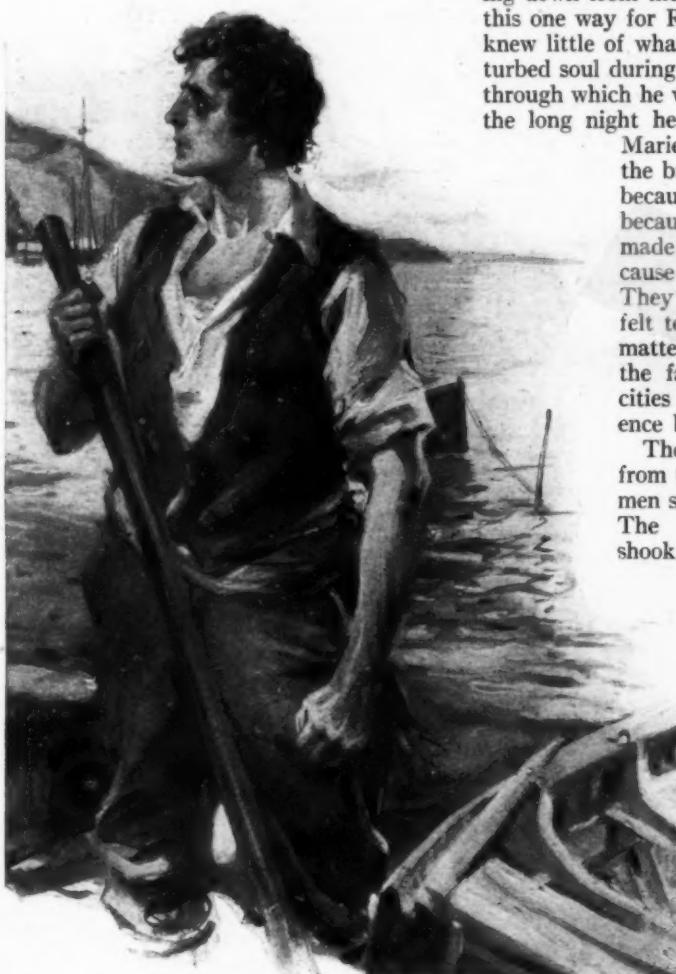
Marie was much more than the breath of life to him—not because of her beauty, not because of the charm which made her loved by all, but because she was his own in spirit. They thought together, they felt together, and only in this matter of her reaching out for the faster-moving life of the cities had there been a difference between them.

The shore lines were untied from the iron rings; the dockmen stood by to cast them off. The sails of the schooner shook themselves out and rose

slowly. Not yet had Rose Marie come down the dusty road from the aimless street of stone houses that was Cap à l'Aigle. Her flare of temper had gone, thought Jules, and his mind began to fight its way out of the mists of the night.

All would yet be well.

The lines had been let go with a shout. Wind filled the sails, and the *goëlette* began to move slowly



"THOU SHALT NOT GO! NOT BECAUSE I WOULD KEEP A WOMAN WHO
DOES NOT LOVE ME, BUT BECAUSE IT WOULD
BE THY DESTRUCTION!"

outward. The distance between her low rail and the edge of the wharf grew from inches to feet. Then from the cabin companionway appeared a head of dead black hair which the eyes of Jules Bellemare recognized better than they could have recognized any other thing in the world. Rose Marie had gone on board the night before!

She stood upon the deck looking at him out of somber, unforgiving eyes—eyes that now registered their determination even more than they had their anger. She had come on deck for a last sight of Cap à l'Aigle—and to mock him!

At first the brain of Jules Bellemare was stunned. For a span of seconds he stared at her like one who is *imbécile*. Then through the whole of his being went one thought—Rose Marie was going away from him, and he must stop her. This was the thought that he had impressed upon his own mind twelve hours before. Now it rose up and mastered him, took charge of his flesh and bone and brain, and made him its plaything. He tried to pray as he hurled himself forward along the wharf, but not half a dozen words could he remember.

"Ave Maria—ora pro nobis—"

He reached the edge of the wharf and launched his body. Those men who saw—sailors, dockmen, traders, idlers—said that never had they seen a human being leap so far or become so like a bird in flight; but the distance between the deck of the Bonaventure and the pier had by this time grown too great for human strength to conquer. Jules had thrown himself with his hands outstretched, perhaps believing that he could cover a little fragment more of distance in that way and grasp the rail. His fingers missed by a foot. He brushed the side of the schooner in falling; his head was seen to strike. When he went into the water he sank and did not come up.

One cry came from the lips of Rose Marie. After that she was silent while the Bonaventure stood by, while a dockman dived and brought Jules to the surface, while they stretched him out upon the wharf and *monsieur le médecin* shouted to the schooner that he would live. The Bonaventure then stood offshore, and Rose Marie Marcile went with her.

In the mean time Jules Bellemare lay upon the stones, with the breath of life still in him, but without knowledge of what was taking place. The doctor fussed about

his head and muttered things to himself. It was not that the skull was broken under that bleeding scalp, but that the head of Jules had been struck a hard blow in a dangerous place. It was an hour before the watchers had the pleasure of seeing color return to his face and his eyelids lift slowly.

Jules sat up quite suddenly, almost strong and ruddy again. His white chest swelled, and he drank in the air of the St. Lawrence. For a moment they thought that all was as it should be, except for a broken head, which no one minds; but then Jules looked at river and sky and faces crowding about him with exactly the same expression for all of them. Something was missing from his face—something that had always been there and that is always in the face of a man.

"Ave Maria!" he said softly. *"Ora pro nobis!"*

They fell away from him, these *habitants*; and even well-instructed men like the doctor and the notary and the mayor were a little awed by this mind which was not a mind, this man who was no longer a man. He had become *imbécile*.

They sent for the Père Legal. Plainly it was a case for Heaven to deal with; but who comprehends the ways of Heaven? Not even Father Legal could get Jules Bellemare to speak a word, either then or through the long time that followed.

Apparently he had said all that he had to say. He was good, was Jules, as a child is good. He smiled; he had no care, no anger, no fear, no sorrow. There were rare times when Father Legal thought that the soul of him was struggling to awake, but never at any time did words come from his lips.

III

FATHER LEGAL took him to the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, where, as all the world knows, many thousands have been healed. He remained the same afterward as before. He was devoted to Father Legal as a good dog is devoted, invariably doing what he was told, whether it was to split wood or go to mass. He was a machine which started in motion at a word of kindness, and which stopped only when it ran down or when another word was spoken. Left to himself, he wandered aimlessly about the village.

In a word, he ate, slept, and kept himself clean of his own volition. Other than these

simple things he did not do except at the command of some one. The children loved him. The dogs were his shadows.

Until the priest died, the life of him who had been Jules Bellemare was, it is safe to say, perfectly happy. For ten years Father Legal kept him in his *presbytère*, as if he had been a blood relative; but naturally it was different after the good father had gone forever from his parish and another and younger priest had come. Jules Bellemare became then, in a sense, homeless.

It was not that he suffered the want of anything. There are no more kindly people in the world than those of Lower Canada, and in any house Jules was welcome to a bed and a meal, or as many meals as he chose to eat; but this was not the same as having a home of his own. In a way he seemed to feel this, as does a dog when it has lost its master.

It was after the death of Father Legal, and more than ten years from the time when the Bonaventure had carried Rose Marie away, that Bellemare took to standing upon the stone wharf and looking out over the St. Lawrence for hours at a time. It could hardly be said that he was watching for Rose Marie, of whom no word had been received in the village during all this time; for his gaze did not focus up the river in the direction of the city. Rather was it the gaze of one who looks for something which he himself cannot name. It was as vague as the longing for love of a man who has never known love.

In summer and winter, in storm and cold, Bellemare now spent his daily time of vigil upon the wharf. It had become a habit, and thus as fixed as his former lack of habit had been. When the St. Lawrence was filled with ice, as when it sparkled blue under a summer sun, he watched.

For five years more Jules Bellemare lived thus—watching the river for a time every day, doing a little work now and then when some one put him to it, clothed and handed about for eating and sleeping as if he had been the child of Cap à l'Aigle. In a way, he was the child of the parish.

In appearance he was a young man, for in all these fifteen years he aged not a day. Still his hair remained thick and dark, waving back from a clear forehead; still his eyes were bright and youthful; still his face was unlined, and his carriage that of the magnificent youngster of twenty-five who had launched himself, soul and body, after

the departing Bonaventure. The years flowed over him and wore nothing away. Nor did they add anything. He remained ageless, as it were.

This was the man, then, who stood upon the stone wharf, as straight and comely as a young *sauvage*, and saw the schooners and the sloops come and go from Cap à l'Aigle. This was Jules Bellemare, who saw the Bonaventure touch many times, but took no more heed of this boat than of any other. It was this beautiful shell of a man who saw her come in quite as usual one day in autumn, cast out her lines, and run out the gangplank for two or three passengers who were coming ashore.

A woman was the first to leave the *goëlette*—a slender woman, erect, graceful, but with a face carved by sorrows and hair snow-white. She was beautiful, and not old in years; but no one could look at her without knowing that she had lived much, and that that living, whatever its nature, had not been without good effect. She saw Jules Bellemare almost at the instant her foot touched the wharf, and with her eyes wide like those of one who sees a vision in the night she walked toward him.

She walked up until her outstretched hands nearly touched the front of his faded shirt, her gaze still fastened upon his face. He stood still, smiling at her with the kindly smile which he had for all the world.

"Jules!" she cried at last, and her voice rang so that men stopped their work and looked. "Jules! Don't you know me? I am Rose Marie!"

Neither the face, nor the eyes, nor the smile of Jules Bellemare changed; but for the second time since that blow upon his head he spoke.

"*Ave Maria! Ora pro nobis!*"

Rose Marie Marcile stepped back uncertainly; then, after a moment, her searching eyes read the truth in his face. She sank down upon the stones and lay quiet, as Jules Bellemare had lain quiet upon the same stones so long before.

Jules stood silent, stirred only to a vague discomfort, looking down upon her.

From that day forth Bellemare became the child of Rose Marie Marcile. She had wherewith to live, it seemed, and she took him and cared for him in all things. Whatever peace she had to make with God she made, and no one in Cap à l'Aigle was any the wiser—which was as it should be.

The white-haired woman and the man



ROSE MARIE HAD GONE ON BOARD
THE NIGHT BEFORE

with the face of a boy were together nearly always. She walked with him summer and winter, she took him to mass regularly, as he had gone in the time of Father Legal; yes, she even watched with him on the stone wharf for that something which he himself did not understand to come out of the wide, mysterious beauty of the river.

Most certainly she loved him in all the ways that a true woman can love a man; but for her it was hopeless. Jules Belle-mare knew nothing of love save that im-

personal love which is the same for all things, whether tree or stone or person. Sometimes, when they walked together, he held her hand as a child holds the hand of its mother.

If it had not been for the Bonaventure—but who dares to say “if,” when all things are and ever have been and ever shall be in the purpose of *le bon Dieu*? Certain things can be related, because they happened.

Bien! What happened is that one night in midsummer the Bonaventure struck upon the rocks off Cap à l'Aigle. She went upon a little reef which all good mariners knew, but which not even the best could be



THE DISTANCE BETWEEN THE DECK OF THE BONAVENTURE
AND THE PIER HAD BY THIS TIME GROWN TOO GREAT
FOR HUMAN STRENGTH TO CONQUER

blamed for striking when the heavens poured forth rain and wind so that earth and sky were blotted out, or seen dimly by lightning flashes, as in a dream of awful grandeur.

People of the village gathered upon the pier, in spite of the storm, and watched the *goëlette* breaking her ribs. They saw the figures upon her deck, some kneeling in prayer and some clinging desperately to the shrouds. When she broke up, as she was certain to do, they might swim past the headland and come to the beach whole, whether living or dead; but it was more probable that they would be broken upon the rocks.

There were no appliances for shooting a line to the schooner. To try to go to her in a small boat was to snap one's fingers in the face of death. There were men, however, in the village who were ready and willing to do it, and these *braves* began as by attraction to gather about the *cure*; but before they could do anything their great adventure was taken from them.

IV

JULES BELLEMARE had gone down to the river, and Rose Marie had gone with him. They stood away from the rest, upon the beach, unmindful of the rain that drenched them and the crash of thunder that seemed

to shake the foundations of the world. Greater things were happening off the point. Rose Marie, of course, could do nothing but pray, and she knew that Jules would do nothing that he was not told to do. At first she did not think of him at all—only of the souls just beyond her reach who were facing death.

Then, in one of the plays of lightning which illumined earth and river for continuous seconds, she got as clear a view of the *goëlette's* deck as if it had been full daylight. In that interval a man, bracing himself against the deck-house of the little vessel, held out something toward the shore. Rose Marie saw that it was a child.

She turned and looked at Jules. He was staring out over the water with no sign of emotion upon his calm face. She clasped her hands and lifted her eyes to the black and streaming heavens. It is doubtful if she thought at all of the men upon the wharf. She knew the python-strong muscles that ran along the arms of Jules, she knew his skill in the little *chaloupe*, his fearlessness of wind and water; yet she hesitated.

"If I lose him, I lose all that I have!" she cried, in an agony of prayer.

She waited. Jules remained immovable. The storm seemed to increase in fury, but another long illumination showed her the deck of the *goëlette* again—and the child. It was as if she could see her own unborn children.

"Jules!" she cried, seizing his arm. "Your boat! Take a rope! Go!"

He looked from her to the schooner. With shame in her heart she crushed down a hope that she could not make him understand; but he did. There was no change in the utter peace of his face, but for the third time in fifteen years words formed upon his lips.

"*Ave Maria! Ora pro nobis!*"

He ran around the end of the wharf to where his *chaloupe*, old and unpainted but still stanch, was pulled up on the beach.

It was Rose Marie who made *monsieur le maire* understand that she wanted a light line fastened to a ring in the pier and placed upon a reel, so that it would pay out from the boat of Jules. With that as a beginning a stouter line could be drawn on board the schooner, and at least some of those who were there could get ashore in a sling before she broke up.

Jules gave no heed to any one. He had

been told to go to the Bonaventure, and he went about it as calmly as he would have gone about any errand, although with greater haste. He seemed to catch that much from Rose Marie.

He went. She could not take her eyes from his boat, even though it seemed that each moment he must be capsized, swamped, crushed by the weight of water. Yet he was not. His lithe arms, born to the oars, drove the *chaloupe* forward at the right instant, held her back when a forward pull would have meant disaster, twisted her head on to the waves in the most perilous crisis.

He reached the *goëlette*. Rose Marie saw him leap on deck, glimpsed him standing idle among men who tugged to draw to them the stronger line that meant life. She could tell that they had rigged a sling on a pulley-block for the trip ashore. Intermittently she was able to see him, standing by a mast while the others left the boat. First came the man with the child in his arms, and then the others, until finally even the captain stood safe and dripping and exhausted among them.

In the escape from death the sailors of the Bonaventure had forgotten Jules Bellemare, and he could not remember himself. Rose Marie knew that of his own volition he would never draw the sling back and put himself into it. There was no one left on board to tell him to do it. Madly she threw her voice out into the storm. It came back, impotent. She pleaded with them to send some one to him. The captain of the *goëlette* himself had made ready to try when the Bonaventure parted and sank before their eyes.

Rose Marie would not let them take her away from the pier. She waited there for what freight the waters might bring her in the morning.

When dawn came, rose-red and beautiful over the gleaming river, Rose Marie Marciile went with it to look for her dead. Men tried to stop her by telling her that he would have gone upon the rocks, but she would not hear them. If anything of Jules Bellemare had been given up by the storm, it was her privilege to search and to know.

It was she who found him, lying upon the soft brown sand with his arms flung out like a child in sleep. His shirt was torn away, but there appeared to be no injury. The same peace rested upon his face. Not until she knelt, and saw the color of

life in cheeks and lips, could Rose Marie believe the glad truth that he still lived. There was, she saw now, a slight wound upon his head, but it had been washed clean by the water, and it did not go deep.

Rose Marie lifted his head gently, holding her breath for fear that the truth could not be true. She spoke to him softly, calling his name over and over, until at length he took

To the suffering of this moment all that of the years before was as nothing to her. Jules Bellemare had come back to himself. He knew her. Now she understood that this was what she had feared more than anything else. In mind and body he was still a young man of twenty-five. What, she cried out in her soul,



"JULES! DON'T
YOU KNOW ME?
I AM ROSE MARIE!"

a great breath and looked out upon the world. His glance went toward the sunrise.

"It is day!" he whispered.

"Yes, my Jules, it is day," she answered.

For an instant she did not realize how strange it was that he should speak. Then he turned and looked into her face.

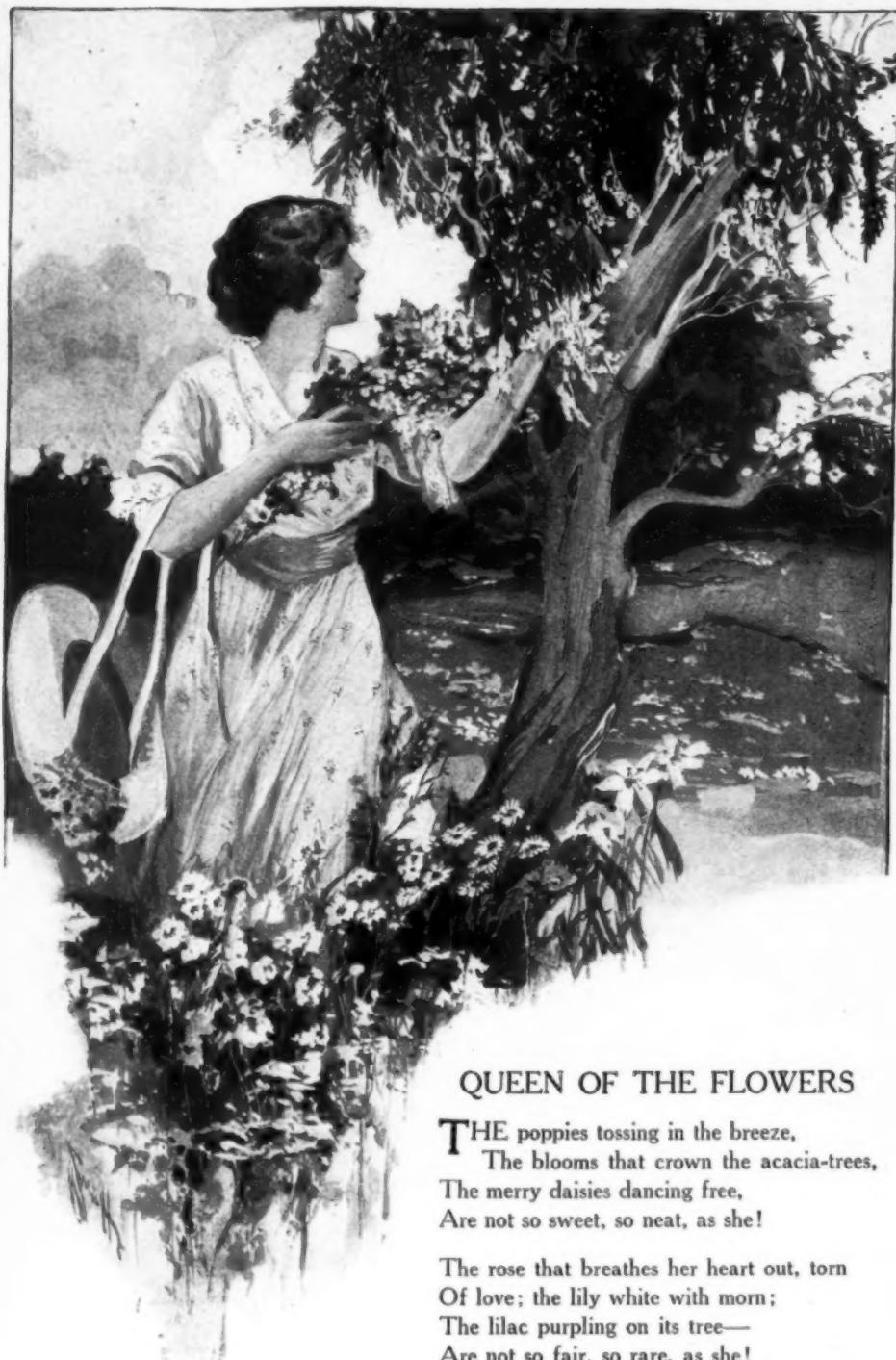
"Rose Marie!" he breathed.

would she look like to him? What did she look like? Had she found him only to lose him forever?

"Your hair is white, Rose Marie! What has changed it? What has happened since yesterday?"

He struggled to sit up, but weakness overcame him, and he sank back against her arm. Nevertheless he looked at her and smiled like the true Jules Bellemare.

"I don't understand, but — oh, Rose Marie, how beautiful you are!"



QUEEN OF THE FLOWERS

THE poppies tossing in the breeze,
The blooms that crown the acacia-trees,
The merry daisies dancing free,
Are not so sweet, so neat, as she!

The rose that breathes her heart out, torn
Of love; the lily white with morn;
The lilac purpling on its tree—
Are not so fair, so rare, as she!

Walter F. McCaleb

The Story of a Thrifty American Boy

HOW A COUNTRY PREACHER'S SON, WHO HAS SINCE BECOME A MAN OF GREAT WEALTH, BEGAN HIS SUCCESSFUL CAREER ON THE PRINCIPLES OF WORKING HARD, SAVING HIS MONEY, AND WATCHING FOR OPPORTUNITIES

Recorded by Frederick M. Davenport from the Reminiscences of John E. Andrus

MY father was a Methodist preacher, and the Methodist itinerancy gave me my start. The first appointment of his that I remember was Boston Corners, in the eastern part of the State of New York. Here were a house, a barn, and a schoolhouse. I could make any amount of noise and not disturb anybody. Here came my first vision—a fine valley a mile wide, the western foot-hills of the Berkshires on the east and the hills of Columbia County on the west. There were two farms in sight. Farming was everything—flocks of sheep, herds of steers—a magnificent sight to me as a boy.

I was then five years old. Father preached three times on Sunday, and during the week went around among his parishioners with horse and wagon.

Father's next appointment was Pleasant Valley, seven miles east of Poughkeepsie. I liked that section even better. Farming was more prosperous and intensified, and there was a ready market by way of Poughkeepsie and the boat to New York. It was a great horse center, and boasted two big hotels, in which in the winter-time there

was much dancing and drinking. I also remember the cotton-mill at Pleasant Valley.

Father had a successful religious revival here, one of the converts being a Miss Vail, afterwards the wife of President Beach of Wesleyan. Other converts in that revival were two Van Benschoten boys, one of them afterwards becoming professor of Greek in Wesleyan University, and the other being the presiding elder of a district in the Newark Conference of the Methodist Church when he died. Another convert was Adriance Platt of the famous mowing-machine company.

Father's next appointment was Whitlockville, in Westchester County. This place I liked still better. It looked even more prosperous—one fine farm after another. By this time the farm had got into my imagination, and I looked eagerly in that direction for my career.

The next place to which our Methodist itinerant family moved was Shrub Oak, another prosperous farming center. The church, which had a big gallery, was usually crowded with farmers and their families,

EDITORIAL NOTE—This narrative was set down practically verbatim by Professor Davenport during an evening spent in fireside reminiscence with John E. Andrus, of Yonkers, New York. Mr. Andrus, now eighty years old, is well known in New York and Washington as a man of large business enterprises, who has served several terms in the House of Representatives. He is a trustee of the New York Life Insurance Company and of Wesleyan University, has also served as mayor of his home city, and has devoted much time and money to philanthropic activities.

Mr. Davenport, whose name is familiar to the readers of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*, is professor of law and politics at Hamilton College and a member of the Senate of New York State. He says of this article:

"Mr. Andrus's early intimations of business genius are so illuminating that I thought them worthy of preservation. They seem to me a fine illustration of the old American spirit of individual initiative which it is to be hoped the country will never outgrow."

and had attached to it a great horse-shed with posts along the highway.

I told father I wished to be a farmer when I grew up, and I went so far as to select a farm. At that time I did not have ten cents in my pocket, but I got my Uncle Stephen to find out what the owner wanted for it. Uncle Stephen said it could be bought for ten thousand dollars, and I expected to buy that farm. It would not have been a bad bargain, by the way, for on it, some years later, was found a deposit of marble which was sold for one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars.

Next we moved to Eighty-Sixth Street, New York, to the Park Avenue Church. This was a revelation. The streets were lighted at night, and paved, with bluestone flagging on the sidewalk. These surroundings almost drove the idea of a farm out of my head.

In Sunday-school, on the first Sunday, I was assigned to a class of boys, thirteen in all, who were taught by a man of the name of Kelly. I noticed that the pupils were reciting verses of scripture, and that the teacher gave them a card which indicated the number of verses each had committed to memory. Mr. Kelly wished me to join in the contest. The superintendent of the Sunday-school had offered a substantial prize to the member of the school who would commit to memory the largest number of verses during the year. When the Christmas-tree should be lighted, the superintendent was to announce the name of the boy who was entitled to the prize.

The contest had begun on the 1st of January, and now it was May. It seemed to me that it would be no use to try to catch up in the competition, but the superintendent called me to one side and said:

"Why don't you show the boys what you can do for a week?"

I could memorize pretty well, and by the end of the first week I had passed nine of the boys in the competition. At the end of the second week I was at the head of the crowd, and when the Christmas-tree was lighted I took the prize.

One evening, at dusk, as I was going up the steps to the front door of our home, I saw an old man coming diagonally across the street. He had a ladder in one hand and a torch in the other. He was the lighter of the oil street-lamps of that period. While he was engaged in lighting the wick,

some mischievous boys grabbed the ladder and shook it. One of the largest of the boys knocked the foot of the ladder out, and the old man fell rather heavily to the ground.

"Boys," I said, "this old man has work to do, and he might hurt himself badly by falling."

The big boy who had knocked the ladder out stepped up to me and grabbed my hat from my head, and we had it out then and there, to my satisfaction. The old man was very much pleased.

"You treated him just right," he said.

A JOB AT ONE DOLLAR PER WEEK

That night I went ahead and lighted lamps for the old man. One afternoon the old man's daughter came around to the house and said that her father was suffering from rheumatism, and would be glad to pay me a dollar a week for lighting the hundred lamps which he usually looked after. I agreed to do it, and carried on the work for some little time. One night I was lighting a lamp at the corner of Eighty-Third Street and Third Avenue, where a man had a little store, selling peanuts, popcorn, and newspapers.

"Do you want a job?" he asked me.

It turned out to be a job delivering *Thompson's Bank-Note Reporter*. In those days almost anybody could start a bank and issue bills. Some of them were not worth more than fifty cents on the dollar, some were worth seventy cents, and some par; and the *Bank-Note Reporter* every week would give the value of the various bills. The storekeeper offered me one dollar and fifty cents for distributing the paper to his customers.

The boy who had been doing this before had been in the habit of starting on Friday and not getting through until Monday. The distribution had to be carried on through three or four settlements like Yorkville and Harlem. I got the thing down so fine that I could earn the money and get through with the job each week by twelve or one o'clock on Saturday.

At a certain time in the spring we were in the habit of getting a week or ten days' vacation from school while the schoolhouses were being renovated and the stoves taken out for the summer. During this period I got another job from a stationer friend. I was to secure the names of all the people in a certain section of the city from Sev-

enty-Ninth to One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Street. In some localities I was to get three cents a name, in others two cents, and in others one cent. At the end of two weeks I had made thirty-five dollars.

Well, that jarred my longing for farm work a good deal! I still thought of it, however, and finally I went to father and asked him to let me go to work on a farm.

"If you will go to school for two years and do your best," he said, "then you may go to work on a farm."

TWO YEARS OF FARM WORK

I asked him to let me work on a farm two years and then go to school two years, and he agreed. In my first farming job I was to get fifty dollars for nine months' work. I earned the money and gave it to father. Then I made a contract with the farmer to go again for the second year, but I was to get fifty dollars and all that I could pick up and sell about the farm that seemed to be of no use to anybody else, or was going to waste.

One day, as we were going home on a load of oats, a hawk dropped a chicken directly upon the load. It was very hot, and I was sleepy. I remember that the chicken fell right in front of my face as I was dozing on the load. The chicken was bleeding a little, and was somewhat stunned by the fall. I took it to the barn. There were a lot of flies around the little cider-mill, and I got some and put them down the chicken's throat. Then we went for another load of oats.

When I came back, I found that the chicken was pretty well recovered. I took it to the house at night, and by that time it was able to eat. It became a great pet, and followed me around like a dog. Later, when it wished to set, I allowed it to do so. I also borrowed some setting hens from the farmer, and altogether raised one hundred and thirty chickens.

On the farm where I was working there were no adequate buildings for stock, and in winter the cattle and sheep would feed from a stack. During a hard winter a good many animals would die. In the spring-time, where the green grass would first appear, you would often see fleece and wool, enclosing only the bones of the sheep. In another place there would be left the bones of cattle. I used to gather up the fine fleece of the sheep, and by taking good care of it I was able to get a cent a pound more

for my wool than the farmer for whom I was working. The bones I gathered together in heaps on Sunday, when there was no other work.

One day I saw a woman with a horse and wagon throwing my bones into her load. After a little argument, I prevailed upon her to throw them back on the ground. She proved to be a Mrs. Lester. Her family had moved to Tarrytown, bought a little water-power on the Pocantico Creek, and there they ground the bones, which they then sold for fertilizer. This was the beginning of selling ground bone for fertilizer.

Years afterwards Mrs. Lester died. When she died, she lived on Fifth Avenue, New York, and I went to her funeral.

MEMORIES OF SCHOOL DAYS

At the end of the second year I had earned one hundred and seventy-one dollars; and now I had promised father to go to school for two years. I went to the Ashland Preparatory School for six months, and then to Charlottesville, both just off the Hudson River in the State of New York. Here were beautiful valleys and hills.

I had always been fond of tramping in the summer-time. I liked to see the farm-houses and cattle and growing crops. One Saturday I strayed away from the school farther than usual, when suddenly I saw in the distance a hill where nature had lifted up a few million tons of rock above the surrounding country. I was curious to know what view there might be from the summit, so I crossed down through a valley, up over another hill, and down and across another valley. When I came to the mass of rock, its sides were so steep and smooth that I could not get to the top; but off in the distance I saw a lake, and I wondered how water could accumulate away up there.

After a bit I reached the lake—a fine sheet of water. Walking around it, I saw some calamus growing. It was the first I had seen in that section, and I tried to get some; but the bottom of the lake was soft and boggy. At the edge of the water I saw a flat-bottomed boat, in pretty bad condition, but I got into it and paddled around.

Pretty soon I saw that in the lake there was a world of fish. I went back to the school and joined the fishing-club. The fee for joining was two dollars, and there was a

prize of one hundred and seventy-five dollars for the greatest catch of fish during the year. It was near the end of the year, and my school companions wondered that I should enter the competition at that time; but I bought some cheap cotton-batting and hoop iron and repaired the boat so that it did not leak much.

It was only two weeks before the close of the term, but I fished so successfully that I could not carry my catch home. I had to throw the big fish away, and take with me only those five or six inches in length. I had fifteen or twenty more than anybody else, and I got the hundred and seventy-five dollars.

That was by all odds the most profitable day's work of my life up to date. The skin on my hands was not calloused or hard, as it had been after my years on the farm, and I had got more for the fish than for a whole year's farm work. From this time forward it was good-by to farming for me, and father had no more trouble about keeping me in school.

ON THE WAY TO COLLEGE

Father now wished me to go to his old college, Wesleyan, at Middletown, Connecticut, and I had no objection. I took the stage from Delhi, New York, with all my effects in a trunk and less than fifty dollars in my pocket with which to meet the expenses of the first year. I traveled down the Hudson to New York on the night boat, sleeping on my trunk.

The next morning found me in the great city, with the day before me, as the Middletown boat did not leave Peck's Slip, on the other side of the city, until evening. My first task was to transfer the heavy trunk across town. Instead of spending money for expressage, I decided to carry the trunk myself, a foot or two at a time. At the corner of Church and Chambers Streets I met an Irishman with a handcart, just starting out for the day's business. He evidently sympathized with the job I had on hand, for, after some conversation, we entered into an agreement for the use of the cart to carry my trunk over to Peck's Slip, I stipulating, in payment, to drum up some trade for him during the day.

After I had my trunk safely landed at the dock, I canvassed John Street from door to door, the Irishman pushing the truck and I doing the canvassing. I finally

found a man who had some goods for delivery—Douglas, of the pump-works at Middletown, Connecticut. He became interested in me because I was going to his home city to college. I left my watch with him as security, delivered his goods, and soon returned with the receipt. He became more interested, and secured us some more work, and we were kept busy the rest of the day.

This proved the most prosperous day up to date in the Irishman's business career. His share of the receipts was three dollars and seventy-five cents, and he asked me to stay in New York and go into partnership with him.

In the evening I took the boat, slept on my trunk again, and before daybreak reached the Middletown dock, with a number of other boys on their way to college. I followed the others to see where the college buildings were, then returned, dragged my trunk up the hill, deposited it under the stairs in North College, and, lying down upon it, was soon fast asleep. I was awakened by a college senior, introduced to the president, and assigned to a room.

In this room bare of furniture I was left with my trunk, and here I spent my college course with some plain belongings, boarding myself for a time, and fighting my way as best I could. Many years later the room was occupied by President Raymond of Wesleyan as a private office; and I had the pleasure of fixing it up myself, as well as the rest of the old building, making it a great deal more comfortable for subsequent generations.

EARNING MONEY AT COLLEGE

During my first term in college I did not find any particular business opportunity, but during my second term I sold books on Saturdays and holidays, and also in vacation-time. It was hard work and not at all pleasant.

I remembered that while father was living at Delhi, a fellow had come around with a stencil plate. This was a little piece of brass upon which letters or figures could be punched out, and then, with a brush, you could put your name on your own clothing. With this appliance in mind, I went to a machine-shop in Berlin, near Middletown, to sell some of these stencil plates.

I noticed that all the workmen were gathered at one end of the room, where two

men were fighting. Around them was a ring of perhaps one hundred or one hundred and fifty men. I noticed that they hung around the hero, while the fellow who was whipped went off by himself. It seemed that there had been a dispute about the rightful ownership of certain tools, and the only way of settling the dispute was by a fight.

"I can fix your tools so that it will not be necessary to fight for them," I said.

I went down to Providence, Rhode Island, and got made what I wanted. It was an arrangement to imprint a letter on a piece of steel. A man could put his initials on any tool, thus identifying it effectually. I charged fifty cents for a single letter, and for three letters one dollar and a quarter, and I got the price. The cost to me was not more than six cents apiece, and in two days I made enough money to carry me through the year.

Then I thought that I would wait until vacation-time, and make enough money to carry me through my whole course; but that is where I made a mistake, for somebody else had got the idea and slipped in before me.

A preacher named Beach owned a tuition scholarship, and had loaned it to me for my course at Wesleyan. One day I was rummaging in the college library and came upon a book in which were the names of those Wesleyan alumni who owned scholarships. I copied the names, and wrote around and asked the owners for the use of their scholarships. A number of them gave their consent. This was in my senior year, but I succeeded in selling a good many of them to other students, and made so much money that I actually began to loan funds to the boys—some of which I never got back. It did not occur to me, at the time, that I was interfering with the revenues of the institution.

So many scholarships began to appear that somebody evidently thought it might be advisable to take the book with the list of the owners' names out of the library. At any rate, when I went to look for the book again, it was gone.

TEACHING SCHOOL AND SAVING MONEY

I graduated from Wesleyan in 1862. The first year out I applied for a school at Bayonne, New Jersey. The place was to be filled at two o'clock in the afternoon. I heard of the vacancy at ten in the morn-

ing, and found forty applicants ahead of me. When my turn came, the chairman of the board asked how much salary I expected to receive.

"I am not after salary," I said. "I want work. You can fix the salary."

This seemed to win me the position, and I was employed at a salary of four hundred dollars. At the end of the year I deposited in the Atlantic Savings Bank one thousand dollars, and the next year, on a salary of eight hundred dollars, I deposited two thousand dollars.

I earned the surplus in various ways. In the public schools the parents were obliged to furnish books for the children. There was no uniform system of books. If the parents moved, they had to buy a new set. Harper Brothers had developed a uniform series, and wanted to introduce them into the school where I was teaching. The county superintendent favored the plan, and I was of considerable help in getting them introduced. The agent of Harpers said he would help me to a better school, but all I got was a promise.

A TEMPORARY REVERSE OF FORTUNE

I left Bayonne at the end of the year, and went to Mechanicville, in Saratoga County, New York. It was a bad move, and I did not stay a month. When I left Mechanicville I was practically "busted." I had just enough money to get to Troy by boat. I didn't want to touch what I had in the bank, so I pawned my watch in Schuylerville.

At Troy they would not let me on the New York boat. I left my trunk in behind some bales of cotton, and walked the streets all night. It was cold. When the morning boat came along, I went to the mate who had charge of the freight and asked him to let me have a job unloading. He was short of hands, so he put me to work on a truck, and said that I could have my fare to New York.

Pretty soon I was all worn out, as I had had no breakfast that morning and nothing to eat all the day before. The mate told me to go ahead and fill up at the table, and afterwards I rode to New York on the boat. I made enough money in addition to go down by stage to Bayonne.

I had hardly reached there when I met the president of the board of trustees.

"What are you doing here?" he asked. I told him.

"The man who succeeded you cannot manage the school," he said. "If you want your old job, you can begin to-morrow morning."

I told him that first I would see Kelly, the new teacher, who was a brother of my old Sunday-school teacher at the Park Avenue Church.

"The boys are too much for me," Kelly admitted; so I took the school for the remainder of the second year.

ENTERING LARGER BUSINESS

About this time I began to be more deeply interested in outside business. I went into partnership with a man named Carnrick, who had also been a teacher in Bayonne. We were the originators of elixirs in medicines, making nauseating remedies palatable. One of our first preparations was syrup protodox of iron.

Pretty soon our money gave out, and we owed eighteen hundred dollars. I took a position in the school at Greenville, New Jersey, at fifteen hundred dollars a year, and in the course of a year or two, by working in my spare time, had got together about ten thousand dollars.

One of the ways by which I accumulated this surplus at Greenville was by the sale of cabbages. The cholera was prevalent at that time, and a gardener who had six or eight acres of growing cabbages had suddenly died. The cabbages were sold at

auction. To ascertain what they were worth, I went through the field and counted every salable head. On the day of the auction I bought them, paying six hundred dollars for the whole field.

To dispose of the cabbages I bought a team of horses and a gardener's truck, and hired four or five extra teams. When the teams came back from New York, it sometimes took me until midnight to count up the nickels and pennies.

I put my ten thousand dollars into the business of manufacturing elixir medicines, and an uncle of mine put in ten thousand more. In 1871, just when the business was coming along well, I was taken sick. By this time I was worth about seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and it seemed to be all the money that I needed or wanted. The doctor said I could not live, but I finally got better. I then withdrew from the firm, taking as my share the lactopeptines, a trade-mark preparation, and began operations for myself in Yonkers. Here we thoroughly established the elixir business, making crude remedies palatable, and we were the first firm that commercialized the manufacture of pepsin on a substantial scale.

From this time on it was swifter sailing; but I'll stop here, because what I am saying has only to do with the way in which one American business man got started in his youth.

PERCEPTION

WHEN first I saw the forest
And paths for fairy quest,
I did not know that it would show
More things than I had guessed.

When first I saw the ocean
And white sails coming free,
I did not guess that it would bless
And also sadden me.

Now in some eyes, in passing,
I see the forest change;
I glimpse soft glow and leaves that blow
And boughs all hushed and strange.

And in some eyes, in passing,
Old sea moods still begin;
But only two gray eyes can make
Dawn rise and sails come in!

Glenn Ward Dresback

The Game Without Rules

BY S. MCNAUGHTON WILLIAMS

Illustrated by Dudley Gloyne Summers

THE only time that Jim Duncan ever wasted at college was the time he put in worrying about me. That was a total loss.

We were roommates at the State university. Jim was there to get an education; I was there because my dad wouldn't pay my bills anywhere else. Jim got his education; I got my bills paid. The education he got was a pippin. The bills I got paid were wonders. We were both entirely satisfied.

That is to say, he was satisfied with what he got, and I was satisfied with what I got; but he wasn't satisfied with what I got. No! He wanted me to get what he was getting. Because I wasn't getting it he worried—uselessly. It was one of the very few useless things he ever did.

Jim is the guy for whom all the earnest seers, from the dawn of time on down to the noonday of the present, wrote moral proverbs and business maxims. Jim is the one who read 'em. He knew 'em all by heart and took 'em all to heart.

Every night at ten o'clock the one that begins "Early to bed" would pop into his head like a tumbler into its proper place in the mechanism of a time-lock at the proper instant. The moment it popped into his head he popped into bed. It made no difference what the gang had on for the evening, Jim Duncan obeyed the prompting that bade him duck under the covers and start gathering his regular night's worth of health, wealth, and wisdom.

At precisely five o'clock in the morning "click" would go the door of a little cell in his noddle, and out into his consciousness would jump the words "Early to rise." When those words jumped out of the brain-cell, Jim jumped out of bed. Always! Some below-zero mornings I used to be threatened with pneumonia just thinking how cold he must be out there in the mid-

dle of the room, with nothing on but his ambition, taking his setting-up exercises.

Of course he took setting-up exercises. Always! And a cold bath. *Brrr!* Nathan Hale never did anything for his country that Jim wouldn't do for his health. Then a fifteen-minute walk, a frugal breakfast, and another perfect day of industry ending at precisely ten o'clock. Any busy little bee that improved each shining hour as consistently as Jim Duncan would probably be outlawed from the hive for working non-union hours.

As for me, I was a brand, and I certainly was burning. Oh, brightly! I had a little postage-stamp cap, a bulldog, a pipe, a sweater, broad-soled Oxfords, fancy socks, stolen signs, pennants, trick pillows, girls' pins, an idea that I could play poker, a thirst, and everything. Oh, I was the rah-rah boy all right!

I don't mean to boast that I hung up any records for indolence and loose living. I may have been just a wee bit more extreme than the average young squirt of my time, place, and allowance, but not much. I was just spending four happy years learning a little, living a lot, and not doing myself or anybody else any particular harm—or good, either. I was just about the average frisky young bull-calf of the period.

But Jim Duncan was sure that I was on the primrose path hell-bent, with the penitentiary or the poorhouse as my only possible choice of temporary stops on my mad trip to death and damnation. He begged me to stop and think. I was having too much fun to stop. As I now recall myself at that time, I'm certain I had nothing to think with if I had stopped.

Time passed—and so did I. Somehow or other I always seemed to have just enough in the old bean to get under the wire ahead of a flunk. Before every exam Jim Duncan began saying good-by to me

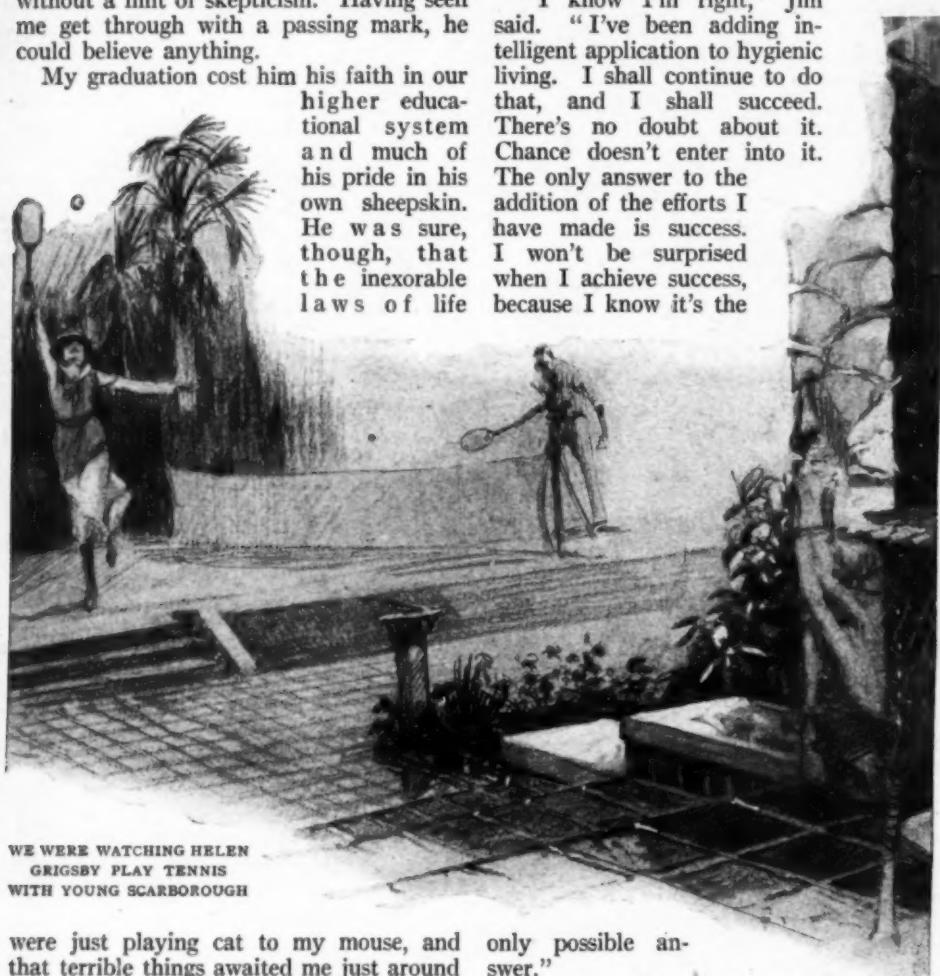
and wondering whom he'd get to room with him when I was gone. After every exam he was able to read the apocryphal writings without a hint of skepticism. Having seen me get through with a passing mark, he could believe anything.

My graduation cost him his faith in our

higher educational system and much of his pride in his own sheepskin. He was sure, though, that the inexorable laws of life

old college pals, going out to face the world, leaving the four happiest years of my life behind me, and all that sort of slush.

"I know I'm right," Jim said. "I've been adding intelligent application to hygienic living. I shall continue to do that, and I shall succeed. There's no doubt about it. Chance doesn't enter into it. The only answer to the addition of the efforts I have made is success. I won't be surprised when I achieve success, because I know it's the



WE WERE WATCHING HELEN
GRIGSBY PLAY TENNIS
WITH YOUNG SCARBOROUGH

were just playing cat to my mouse, and that terrible things awaited me just around the corner of the immediate future if I didn't change my course. On our last night together he did his duty by me.

"Two and two always make four, Bert," he wound up his lecture to me. "That's just as true in life as it is in mathematics. You've been adding idleness to dissipation for four years, and if you go on doing it you're bound to get failure as your answer. It isn't a gamble; it's a mathematical certainty, just as sure as two and two make four!"

I put my head in my hands and groaned and told him I knew he was right. I'd had a few drinks during the day, and I was full of sad sentiments—parting from my dear

only possible answer."

"You're right, Jim," I groaned. "You've made a man of yourself, and I—what have I done?"

I was having a fine time being penitent, and tasting all the emotions of a lost soul. I'd seen Faversham in a weepy piece up in Chicago during the Christmas holidays, and I copped some of his stuff to use in my act. I must have done it pretty well. Jim was deeply moved.

"You can erase the problem from the slate of your life and start right, Bert," he told me. "It's not too late. You've lost precious time, but you can do it. Promise me, old pal, that you'll do the right things from now on; that you'll perform only the

acts that add up success. Promise me, Bert!"

I promised. I told him I didn't know what would have become of me if it hadn't been for his good influence. I said that all I was ever going to be I'd owe to him.

signs. Then I met the girl who thought I was a wonderful man.

I suppose I should have had a terrible time reforming and going to work, but I didn't. I suppose, also, that I should have been under a fearful handicap as a result of my years of frivolity; but I wasn't.

I found out that I could sell things; that I enjoyed selling things, and could get money for doing it. At first I sold insurance; then real estate. I got married and prospered.

I finally cleaned up in



"YOU DON'T GROUCH BECAUSE A LILY DOESN'T GROW LIMA BEANS, DO YOU?"

Then I ran into some of the gang, and we went down to the Dutchman's and got filled up on beer for the last time. The next afternoon, on the way home, I got into a poker-game with some traveling men and lost my last thin dime. I was still a brand, and I kept on blazing merrily!

II

I HUNG around home for a couple of months without showing any favorable

real estate in the Pacific Northwest, and the year I was thirty-seven I bought a winter home at Sunset Beach in California and began taking up the business of pleasure in earnest again.

My wife and I were both outdoor fans, strong for golf, tennis, horseback riding, swimming, motoring, all that sort of thing. Then my wife's niece, Helen Grigsby, came on from Illinois to spend the first winter with us in our new home. She was twenty-

two, just graduated from the State university, and the prettiest tomboy of her age I ever saw. She could beat or wear out the average young man at most sports. She was a regular seal in the water, she rode like a jockey, played tournament golf and a slashing game of tennis, and drove a motor-car like a cup-racer.

And with it all she was as thoroughly feminine as a scented lace handkerchief. She was equally charming in a riding-habit or an evening gown, and just as effective in a ballroom as she was on the golf links.

Within a week after she arrived, our place looked like the beginning of a young university. It was all cluttered up with men in various stages of exaltation or despair, according to the way they happened to think their courtship was going.

As a matter of fact, in that particular matrimonial race they were all running for exercise, if they'd only known it. Helen liked them all, and played with them all, and turned them all down when they spoke of love. She grew high on the tree, that little girl, and she had no idea of dropping into any of the arms that were outstretched to catch her. She was having too glorious a time high up in the wind and sun of the full morning to be easily coaxed down.

Early in November Jim Duncan wired me from San Francisco that he was on his way down to make us a short visit. I hadn't seen him since we graduated, though I had heard of him, of course, and from him once every two or three years.

He had put two and two together and made four all right. He had started with a firm of brokers in New York. Then something to do with lumber in the South. Finally some big deals in ship charters and sales, and then, during the war, a real big thing in ship-building. I knew he was a rich man — oh, up into several millions, anyhow; and that was practically all I did know about him.

I was shocked when I met him. I'd played as I went along, and he hadn't. We were the same age, but he seemed old enough to be my father. He wasn't gray or corpulent, for he'd kept himself in excellent physical condition; but there was an atmosphere of age about him.

He had a fixed, intent expression. It was like a mask. It was his business face, and he'd worn it so steadily he couldn't change it. Greeting an old friend, telling a joke, recalling old times, listening to a

light story, the expression on his face remained the same—one of intense, almost painful absorption.

He had his private secretary with him, a Miss Perryman. She was just the kind of a private secretary you'd expect him to have. She was about thirty-five. Her hair was combed straight back and done in a small, tight knot. She wore flat, broad-soled shoes, a plain black skirt, and a white shirt-waist with a high collar. Her forehead was high, her nose long and sharply cut, her lips a thin straight line. She wore big horn-rimmed spectacles, and never spoke unless there was business to talk about. When she did speak, her sentences sounded like a stingy man's telegram. She was as efficient and just about as human as a bank-vault.

"Excellent secretary!" Jim told me. "Trained her myself. Have had her for more than ten years. Just like another brain to me. No mistakes; never forgets. Knows my business as well as I do. Not a speck of foolishness in her make-up. Business from head to foot!"

He was on his way around the world, and had just stopped off to spend a little time with us.

"Dropped practically everything," he told me. "Things fixed now so that I can afford six months for travel and observation. Want to get a world view-point—to make a study of foreign markets and trade conditions."

"Be a fine trip," I said.

"I've earned it," he declared. "Man should reward himself when the reward's due. Of course, I don't mean to throw time away on the trip. I shall be picking up information of value all the while; but, in a way, it's a vacation. New interests, but not useless ones, do you see? Miss Perryman sees to it I'm not bothered by small matters. She keeps in touch with things by correspondence, but doesn't pass anything on to me that isn't of vital importance. She knows what's what. I can trust her. Going to have six months of new interests; practically a long vacation."

He spread his stiff features into the nearest thing to a smile that he could manage, and slapped my knee.

"Didn't expect to see old Jim Duncan kiting away on a long vacation, did you?" he asked. "I'm not such a hopeless grind as you might think, Bert. I believe in a man's taking his reward. Believe in his

earning it first, of course. When he's fully earned it, he can take it with a clear conscience and enjoy it more. I've earned it, Bert!"

I was struck with something almost like horror. I realized that Duncan had become just about ninety-nine and one-half per cent business machine; that he had stifled normal emotions and desires to make himself such a machine, and that now the one-half of one per cent of humanity that was left in him was struggling to express and enjoy itself in this period of travel, and making a pitiful fist of it.

He reminded me of a man who had strapped himself to a bed for a long period of years, expecting to enjoy running and playing the more when he finally released himself. Jim wasn't the sort of man who makes a thrilling gamble or a great and absorbing adventure of business. For him it had been a matter of rigid self-discipline and hard, monotonous toil. He had bound himself to the wheel, and the wheel had ground him fine.

III

THE first afternoon he was at our place he was sitting on the porch with me, watching Helen Grigsby play tennis with young Scarborough.

"She does it well, doesn't she?" he said.

"She's a wiz," I told him.

"I notice she doesn't waste a motion," he said. "No useless effort. Silly game! Now if she were to apply the same skill and intelligence to something useful—"

"Hell!" I said. He was on my nerves. "You don't grouch because a lily doesn't grow Lima beans, do you? You don't get sore because a lark doesn't give milk like a cow? You don't expect moonlight to run power-houses, do you? What do you mean, useful?"

He nodded and sighed.

"I suppose you're right," he said rather timidly. "I guess I don't understand some things."

I felt awfully sorry for him. He fitted into our crowd like a stiff old truckhorse in a yardful of playful pups.

He couldn't play tennis or golf, and didn't want to. The extent of his athletics had been setting-up exercises. He could swim, but he couldn't play about in the surf. He didn't know how to play, either in the water or anywhere else. Where people were playing he was like a timid, gawky

boy at his first party, self-conscious and wistful and hurt.

He *was* hurt. For the first time in his life he had put aside a period to enjoy himself. He wanted to play with the rest of us, and he didn't know how. He felt helpless and cheated.

The only times he was at ease were when he was telling me of his business or deciding matters in the mail that Miss Perryman brought to his attention. When he talked to her, he was natural, crisp, and definite; but she didn't bother him for more than ten or fifteen minutes each day, and the rest of the while he was bewildered and ill at ease.

Helen took pity on him, and asked him to go around the links with her one afternoon. He wouldn't try to play, but he walked around with her, watching.

"It seems silly," he told me that night. "I mean for a man to play. But I liked watching Miss Grigsby. I enjoyed that a lot. I liked watching her when she raised that sort of a club thing over her head and sort of twisted around and then straightened out and hit the ball. I liked that! Splendid walker, isn't she? I couldn't help thinking of what you were saying about the lily and the lark and all that. She makes a person think of—of flowers and birds and that sort of thing, doesn't she?"

I started to make some kidding remark—and didn't. Fortunately I looked at him first.

He was in love! I don't think he even suspected it then; but he was. He was in love with Helen Grigsby, of all people! He was in love like a moon-struck young calf of twenty—all melted up and mushy, and full of sappy ideas about flowers and birds!

He had taken romance by the nape of the neck when it was young and tender and thrown it out of his life because he didn't consider it a helpful factor in working out his problem of success. Romance had come back after many years, and was taking a sweet revenge. Romance was still young and tender. Jim was old and tough. The contrast was ludicrous.

"Certain people are obligated to do things," Jim went on. "Others fulfil their duty by just being what they are. Take Miss Perryman, now. She's a business woman. It would be all wrong for her to waste her time playing games and dancing and just living for the sake of being alive.

But, on the other hand, it would be all wrong for a girl like Miss Grigsby to coop herself up in an office or a schoolroom and make herself—well, different than she is. As you said the other day, one doesn't expect a lily to grow Lima beans."

I had to drive up to Monterey on a matter of business that evening. It was late when I got home—or early, rather, between one and two in the morning.

About a mile from my place the light of my car picked up a figure strolling along the road. It was Jim Duncan.

"I couldn't get to sleep for some reason or other," he explained, as he climbed in beside me. "Thought maybe a walk would do me good. It's a lovely night, isn't it?"

When we'd put up the car, and were walking toward the house, he stopped and drew a deep breath.

"Is it often like this out here?" he asked me. "I don't recall ever having seen such a wonderfully lovely night!"

IV

I THINK he might have left on his trip around the world without ever learning why he couldn't sleep, and what made the night seem so lovely, if the steering-knuckle of my car hadn't broken while Helen was driving it.

She wasn't seriously hurt—just banged up a little; but she had to have her head bandaged, and young Scarborough came home ahead of her to break the news so that the first sight of her wouldn't scare my wife.

Poor Jim! When he heard that Helen had been in an accident, the top blew off his emotions and he foamed all over the place.

Get a specialist down from San Francisco! That's what he insisted on doing. Get a whole special trainload of them! Couldn't trust these local doctors. How did Scarborough know she only had a slight cut in her head? Maybe she had a fracture, and the doctor who dressed her wound hadn't discovered it. He called for Miss Perryman to come and back up his wild ideas.

"Mr. Scarborough says Miss Grigsby will be here in a few minutes," Miss Perryman said. "I suggest that you wait until she arrives. Then, if you think from your own personal observation that she may be seriously injured, it will be time to wire for aid."

"Perhaps you're right," Jim fumed.

"Mustn't take any chances, though. Mustn't take any chances!"

Helen arrived a few minutes later in Ed Morrissey's car. She was all done up like a sore thumb, but laughing and as lively as usual. She wasn't even nervous or scared until Jim rushed out to the car and jumped on the running-board. He was white and shaking and about half incoherent. Was she sure she wasn't badly hurt? Didn't she feel faint? Didn't she think we ought to get some of the best doctors down from San Francisco at once?

Helen was dazed by his jabbering at first; then she laughed and jumped out of the machine.

"If you want to get anything from San Francisco, get a corps of mechanics for poor Bert's car," she said. "I'm perfectly all right, but the car's a terrible mess!"

She ran across the lawn and into the house in a way to convince even Jim that she was no hospital case. He turned to me and took hold of my arm. I had black and blue spots for days from his thumb and finger-tips.

"My God!" he whispered. "If she'd been killed!"

"You don't want to wire for aid?" Miss Perryman asked.

"No," said Jim. "I guess she's all right."

"I have an inquiry from Simpson about the sale of the William K. Ardmore to the Bogart Line," she said crisply. "He wants to know if—"

"Oh, damn Simpson!" Jim exploded. It was the first time I ever heard him come that near swearing. "Damn the William K. Ardmore! Oh, I beg your pardon, Miss Perryman! I'm—I'm rather shaken up. You—you answer him, please. You know about it. Whatever you decide I'll—I'll stand by."

Miss Perryman nodded and walked away. Jim took me by the arm and led me across the lawn. He was breathing hard.

"Bert, I want Miss Grigsby to be my wife," he said without any preamble.

"I know you do," I told him. "You've got lots of company."

"You mean others want to marry her?" he asked me. It seemed a new idea to him.

"Naturally," I told him. "You don't think you're any Columbus in being in love with Helen, do you?"

"I suppose you're right," he said. "Of

course! Tell me, Bert, do you think that I can—that is—do you think she'll have me?"

I let him have it square between the eyes. It seemed best.

"No," I said. "I do not. I don't think there's a chance in the world."

That made him blink.

"Why not?" he asked.

I told him why not—that they had nothing in common, and all that. As I talked, I saw his habitual expression come back into his face—the hard, set expression of resolve, determination to do whatever was necessary to get what he wanted.

"Your argument is silly," he told me when I had finished. "I agree with you that I am not the sort of man she would want to marry; but I can make myself that sort of man. I can acquire the qualities I lack. I can learn to play; I can learn to do all the things she likes to do. I know what I can do with myself if I try. I'm going to try. I'm going to do it! Two and two make four, Bert. It's just a ques-

He went to it—I'll say he did! He went to it as he had gone to everything else in life that he had attempted, like a mathematician with a certain problem to work out, absolutely certain that the ultimate achievement of the correct answer was only a matter of a given amount of labor intelligently directed.

He gave up his trip, and dedicated the six months he had to spare to getting around Helen Grigsby instead of getting around the world.



"I'M PERFECTLY ALL RIGHT, BUT THE CAR'S A TERRIBLE MESS!"

He rented the Henshaw place near us, moved in, and began his campaign.

V

We saw very little of Jim Duncan for a few weeks after that. He would come over occasionally in the evening and chat with me for a few minutes. He never stayed long, and never paid any special attention to Helen.

I was puzzled by his actions—or, rather, by his seeming lack of them—until one afternoon I was knocking around the links alone, and on the fifteenth I sliced my last ball out of bounds over a little patch of trees on a hill. I knew there was an open

tion of adding the proper efforts together and getting a certain result."

"You're going to add a comedy donkey to a fine old work-horse and get a two-legged damfool as a result," I said. "But go to it! There's no law to stop you."

hollow beyond those woods, and I strolled over on the chance of finding my ball there.

Instead I found Jim Duncan—with a mashie, several dozen balls, and Red McClellan, the best "pro" on the coast at that time.

Jim paid just as much attention to me as he would if I had walked past his office on a busy day on my way to see some one else. He nodded, said "Hello," and went right on working with his mashie—working is the word—and listening intently to McClellan's lectures between shots.

McClellan caught my eye when Jim wasn't looking, shook his head, and made a gesture of despair. Jim went right on working like a factory-hand with the boss looking down the back of his neck. I felt like an eavesdropper, and after making a pretense at looking for my ball I got out of there. Jim didn't even look up to say good-by.

That night I ran into McClellan down at the Surfside Inn.

"Mr. Duncan tells me you're an old friend," he said.

"Roommates at college," I told him.

"So?" said Red. "Then here's a tip—don't let any strange doctors get close to Mr. Duncan, or there'll be an old roommate of yours in the silly-house playing tiddleywinks with Alexander the Great and the Queen of Sheba."

"What's the matter with him?" I asked.

"I don't know," McClellan admitted.

"I probably couldn't pronounce it if I did. I'm sure it's something with a long Latin name. Listen! Four hours a day he has me, six days a week, teaching him to play golf. He's engaged me for three months, and I could be pinched for profiteering if it got out what he's paying me. Do you mind Alex MacGregor, the tennis 'pro' from the East? No? Well, Alex usually makes his living in New England in the summer and in the South in the winter, teaching the idle children of the foolish rich how to pet a tennis-ball with a racket. MacGregor is here. Four hours each day he puts in with your friend Duncan on an old tennis-court over in back of Surrey Hill. That's eight hours' hard work a day for Mr. Duncan, six days a week! Wait a minute. That's not all.

"Did you ever see Wilson and Hauser in vaudeville? The ballroom dancers? Miss Wilson is here. Two hours a day of dancing! That's ten hours a day account-

ed for. It isn't as if he enjoyed it, you know. He couldn't be having a more miserable time if he were on a rock-pile acting as the connecting link between a ball and chain and a sledge-hammer. And that isn't all. Oh, no! Your friend Duncan is no union man, I'll say that for him. After he's done all the things I've told you about, he puts in his spare time taking riding-lessons. Two hours of that each day back in Jackson's Valley! That's twelve hours a day learning to do things he hates to do. He's asked me to say nothing, but—well, if you're an old friend of his, I think maybe you ought to know."

"I'm glad you told me, Red," I said. "But don't tell anybody else. Duncan's all right."

"Is he now?" said Red. "If he's all right, I'm Cleopatra; but have it your own way. I'm getting my dough, and he's learning to play golf. I'll say that for him. He's learning!"

It was three months before Jim started to try to make use of what he was learning. Then, one afternoon, he stopped at my place with a bag of clubs in his car and casually invited Helen to play around with him.

"I didn't know you played, Mr. Duncan," Helen said.

Jim shrugged.

"Just a duffer's game," he said. "I'm afraid you'll be bored."

She wasn't bored.

"Mr. Duncan plays a splendid game," she told me when she got home. "He had an eighty-six this afternoon, with two bad holes. He's an astonishment to me. I thought he didn't know the difference between a niblick and a caddy!"

"You never can tell about Jim," I said.

"I like him," Helen said. "He's a relief from these silly youngsters around here who don't know how to do anything but play and dance and say foolish things. I thought he was rather an old fogey, but he's not so at all."

About that time I began to take a reef in my opinion that Jim was an utter idiot.

A few days later Jim came over and found young Scarborough trying to coax Helen into a set of tennis. She had a headache, and didn't want to play.

"I'll be a victim," Jim offered. "Can't give you much of a game, of course, but I'll do my best."

Scarborough was delighted with the

chance to show him up. Old Jim stepped out and trimmed the young man two straight sets, 6—2 and 6—1.

"I didn't know you played tennis," Helen exclaimed, when Jim strolled back to the porch. "You funny man! Why didn't you let us know before?"

"Oh, my game's nothing to talk about," Jim said modestly. "Been so busy all my life I've had very little chance to develop it."

He stayed to dinner that night. Afterward a crowd of young people dropped in and started dancing. Jim sat and talked with me through several numbers; then he asked Helen to dance.

Well! Of course the answer is that most of us never really study dancing seriously. Jim had actually been working at it for months with one of the best professionals in the business. He led Helen through a lot of fancy steps and whirls. Before it was over, they were alone on the floor and every one else was watching. When they finished, the crowd applauded. Helen was flushed and delighted.

"I'm mad at you!" she pouted. "Why haven't you danced with me before?"

Jim smiled.

"Oh, I'm getting to be such a staid old chap," he said apologetically. "I feel as if I were sort of butting in at dancing, or anything of that sort."

"Nonsense!" Helen said. "You're far and away the best dancer here."

They danced several numbers and sat out several more on the lawn. When Jim left, I walked out to his car with him.

"I take off my hat to you," I told him. "You seem to be getting somewhere!"

"Yes," he said in a matter-of-fact voice, as he stepped on the starter. "It's like everything else in life — just a matter of doing the right things and doing them well enough. Success in anything is never a gamble, Bert. It's just a matter of adding the proper efforts."

His calm certainty of success made me mad.

"You seem pretty sure of yourself!" I remarked.

"I am," he said. "I add certain efforts, and get certain results. Good night, Bert!"

VI

THE next morning he went riding with Helen. He rode well, and made a very good figure on a horse.

Gradually he began coming to see Helen oftener. Soon they were together most of the time, golfing, riding, playing tennis, motoring, swimming. He was a new experience for her, and she enjoyed him immensely. He could and did do all the things she loved, and did them well. In addition, he was a solid man of business, with a record of achievement. He could tell her intimately of big deals and shrewd moves in a mightier game than any she knew.

He devoted himself to winning her as whole-heartedly and patiently as he had ever gone in for any other kind of work. Everything of a business nature was left to Miss Perryman. No matter how frantically his people in the East clamored for a personal decision by him on something of importance, it never got beyond the bespectacled machine who guarded Jim's holiday time according to instructions.

Finally one of his head men, a young chap by the name of Daggett, came out to California to see him personally. Jim smilingly refused to talk business with him, but brought him over to our place for dinner. He started to introduce him to Helen Grigsby, but he hadn't any more than started before he realized that the introduction was unnecessary.

"Oh, you two know each other?" he asked.

"Surely," Daggett said. "I knew Miss Grigsby when I was located in Chicago." Then, to Helen: "Mr. Duncan didn't mention your name. I hadn't the faintest idea you were here."

I caught my wife giving me high signs, and drifted out into the hall after her.

"Why didn't you tell me he was coming?" she scolded. "That's the young fellow Helen was engaged to three years ago. They had a terrible row, and split up. Oh, why didn't you tell me?"

"I didn't know," I said. "Jim didn't tell me whom he was bringing. He just phoned it was one of his men from the East."

"Oh, you men!" my wife moaned. "Well, we're in for a nice evening, I suppose! The old love and the new at the same dinner-table—it ought to be a very pleasant party!"

It was—not! Helen's vocabulary during the dinner was limited to yes, no, and thank you. Young Daggett ran her a close second for the taciturnity prize. Immediately

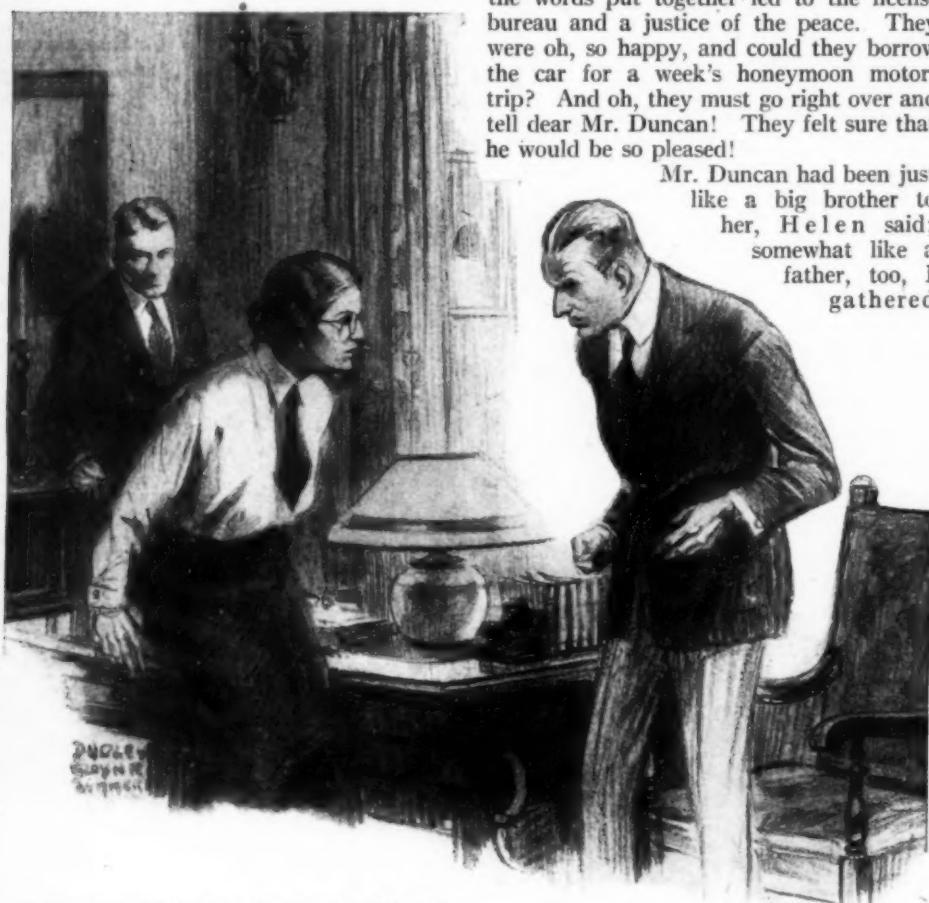
after dinner Helen faked a headache and went to her room. Jim and young Daggett went home early.

"Daggett's not looking well," Jim confided to me before he left. "Working too hard, I think. I've a notion to keep him

helped the missus up the steps of a Pullman with rice dripping from me like hail off a roof.

I knew before they told me—they were married! She had met him on the road by accident. One word led to another, and all the words put together led to the license bureau and a justice of the peace. They were oh, so happy, and could they borrow the car for a week's honeymoon motor-trip? And oh, they must go right over and tell dear Mr. Duncan! They felt sure that he would be so pleased!

Mr. Duncan had been just like a big brother to her, Helen said; somewhat like a father, too, I gathered



MISS PERRYMAN BEGAN TO TALK. SHE DIDN'T RAISE HER VOICE, BUT OH, MY!

out here for a few weeks and give him a chance to rest up."

Then I knew my first hunch was right. Jim was an idiot—a hard-working idiot, and well-meaning, but all cluttered up with top-floor apartments that had never been occupied by ideas.

Immediately after breakfast the next morning Helen drove away alone in the car, looking like the wreck of a misspent life. She came back late in the afternoon, with Daggett on the seat beside her. Both of them looked just as I felt the day when I

from her remarks. She wanted to tell him right away before she told anybody else. She was so fond of him, and he would be so happy, having her marry one of his own men—almost in the family, so to speak. We must go right over and tell him.

We went. Poor old Jim! I thought more of him for the way he took the blow than I ever had before. He was game. It hit him square between the eyes, but he took it standing up. It staggered him, but in the confusion he got by without revealing what it meant to him.

I stayed when the others left. He saw them to the door and waved good-by. He kept his face distorted in an expression that passed for a smile until they were gone. Then he quit acting.

He sank down in his chair with a groan, and put his head in his arms. I started to say something, but Miss Perryman beat me to it.

I didn't even know that she was still in the room until she made a funny little noise in her throat, a good deal like a mother's crooning to her child when it has fallen and hurt itself. She stepped over to Jim, took his head in her arms, and pressed it tight to her breast.

"Oh, my dear!" she crooned to him.
"Oh, my poor dear!"

I should have ducked, but I swear I couldn't move. I wouldn't have been any more surprised if an automobile had stood up on its hind wheels and asked me to have a drink in perfectly clear English.

Jim straightened up and took her by the arms. He held her away from him for a moment, and stared up at her. Then he got to his feet, very, very slowly, still holding her by the arms and staring at her.

Thoughts, emotions, can impregnate the atmosphere just as surely as electricity. Don't tell me—I know! I swear the air in that room was charged with—well, with something that couldn't be felt. I was tingling from head to foot.

I was watching Jim's eyes. I can't describe the expression. I can only tell what it brought to my mind—dawn—dawn in the country; the light gradually growing and revealing details of the landscape that had been just as much there throughout the night as in the daytime, but unseen in the darkness; the glow of the rising sun from below the horizon, and then the cool, sane glory of the full morning, with the smell of washed earth and leaves, the stir of a breeze, and the clear, high note of a bird greeting the new day.

The look in Jim's eyes brought that picture to my mind as vividly as if I were standing on a hillside actually watching a dawn!

He began to tremble violently.

"Why—why, Miss Perryman!" he whispered. "Why, I—I love you! I—I didn't know. I love you—I love you!"

He kept saying it over and over.

"I love you! I love you! I didn't know. I love you!"

He put his arm around her and tried to draw her to him.

Well, say! Tiggerish qualities are commonly attributed to young, large-eyed vamps. That idea belongs in the museum, along with the theory that the world is built like a pancake. If you want to see a real human tigress in action, just happen around when some prim New England business bachelor girl of about thirty-five pulls out the emotional stop and starts expressing herself for the first time in her life. Claws and fur! I'll say you'll hear something to make you think of wild tigers in trouble!

When Jim tried to put his arm around Miss Perryman, she wrenched away from him and began to talk. She didn't raise her voice; but oh, my! You know a rattlesnake doesn't make a loud noise, but, as I said, oh, my!

It was like a long, sharp, wicked knife, that voice of hers, and she just slashed Jim Duncan to ribbons with it.

"You stupid fool!" she said. "You stupid, brutal fool! You insulting cad! Because you blundered your silly way into a mess, and made me pity you until I showed you what I felt, you think you can reach out your arms and take me! You think that! How dare you? You've found out that you love me, have you? You've found it out too late! I've known it for ten years. I've waited and waited and waited my life away, waiting for you to wake up! You've loved me all the time, and you were too stupid and self-centered to know it. You took pride in making an inhuman machine of yourself, and when you couldn't succeed in doing that you made a worse fool of yourself by a silly infatuation for a little girl who never loved you and never could. And you loved me all the time, and you didn't know it! Ah, you know it now, don't you? And you'll know it as long as you live. You'll know it, and it will hurt. It will hurt you like I've been hurt. You had to humiliate me, make a stupid fool of me, to find it out. You've found it out too late! I've loved you for ten years, but now I hate you. Yes, I do! I hate you. I never want to see you again. Don't you ever dare speak to me! I hate you!"

She made for the door, and Jim started after her. She turned on him and he stopped. I don't blame him. The Empire State Express would have stopped if she

had stood on the track and looked at it like that.

"Don't you dare follow me!" she said. "Don't ever speak to me again. I hate you!"

She went out. Jim sat down and looked at the floor. After a few minutes we heard the front door slam. Jim still sat looking at the floor.

"I don't know what to say, Jim," I said finally. "I guess you want to be alone, don't you?"

He didn't answer me—just sat quiet, looking down. I tiptoed out and left him there.

VII

JIM spent most of the next day looking for Miss Perryman. He could find no trace of her. She had walked out of the house and just vanished.

I began to be seriously worried about him. I suppose he went to bed and slept some of the time, but whenever I went over to see him I found him sitting where she had left him, in a sort of daze, taking on years of age every twenty-four hours, and absolutely helpless.

"I've loved her—always," he told me quietly. "I was blind. I didn't know. My God, Bert, I made a slave of her for ten years, and I loved her all the time; but now she's gone."

I tried to talk him out of it—told him that he wasn't to blame; that she'd come back. It was no use. He wouldn't do anything but sit and brood.

A little more than a week after Miss Perryman left, I was sitting with Jim trying to think of something useful to say,

when she opened the door and walked into the room.

"I've come back," she said in her best business voice. "We're too old to act like silly schoolchildren; too old to indulge pride. I'll marry you, if—if you want me."

Jim stood up and held out his arms. She tried to be matter-of-fact and sensible. On my way out I heard her protesting that they were too old to act like silly children. Then I heard—well, I heard some other things—follies of statement that both of them should have indulged in years before. Such things are like measles. If you don't have 'em young, at the proper season, they're much more violent later on.

They were married at our house. When Miss Perryman came in in her bridal dress, I made the astounding discovery that she was a pretty woman. It sounds trite, I suppose, but the fact is that she had—well, she had just bloomed; and she was lovely.

"I'm happy, Bert," Jim told me after the ceremony, while the bride was changing to her traveling-dress. "This is adventure. It's a bigger thing than I can imagine. I don't know what's going to happen. I don't know where it's leading me. I don't know anything about it. It's the great gamble, Bert; and I'm happy!"

He laughed and flushed.

"And I thought I could make rules for love!" he said.

"Anybody can make rules for love," I told him; "but nobody can make 'em work."

"Two and two make ten million, seventeen thousand, eight hundred, and some odd sometimes, thank God!" he said. "Good-by, Bert!"

FOR ROSE-LEAVES

WHERE these sweet rose-petals lay
All the day, all the day,
I would lie—ah, would I might!—
All the night, all the night.
Yet to-morrow, for a space,
I shall hide my happy face
In a garden where there grows
A fairer flower than any rose.
Love, some day before the end,
Lovely and beloved friend,
Take my head and let it rest
Always, always, on your breast!

Nicholas Breton

The Lost Planet Hera

THE STRANGE GAP IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM BETWEEN MARS AND JUPITER—REASONS FOR SUPPOSING THAT THERE WAS ONCE A PLANETARY BODY THERE, OF WHICH THE ASTEROIDS ARE SCATTERED FRAGMENTS

By Charles Nevers Holmes

ALL of us have heard of our neighbor worlds, Mars and Venus, and the other planets which shine, visibly or invisibly, amid night's starlit firmament. Nevertheless, there was once a planet of which most of us have not heard. No human being ever saw it. Let us call it Hera, the Greek name for Jupiter's wife, whom the Romans worshiped as Juno.

The planet Hera does not exist to-day, and it has not existed within the memory of terrestrial beings. For some reason, ages ago, it disappeared, and became a lost planet.

We all know that our sun is the center of the solar system. Around and around it, like a series of rims around the axle of a huge wheel, there revolve eight planets upon their individual orbits. These bodies, and their average distance from the sun—average distance, because their orbits are not exactly circular, and they are a little farther from the central luminary at certain seasons than at others—are as follows:

Mercury	35,700,000	miles
Venus	67,200,000	"
Earth	92,900,000	"
Mars	141,500,000	"
Jupiter	483,300,000	"
Saturn	886,000,000	"
Uranus	1,781,900,000	"
Neptune	2,791,600,000	"

It will be seen that the orbital distances of the planets increases progressively at a fairly uniform ratio, with one marked exception. Venus's mean distance from the sun is 188 per cent of that of Mercury; that of our earth is 138 per cent of that of Venus; and that of Mars is 152 per cent of our earth's. Similarly with the four outer planets, the average distance of Saturn from the sun is 183 per cent of Jupiter's; that of Uranus is 201 per cent of Saturn's;

and that of Neptune is 156 per cent of that of Uranus. But between Mars and Jupiter there is a disproportionate gap, the orbital distance of the latter being no less than 341 per cent of the former's.

To space the solar system out evenly, therefore, there should be a planet between Mars and Jupiter, revolving at a mean distance from the sun of about two hundred and fifty or two hundred and sixty million miles. As far back as the eighteenth century, astronomers conjectured that there once was such a body. How and when it disappeared, or in what stage of development, they did not know, and they do not know to-day; but it seems almost beyond doubt that some planet formerly existed between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, and that it was destroyed, either before it had taken a spherical shape or while it was still a plastic and fiery sphere.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE PLANETOIDS

Accordingly, if the planet Hera ever existed, we should expect to find in the space between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter some evidence of its past existence. As in the case of a shipwreck, we should discover some remains of this planetary disaster. There would probably be fragments of the destroyed planet floating like derelicts amid the wide empty space. And inasmuch as Hera, like the eight existing planets of our solar system, was revolving around the sun, we should be likely to see, with our telescopes, tiny planetoids, or asteroids continuing to revolve around the sun in orbits between those of Mars and Jupiter.

During the eighteenth century, despite a more or less careful search, no such body was discovered; but on January 1, 1801, Giuseppe Piazzi, a Sicilian astronomer, de-

tected the first of these planetoids. He named it Ceres, after the ancient goddess of Sicily. In March, 1802, while searching for Ceres, Wilhelm Olbers, a German doctor who was deeply interested in astronomy, discovered the second asteroid, which he christened Pallas. Two years later another German observer, Karl Ludwig Harding, found a third, Juno; and in 1807 Olbers added to the list a fourth, Vesta.

For a long time further search proved unavailing, and astronomers began to think that there were only four of these miniature planets; but in 1845 Hencke detected a fifth, Astræa, and since then improved methods of search have steadily lengthened the catalogue. More than eight hundred planetoids are now known, and the total number in existence may very possibly mount into the thousands.

SCATTERED SPECKS OF A LOST WORLD

The biggest of the asteroids is Ceres, whose diameter approximates 488 miles, or less than one-quarter of that of our moon (2,163 miles). On so small a body the force of gravity is so weak that if we were able to discharge a rifle, aimed upward from its surface, the bullet would fly off into space, never to return. Next to Ceres in size is Pallas, with a diameter of 304 miles. Most of the asteroids are very small, perhaps fifteen miles in diameter or less. Only one of them is ever visible to our unassisted eyesight—Vesta, which is twice as bright as Ceres, though its diameter is only half as much. The smallest of them are invisible through telescopes of lower power, although they can be photographed without difficulty.

Ceres revolves about the sun at a mean distance of 257,100,000 miles—thus closely fitting the demand for an intervening body to space out the gap between Mars and Jupiter. The distribution of the planetoids is irregular, however, some of them being at a mean distance of as much as four hundred million miles from the sun, with a period of revolution as long as nine years. They revolve upon all sorts of irregular orbits, and their paths are continually crossing one another. Although they are so numerous, it is probable that their total weight does not amount to more than one or two per cent of that of our earth—perhaps to sixty quintillion tons. For this reason, it hardly seems that Hera would have developed into a planet bigger

than our moon, although it is, of course, difficult to estimate what would be its size, were it in existence to-day.

Associated with these asteroids, and probably one of their family, there is the so-called planet Eros, discovered in 1898. Eros has a shorter and more irregular orbit than those of the other planetoids, and it travels through space very rapidly. Its nearest distance to the sun is about 105,000,000 miles—only 12,000,000 miles farther away than our Earth at its average solar distance. The greatest distance of Eros from the sun approximates 165,000,000 miles, and it makes a complete orbital revolution in about 643 days.

Accordingly, Eros can come pretty close to our world, its nearest distance being about 13,500,000 miles. It approaches us more closely than any of the eight planets, being, at its shortest distance from us, about half as far away as our neighbor Venus at her nearest approach. This remarkable asteroid is not nearly as big as Ceres, its diameter being probably not more than twenty miles; yet Eros is, nevertheless, a most important and interesting astronomical body.

WHY DID HERA DISAPPEAR?

Now, what caused the planet Hera to disappear?

One explanation is that the chaotic material developing into a planet did not concentrate, owing to the powerful influence of the neighboring mass of Jupiter, or from some other cause. Another is that a planet was formed, but subsequently exploded, blowing up like a bombshell. Perhaps there were many successive explosions, rather than a single one. Certainly, if Hera exploded, the natural result would be that its fragments would be dispersed around throughout the wide space between Mars and Jupiter, and that these scattered fragments would continue to revolve around the sun. However, this latter conjecture is not as popular with astronomers as the former theory, although it is a possible explanation.

If Hera had survived, it would now be the fifth planet in distance from the sun, and Jupiter would be the sixth planet. Were it existing to-night, how brightly would it shine upon our earth? Would it possess several small attendant moons, and would its surface contain animal and vegetable life?

On the Other Side of the Elevated

BY MARY GERMAINE

Illustrated by C. D. Williams

SHE knew that she wanted to get married. She might deceive other people, but not for one instant could she deceive herself. She was absolutely clear-sighted, viewed herself with unprejudiced eyes, and saw straight to the bottom of her little motives. Her mind was naturally mathematical. She lived on the principle that the shortest distance between two given points is a straight line.

This was why she went to live in a boarding-house on Madison Avenue. It seemed the straightest line. She was one point; the possible man was the other. The definition fitted perfectly—only the points were horribly far apart!

She had met one rather nice fellow who lived by the sweat of his brow as a writer of heavy editorials on a city newspaper. They became acquainted at the dinner-table. She thought that he might make a fair husband, and he seemed rather interested in her; but just as they were beginning to discover each other's good traits he went off on a sudden tangent—a very sudden tangent—and married a fluffy little thing who didn't know a bird of paradise from a feather duster.

Then there was the man connected with a broker's office down on Broad Street. He seemed to take an immediate fancy to the way she did her hair, the way she dressed, the way in which she could grasp a business proposition. He was a good spender. He took her to the theater and gave her a nice bite of supper, and something might have come of it all if a head-line had not appeared one morning in the paper—a tall, black head-line about a man of the name of Jones, who had absconded with a rather large sum of money. Of course there are many Joneses, but when this head-line was

considered in connection with the fact that her Jones suddenly disappeared from the boarding-house on Madison Avenue that very day, leaving a trunkful of paper collars and an unpaid board bill, the deduction was simple.

Then there was that nice boy who was doing New York at the rate of fifteen hundred a month. After a week's acquaintance he wanted to take her to the Little Church Around the Corner, but she gently but firmly persuaded him to go back home. And there was the jewelry-store clerk who said it was a pity she couldn't wear real pearls, and—

But what was the use? Perhaps it was a straight line, but it was a long one, and such diversions as came her way seemed to reduce her to a state of tearful mutiny rather than guide her into the path that leads to the altar.

Of course there was Willis; but if he had intentions, they showed no signs of culminating. Marion believed that a woman ought to marry young, and she was twenty-five already. Still, she liked Willis. His collars were immaculate, shaving was a religious duty, and he hated cabbage. Once or twice he seemed to have got nearly to the sticking-point; and propinquity and mutual tastes often work wonders, as everybody knows.

Things had reached this stage—or rather hadn't reached any stage at all, but were just hanging fire—on that April morning when she came down to breakfast and the leaf of her life turned over deliberately and exhibited a brand-new page.

II

THERE was a warm, deliciously gray spring mist outside the window, a bowl of



daffodils stood on the table, and a letter lay by her plate. She took each in turn, scanning the letter last as she commenced on her grapefruit. While she was waiting for her toast, she opened it.

The letter was typewritten wildly over one entire sheet of Perley & Poole's business stationery; but it was not a business letter, and neither Perley nor Poole had anything to do with it. Their head stenographer had written it, and before Marion had finished deciphering it she was sitting rigid in her chair—to the amazement of Willis, who was cracking an egg on the other side of the table.

Marion dropped the letter into her lap and stared across at him.

"Had a windfall?" he asked, excavating the top of the egg and carefully sprinkling in salt.

Marion transferred her gaze to the Perley & Poole envelope on the table. Perley

& Poole were lawyers, with an office on Liberty Street. She wondered how Willis could have read their names upside down without spilling his egg.

"You might call it that," she replied rather cynically.

"Good enough!" Willis ex-

claimed heartily. "Please accept my congratulations. Government bonds? Real estate? Gold stock?"

"Gold brick!" Marion gurgled under her breath in an odd voice, taking the last gulp of coffee ungracefully and bolting from the dining-room.

She fairly ricochetted up the stairs, to Willis's consternation. She was a blonde—not the large, helpless type, being the capable secretary of a business man downtown—and tears were the ruination of her complexion; but a flood of salty ones coursed down her cheeks as she dropped into a chair in the privacy of her own room and sat glowering at the letter.

"I don't care if it is Retta!" she said. "It's asking *too* much!"

This was the letter, exactly as written:
OH YOU DEAR!

For goodness sake help me out I'm in such a state of mind I can't write but I've just had a



THE LETTER WAS TYPEWRITTEN
WILDLY OVER ONE ENTIRE SHEET OF
PERLEY & POOLE'S BUSINESS STATION-
ERY; BUT IT WAS NOT A BUSINESS
LETTER

telegram from home and I've got to go on the next train without a minute to spare. For heavens sake go and stay in the apartment till I get back, the bird is across the hall. Mother has gone to the hospital for an operation and they're all gone to pieces and waiting for me to come and hold them up poor dears and I can't refuse my own mother and if anything should happen I should never forgive myself. I owe the iceman 30c. don't let him get another c. out of you watch him and don't buy your groceries round the corner but go to Levy's Keep up the payments Tell the Janitress I left some clothes soaking in the tub and look out for the pan under the icechest the people underneath have complained about it.

Hope you won't mind being the other side of the L. I love it and so will you and the L isn't bad when you get used to it you can sit on the fireescape the air's fine and water the boxes there are seeds in them you don't know how interesting it is the keys are with the Janitress. She's O. K.

and give her little boy some lessons in English if you have any spare time. Don't fail me Marion I'm almost worried to death

Your Heartbroken RETTA.

P. S.—I hope you'll get along all right with David. He's a dear but very particular about his meals.

Go and take care of a scrubby little apartment on the other side of the Elevated! The other side of the Elevated! That's where the iron entered Marion's soul. She might stand the five hundreds up-town, or even the Bronx, or Brooklyn; but the other side of the Elevated! How ever could she have the nerve to ask Willis to cross the prohibited line? He was so fastidious, such correct form. Already he had spoken—indefinitely, of course—

about apartments in the Seventies or in lower Fifth Avenue. And just when she was hoping—oh, well, no use in hoping any longer! The bottom had simply dropped out of her dreams.

But she could not in decency refuse to do her best friend a favor, especially when that best friend was having trouble. Poor Retta! So harum-scarum and irresponsible, dumping her measly little four-room apartment on her and spoiling the one chance she had left!

Marion was sometimes dubbed "showy." Women, when they didn't like her, said she looked like an actress. She had a bright color, a very white skin, a swan-like neck, violet eyes, and a knack of wearing her clothes with a whole lot of style. Her friends said that she possessed aplomb; but there was not a trace of that desirable quality left as she sat hysterically thinking about the four-room, three-flights-up apartment which had been thrust upon her by Retta Kline.

"It really is asking *too* much!" she repeated. "What shall I say to Mr. Willis? And I cannot, absolutely cannot, make an unexplained disappearance like that wretched Jones. Why didn't Retta close her apartment, or store her furniture, or sell it, or do anything except ask me to go and take care of such a place? Oh, what shall I do? What a horrid pickle she's got me into!"

She picked up the letter and perused it again. The postscript caught her eye, and her indignation broke out anew.

"David! Who's he? She can't have taken him for meals! She's crazy! I won't go—I simply will not!"

But, after all, was there any way out of it? Perhaps Retta would be back in a few days. If she did come back, how sorry Marion would be that she hadn't consented to oblige a friend! She could see the hurt, pained look in Retta's eyes. A little coolness would arise, and they would probably become strangers to each other for the rest of their lives, all on account of her meanness.

She supposed she'd have to go. She could pack a suit-case and send it over, and go around there herself after work that night. Mercy, it was a quarter to nine! She'd be late at the office!

Marion jumped to her feet, hurriedly packed the suit-case, ran down-stairs, gave notice of an indefinite absence to the im-

posing lady down-stairs, and repaired as fast as possible to her work down-town.

III

THAT evening, when her office work was over, Marion started for the apartment, making her way across town from the Subway and passing under the vibrating Elevated to the "other side." Deciding that she had better order something for dinner, she stopped at Levy's, where she made a careful selection, only to find that the boy was home for supper and it would be an hour before her order could be delivered. Rather than wait, she essayed to carry the most necessary things herself; so, well laden with bundles, she hunted up her new home, got the keys from the janitress, who viewed her with suspicion, wrangled ten minutes in proving ownership of the suitcase, and commenced the ascent of the three flights.

She was out of breath and out of temper, and the load in her arms weighed a ton, when she got to the top of the third. She had shifted her bundles in order to get out the key and unlock the door, when the potato-bag broke and the potatoes went rolling all over the hall and bumping down the stairs.

She heard some one coming up the stairs. Marion could have cried. She dumped her bundles on the floor and commenced groping desperately for the potatoes. The halls were unlit. She hoped that other person would go into one of the lower apartments; but he didn't. He kept right on tramping up steadily.

She made a dive for the door, trying to unlock it with two potatoes under her arm and four in the other hand. The door refused to unlock, and the potatoes dropped to the floor with a dull thud. Just then a masculine head and shoulders appeared on the stairway.

"Wait a moment, please!" a deep basso addressed her. "I found six on the stairs."

Marion collapsed limply against the door. The only thing she was thankful for was that it couldn't be Willis. What if Willis had caught her in this plebeian plight? The mere thought of it made her shudder.

The owner of the bass voice had struck a match, and was lighting the gas, revealing himself to Marion's startled eyes. He towered up like a giant in the flickering light. When the gas was lighted, he turned

a pair of grave eyes upon her, gazing out of the dirtiest face she ever saw.

"Oh!" she gasped. "You're—not—David?"

"Well, yes, that's my name," he acknowledged after a moment's hesitation.

He wore a pair of khaki trousers smudged with oil and grime. His shoes were a wreck, and his costume was completed by a black sateen shirt. Marion stared at him helplessly.

burst out, unable to hold back the compromising words.

"Me?" he exclaimed. He stared at her for a moment; then a slight grin broke over his face. "Oh, I don't care what I have to eat," he added easily.

Marion heaved a sigh of relief.



"ENJOYING THE APARTMENT?" HE ASKED.
"NO," MARION REPLIED BRIEFLY

"You'll have to wait, I'm afraid," she cautioned.

"Wait?" he questioned, a shade of surprise flickering into his eyes.

"Yes, wait," she repeated snappishly. "I don't know where any of the dishes are, and I'm stupid about cooking in a strange place."

"I see," he said, still seeming puzzled. She commenced fumbling with the lock.

"Here, I'll unlock it," he said, appropriating the key.

With a deft movement he unlocked the door, threw it open, and lifted her bundles over the threshold.

"Ready in about—an hour," she said faintly.

"I suppose you're the young lady who's come to stay in Miss Kline's apartment?" he said, appearing to be somewhat impressed by her appearance.

"Yes," Marion admitted with a gulp.

"Just getting ready for dinner?" he asked amiably.

"Yes, but I'm afraid I can't get much to-night."

"Never mind! You'll do better next time," he said comfortingly.

"Retta warned me that—you're quite particular about — your meals," Marion

"All right! Don't bother."

He stooped and gathered up more of the stray potatoes. Then he walked across the hall to the opposite door and disappeared abruptly.

IV

MARION closed her own door and sank down into a green plush chair dimly visible in the fading light which straggled in through the windows.

"He's awful!" she communed in a shaky voice. "Just too awful for words! I wish I'd never left Madison Avenue—and Mr. Willis!"

But she did not have long to repine. A loud pounding on the ceiling of the apartment underneath, several times repeated, brought her to her feet with a bound. The thought of the ice-pan struck her with a thud of apprehension. She dashed into the kitchen. A rivulet of water meandered across the floor, and the ice-chest stood in a small lake, like a stranded sky-scraper. Marion gave one despairing moan as she dragged out the overflowing pan, which sent a chilly Niagara over her patent pumps and silken hose.

"Nice beginning!" she remarked, as she doggedly mopped up the floor preparatory to getting dinner.

When finally prepared, the dinner was one of the kind a charitable person might endure without a murmur, but which it gave Marion cold feet to think of placing before the particular David.

He was tardy about appearing. She waited patiently. When patience ceased to be a virtue, she dished herself up some overdone steak and cold parboiled potatoes and sat down alone at the table in the tiny dining-room.

She had scarcely commenced to eat when she heard a stealthy sound from the direction of the fire-escape. It was drowned by the thunder of a train on the Elevated. Then she heard it again. Marion could feel her skin commence to prick. Suddenly, to her horror, she saw, on the platform outside the window, the big, dark figure of a man.

She sprang to her feet with a shriek. She stood petrified. Then she gathered courage, and, walking toward the window, waved him back with her hands.

"Go away!" she called. "Go away! Don't dare to raise the window, or I'll telephone for the police!"

The man stood making motions at her. Wasn't there something strangely familiar about that big figure? With a rush of conflicting emotions she recognized him. Rather weakly she stepped over to the window and raised it.

He held out something which struggled in his hands.

"Here's David!" he said.

A large cat gave out a dismal yowl at the mention of his name. The mistaken boarder thrust the rightful one into her arms and retreated down the fire-escape.

Marion dropped the cat and stood motionless for several moments, her lips compressed, her eyes gazing tragically into space.

It rather soothed her ruffled feelings as she sat in the office the next day, transcribing from her notes, to receive a telephone call from Willis. He was noticeably injured that she had left Madison Avenue without even saying good-by, and wanted to know what he had done that she should treat him so.

Marion was tongue-tied, but she finally stammered out that she was taking care of an apartment for a friend.

"A new friend, I suppose!" Willis had retorted disagreeably.

Then, of course, she had to explain; and the upshot of it was that Willis asked her in an aggrieved fashion if she wasn't going to invite him to call.

"Of course I should like to see you," Marion replied in dulcet tones; but her heart sank at the picture of Willis climbing those three flights of stairs to that garish little apartment on the other side of the Elevated.

"To-night?" he inquired, mollified.

"I'm afraid that—I have another engagement," Marion faltered.

"Can't you break it for *me*?"

Willis had never committed himself quite so definitely before, and Marion's heart gave an excited thump.

"Oh, I only wish I could!" she replied impressively.

"You must!" Willis responded in really masterful fashion.

"Oh, Mr. Willis!" she murmured, while her bewildered brain searched nimbly for another excuse.

But she couldn't find one, and Willis closed in promptly by saying:

"Then we'll call it settled. Where are you—very far off?"

"Oh, no—quite near," she replied with mendacious cheerfulness. "Just over on the other side of the Elevated."

"Oh—ah—yes," Willis said with a subtle accent.

Marion shrieked the street and number in a high falsetto; but Willis was stanch.

"All right! Eight o'clock," he said firmly but glumly.

"Better make it some evening next week," Marion suggested, but Willis had hung up the receiver.

"Soonest endured, soonest cured," Marion murmured as she hung up her own.

V

WHEN office hours were over, she went back to the apartment with a lump in her bosom. If everything wasn't already ended, it would be when Willis found her in such a place. Nothing could explain it away.

She climbed the three flights wearily, wondering if the ice-pan had overflowed again, if the janitress had forgotten to wash Retta's clothes, if David had run away, or what new catastrophe awaited her. She paused at the top, remembering the bird; but she concluded that rather than ask the man for it she would let it die. It made her cheeks burn with humiliation to remember the trick he had played on her about David. She sincerely hoped she would never lay eyes on him again.

Just then the opposite door popped open, and the man emerged. He had the birdcage in his hand.

"I thought I heard you," he said. "Here's the bird!"

"Thank you," she said frigidly.

The man swung across the hall and handed her the cage. He had washed his face and wore clean linen and a passable suit. With the dirt off, he was rather good-looking; but Marion had no intention of being impressed. She unlocked her door, coldly ignoring him.

"Enjoying your friend's apartment?" he asked.

Marion gave him an annihilating look.

"No," she replied briefly.

"Why, what's the matter?" he inquired, concerned.

"Matter!" Marion ejaculated, as if words failed her.

"Seems like a pleasant little apartment to me," he said.

Marion looked him up and down with infinite scorn.

"Perhaps, if you had been living in a nice place over on Madison Avenue, and had to come over here to oblige a friend, it wouldn't seem so pleasant to you," she observed acidly.

"Is that where you were living?"

"Yes," she acknowledged in a condescending tone.

He studied her thoughtfully.

"I thought you worked down-town?" he said, omitting finesse.

"Certainly," Marion returned haughtily; "but I boarded on Madison Avenue. I met the class of people there who are congenial to me." The man colored. "I hope Miss Kiine will return in a few days so that I can go back," she added, rubbing it in.

"I don't," he remarked, laughing grimly.

Not deigning a reply, Marion opened the door and slammed it after her as she entered the apartment.

"The audacity!" she exclaimed, unpinning her hat from her golden braids and marching out to the kitchen to cook her dinner.

At eight o'clock the bell rang, and Marion, who had made a distracting toilette, found Willis breathing heavily outside the door. One look at his face, and the smile fled from her own.

"Quite a climb!" he gasped, as if he had just ascended Mount McKinley and found the view very disappointing at the top.

"Oh, I don't mind the stairs," Marion answered, her voice drowned in the roar and rattle and vibration of a passing train. "Come in, please!" she cried in a piercing tremolo.

With one withering glance about Retta's tiny rococo establishment, Willis entered. Even at that, his manner thawed somewhat as his gaze settled upon Marion's fetching figure; and she might have saved the situation, difficult though it was, if it hadn't been for the gas. It kept waning and waxing until she and Willis sat staring at each other in a sepulchral twilight which threatened to merge into ebon night.

"What is the matter with it?" Marion exclaimed, gazing up helplessly at the dimly illuminated globes.

"Might be water in the pipes, I fancy," Willis suggested in a cold, detached tone of voice.

"Oh, it can't be!" Marion said, giving

an "it's the last straw" sort of groan. "Perhaps the meter's out of order."

"Quite likely," Willis agreed without enthusiasm.

"I think I'd better go out and look at it," she faltered.

"Certainly,"
Willis replied, rising with almost



icy politeness as
she hastily left
the room.

In the dimness
of the kitchen
Marion wiped a
tear from her eye
and examined the
meter up on the
wall. She had no
previous acquaint-
ance with meters,
and the appearance of
this one puzzled her; but
finally, after climbing on top
of the ice-chest, scratching in-
numerable matches, and studying its face intently, the
truth dawned on her. She rushed back to Willis.
"Do you know anything about quarter meters?" she asked
hopefully.

This froze the fastidious Willis completely. He disclaimed knowledge, much as if she had asked whether he knew any-

thing about the Tombs or Blackwell's Island.

Marion had found her pocketbook and was searching through it feverishly.

"Oh, I haven't got one!" she wailed.

Willis drew out a handful of change from his pocket. His manner had dropped completely to zero.

"Neither have I, I'm sorry to say," he said dispassionately.



"HOW MUCH MONEY DO YOU WANT?"
MARION ASKED
WEAKLY

He was about to offer to step out and change a bill, but Marion was already across the room. He heard her murmur something about "janitress" as she opened the door and flew into the hall.

Marion ran down the stairs, two at a time. Would it go out completely, leaving Willis sitting in Stygian darkness? Or what other black disasters did fate hold under cover for her? Why, oh, why, had misfortune selected her for one of its victims? Oh, if she could only get hold of Retta Kline!

VI

At the foot of the last flight of stairs Marion lost her balance and fell plump into David, who had just entered the front door—not David the cat, but David the man. He instantly caught her in his arms.

"For Heaven's sake, tell me what has happened!" he said.

Marion gave one hysterical laugh. This was the climax.

"It's the gas," she gasped.

"Asphyxiation?"

"No—total eclipse!"

David laughed.

"Oh, it needs another quarter," he said in tones of relief. "Here, I've got one!" He jingled the coins in his pocket. "Come on back, and I'll put it in for you."

Marion had reached the point of weak capitulation. She allowed him to lead her back up the stairs, while she pictured Willis sitting stiffly in the green plush chair, wrapped in utter gloom.

"I've got company," she warned faintly.

That did not deter David. He steadied her up the third flight with a remarkably muscular arm, walked into the apartment, and made for the kitchen with the air of a man very much at home. There followed a rasping sound and a cheerful jingle, and the sitting-room was flooded with light.

Marion glanced at Willis. He sat there, wooden as a stick, speechless as a clam.

"Who is your friend?" he inquired at length, after David had deliberately retraced his steps, bestowing a contemptuous look upon the manicured and perfumed exotic from Madison Avenue, and had disappeared into the hall.

Marion was gazing absently into space.

"I wonder!" she said musingly.

"Don't you know him?" Willis questioned, with lifted eyebrows.

Marion shifted her gaze and looked Willis over, her beautiful eyes widening thoughtfully. He had never appeared so dapper and colorless before, nor so petty. She started to speak, but a train thundered by, and a violent peal came from the doorbell—then a second and a third.

"Who's that?" she ejaculated, springing to her feet. "Oh, what is going to happen next?" she groaned despairingly, as, heart in mouth, she went over to answer the summons.

Two burly men burst into the apartment the moment she opened the door.

"Come fer the furnichoar!" one said.

"Come for the furniture?" Marion echoed blankly.

"Been here twice already t-day — had orders ter git it."

"To get it? What do you mean?" Marion asked.

They divested themselves of their coats and swung across the floor, ready to pounce upon whatever came first. Willis arose nervously.

"Oh, I don't understand!" Marion wailed.

"Name Kline, ain't it?"

"No!"

"Ain't? Then who be ye? Furnichoar's hern, ain't it?" aggressively.

Marion assented feebly. One of the villains seized Willis's green plush chair.

"Can't wait no longer—ain't kep' up payments!"

"Payments?" Marion repeated, recalling a cryptic injunction in Retta's letter. "What payments?"

"Payments on furnichoar. Nothin' paid fer two months."

"Oh, Retta Kline!" Marion burst out, at the point of tears. "You horrid, horrid girl! See all the trouble you've got me into!" She wheeled about and eyed Willis abjectly. "What ever shall I do?" she pleaded faintly.

"I really couldn't say," Willis replied in his loftiest and chilliest manner, as he turned and stepped toward his top-coat, cane, and hat.

Two tears trinkled down Marion's cheeks. Her face was scarlet. The men commenced to pack Retta's goods and chattels out into the hall.

"How much money do you want?" Marion asked weakly.

"Dunno nothin' 'bout settlement—told ter git goods."

They wheeled the center table out noisily. Willis was delicately enveloping his evening clothes in his top-coat. He took up his hat and cane, and picked his way gingerly toward the door.

"I must bid you good evening, Miss Marion," he said, with an awful finality in his voice.

Marion sank into the one remaining chair.

"Don't go!" she whispered.

Willis drew on his gloves elaborately. He quite ignored the two ruffians, who were breathing rudely and laboring with the bevel-edged mirror over the cherry-wood mantel. He stepped lightly but positively over the threshold.

At this juncture the door on the opposite side of the hall opened.

"What's all this racket?" a large voice inquired.

Marion darted out into the hall.

"Oh, David!" she cried, and collapsed dramatically against the end of a divan.

David chuckled.

"Well?" he demanded.

This last was to one of the men, who promptly doffed his hat.

"Had ter take it, sir. Way back on payments."

"You carry the stuff back into the apartment," David ordered.

"But—"

"No buts! Take it back!"

Marion gave a choking sound of relief. Willis edged toward the stairs. David watched him ironically.

"See here!" he said rather roughly, as the men hesitated. "You can carry off that popinjay, if you want to"—pointing to Willis—"but leave the furniture."

The men guffawed. Willis sneaked down the stairs.

Inside of fifteen minutes the stuff was back in its accustomed places. David had given each man a dollar.

"Send around the bill to me in the morning," he said, as the men went off grinning in the wake of the retreating Willis.

"Oh!" Marion exclaimed. She had retired to the sitting-room and was looking out into the hall. "Oh—oh! I—I—"

"That's all right," David said, stepping to the threshold and looking in at her. "I liked you the minute I first laid eyes on you."

Marion gasped.

"And I made up my mind on the spot, if there was any way—"

"But I've only known you two days!"

"Any way I could help you," David went right on, "I'd do it. And if you didn't snub me too hard—"

Marion changed color.

"I'd—" David studied her face. "Look here!" he said bluntly. "Have I any hope?"

Marion plumped down into the green plush chair and laughed and cried.

"Oh, you *man!*" she sobbed.

"My name's Garth," he went on. "I'm a mechanical engineer. I own this house and several others. I—"

Marion was gazing at him with wondering eyes. Only two days—and Willis was still crawfishing after two years!

She was going to get married!

THE WANDERER

I BROKE a bunch of blown plum-blooms
And thrust it in my hair;
I shut my eyes and found myself
In ancient Nippon, where
The little feet in sandals light
O'er flowery hillsides roam,
Where dainty plum-tree petals float
Like pale pink heaps of foam.

I wrapped a veil about my head,
And Bagdad came to me,
While corals wafted me to reefs
Washed by the tropic sea.
My incense brought me India,
And lotus scent, the Nile;
I only have to shut my eyes
To have them pass in file.

Poor dreams, and yet they bring the world
That I can never see;
For work I have, and wealth I've not—
Adventure's not for me.
But, after all, that may be best,
Because one finds, it seems,
Dull care and sordid toil in life,
Romance alone in dreams!

Melba Parker

The Stock Ticker, the Pulse of Wall Street

THE INGENIOUS MACHINERY BY WHICH THE QUOTATIONS OF THE CENTRAL FINANCIAL MARKET ARE FLASHED ALL OVER THE UNITED STATES WITHIN A FEW SECONDS—HOW THE TICKER SERVICE WAS DEVELOPED TO ITS PRESENT WONDERFUL PERFECTION

By Wilbur Wamsley

PULSE of the world of business, ready indicator of prosperity and depression, barometer of clear skies or storms ahead—the stock ticker! A little mechanical device that one could cram into a spacious overcoat pocket, ingeniously simple in operation, but the most vital piece of business apparatus that Wall Street owns.

The stock ticker is alternately the delight and despair of the speculator, in the messages it stolidly repeats, and at the same time his narcotic and the breath of air to his nostrils. It is the gage by which business, big and little, makes its moves on the checkerboard of industry. Without it the commerce and finance of the world would be sorely hampered and distressed. It gives a cold, dispassionate answer to the all-important query:

“How is business?”

It interprets the flow of freight across the country and over the ocean; the orders that come to the ironmaster, to the shoemaker, to the clothing-manufacturer. It forecasts the payment of dividends or their elimination. It gathers messages of progress from the four quarters of the globe and hurls back its own interpretation in terms of stocks and bonds.

The price of silk in Japan, of silver in India and China, of gold in England, of wool and textiles in New England, of steel in Pittsburgh, of tobacco in Kentucky, of cotton in the South and timber in the North, it records calmly and faithfully to those able to read and translate its symbolic signs. It speaks every tongue and

brings each message faithfully and surely. As an invention, Edison's phonograph pales into insignificance beside it; for where the phonograph records and emits the voice of one speaker or singer, or, at most, of a few performers, the stock ticker's voice is the voice of all men, summing up in a single message the things that have gone before, the things that are, and the things that are yet to come to pass.

There is told in the canons of Wall Street an ancient and hoary tale of a daring, plunging speculator who passed away, unfortunately, while heavily long of stocks. On the far side of the river Styx he was met and welcomed by his satanic majesty, who inquired of the newcomer's health, previous place of residence, and occupation.

“Ah!” quoth Satan, rubbing his hands in glee. “We have made special provision for speculators. Come this way!”

The newcomer was led into a room in which were half a dozen stock tickers, where he was left to make himself at home. He glanced at his watch, and saw that the hour for trading approached. He became apprehensive as to what the bears would do to his stocks, on learning of his demise. Finally ten o'clock struck, and the tickers started beating away madly. The speculator ran from one to the other, eagerly inspected the tapes, and then sank into a corner, overwhelmed.

“This sure is hell!” he moaned.

The tickers were recording no quotations, although clicking away for dear life.

To the speculator in stocks—and it may be added that a majority of the transac-

tions on the floor of the exchange are speculative—the ticker is the life and breath of the market, which holds him fast in its grip, and whose messages are awaited with an anxiety he cannot always repress. Stroll into the customers' room of any brokerage house, and the ticker is found to be the center of attraction. The little figures printed on the coily tape mean many things to many men. They show the trend of the market, the volume of trading, the strength or weakness of particular stocks; for they are the figures at which this or that security has been bought and sold within the minute.

THE VOTARIES OF THE TICKER

Wall Street, the high, the middle, and the low, personally watches the ticker as the quotations stream out. A few would rather learn the news when the figures are put up by a "board boy" on the quotation board; but the real dyed-in-the-wool speculator, whether trading in ten-share lots or blocks of a thousand shares, cannot get the "feel" of the market without watching the ticker with his own eyes. He cannot ascertain the volume of sales in a particular stock without having his eyes glued to the glass.

So all over the financial district there are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of men—and a few women, hidden away in dark cubby-holes, because feminine speculation is frowned on by the powers that be—who practically never leave the ticker from 10 A.M. to 3 P.M.

This is the dramatically speculative part, the part the public knows, wherein the stock ticker takes the place of the big spindle on a roulette wheel. The mere gambler would watch the one mechanism as closely as the other. To the Wall Street that is bigger and broader than the gamblers and their pools, to the men and institutions who finance the industry of the country, it has a higher, wider, and, if one may venture the term, more altruistic mission than the mere recording of ups and downs of stocks and bonds. In this broader way, it gathers and distributes a message of the financial condition of the country and its industries; the tightness or easiness of money and credit; the position of foreign exchange. But the ticker is no respecter of persons, and its message is for all who will read, investor or gambler.

It is a far cry from the days of the "pad-

shovers," when quotations scribbled on white pads of paper were whirled about the financial district by the longest-legged boys the brokers could find, to the present, when the electrically controlled machine reports every transaction on the floor of the Stock Exchange, within thirty seconds after it is made, simultaneously in every reputable brokerage office in New York, and, a few seconds later, in every city of any size in the United States.

Much gold has flowed up and down Wall Street since that time. The district has budded and blossomed. From a handful of brokers it has increased to a multitude. From a few bankers, here and there, it has expanded until the tentacles of its institutions stretch not only over the length and breadth of the country, but to all parts of the world.

Wall Street is widely acclaimed to-day as the financial center of the universe. It holds the international credit situation in the hollow of its hand. If actual cash be asked, it has more yellow gold than has ever before been gathered in a single place in the history of the world; and the ticker is its barometer, its pulse, its guide, its mentor and adviser.

THE BIRTH OF THE STOCK TICKER

The stock ticker is just fifty-four years old. There are any number of men doing business in the financial district to-day who recall the markets without tickers or telephones, and wonder how it could have been done. All sorts of expedients were adopted to get the news about from one office to another and from each house to the exchange. Cable service was unknown. Foreign news came entirely by steamer.

One ingenious citizen—D. H. Craig, of Boston—owned a number of carrier-pigeons, which he kept in New York. It was his custom to board an incoming vessel at Halifax with some of his pigeons, to write a brief summary of foreign news as gleaned from newspapers and passengers on board, and then, having transcribed this summary to very thin paper, to tie the despatches to his pigeons' legs and send them to New York by air. His clients are said to have made a great many profitable turns in the stock-market on information brought by the bird mail.

E. A. Calahan, who was employed in 1867 as superintendent of batteries by the American Telegraph Company, was the

godfather of the stock ticker. From time to time, as inventions were made which improved the machine, they were purchased and added to it. The completed ticker of to-day, self-recording, self-adjusting, and surprisingly efficient and accurate, is the result of the combined ingenuity of a long list of inventors. Among them, besides Mr. Calahan, were Henry Van Hoevenberg, who added the feature of self-adjustment; S. S. Laws, who perfected the gold indicator; Horace L. Hotchkiss, J. E. Smith, and Messrs. Gray, Phelps, Scott, Kenny, Chester, Pearson, Wessman, Healy, and Knudson, each of whom originated some improving detail.

In one of the earliest histories of the New York Stock Exchange, Horace L. Hotchkiss, mentioned above as one of the inventors, gave this account of the inauguration of the first ticker service:

Robert H. Gallagher, who had charge of the Night Exchange up-town—which was used by operators during the exciting times of the Civil War—had a large acquaintance with Wall Street brokers, and was engaged to secure patrons or subscribers who would contract to pay six dollars per week for the quotations. His efforts, in conjunction with those of officers of the company, resulted in agreements with a number of the prominent brokers of the street. The governors of the Stock Exchange granted permission for employees of the company to go on the exchange and report the market prices by this new system.

In December, 1867, between Christmas and New Year's Day, the first stock quotation instrument was placed in the office of David Groesbeck & Co., where the veteran stock operator, Daniel Drew, made his headquarters. The next day an instrument was placed in the office of Work, Davis & Barton, and on the third and fourth days instruments were placed in the offices of Greenleaf, Norris & Co. and Lockwood & Co. Before they had been in operation many days, the company had on its list of subscribers about one hundred of the prominent bankers and members of the exchange.

When the first instrument began work in the office of David Groesbeck & Co., it naturally created a sensation as the quotations made their appearance on the tape. The crowd around it was at least six deep, and the person nearest the instrument called out the prices to the wondering assembly.

At that time Mr. William Heath was an active broker. He was tall, thin, and exceedingly energetic. It was his custom to run from office to office, supplied with the latest quotations obtainable from the floor of the exchange. He was generally known as the "American reindeer." He was surprised to find in Groesbeck's office a crowd watching the ticker. He created much amusement when offering his quotations, and was told he was too late—"We have them all on the tape." It was some months, however, before he thoroughly realized that the machine could outstrip the

"American reindeer" in the race of quotations, but eventually he had to surrender, and filed his order for one of the company's instruments.

Crude, clumsy, frequently out of order, kept going by chemicals carted about Wall Street in tin buckets, the earliest ticker was to the modern machine as Stephenson's first engine was to the modern locomotive, or Fulton's first steamer to the great transatlantic liner. The operating concern—the Gold and Stock Telegraph Company—was formed in 1867, with a capital of two hundred thousand dollars.

MANY COMPETITORS IN THE FIELD

In the meanwhile, at the height of gold speculation, S. S. Laws invented a clock-like machine with a double face, which indicated the price of gold sales, one face showing in the board-room, the other in the street outside, where merchants and tradesmen gathered for cues as to prices they should get for their merchandise that day. Later, Mr. Laws conceived the idea of a small gold indicator to be placed in each broker's office, which would be operated by electric wires from the board-room, and which would show, just as did the big clock, the current price of gold. This invention was bought by the Gold and Stock Telegraph Company for twenty-five thousand dollars in cash, seventy-five thousand in the company's stock, and ten thousand dollars a year royalty "during the continuance of the premium on gold." The royalty was paid for ten years.

A little later the Western Union Telegraph Company bobbed up with a commercial news and quotation service, and then the Commercial Telegram Company became a factor. The latter was purchased at a receiver's sale, a year or so after its start, by members of the Stock Exchange, who turned it over to that organization and renamed it the New York Quotation Company. This is the present operating concern, whose stock is owned entirely by the New York Stock Exchange, and which exclusively gathers exchange quotations.

In the meanwhile, the Western Union Telegraph Company had a merry fight on its hands with the Commercial Telegram Company. At one time no less than six concerns were struggling for the privilege of sending out stock quotations. In 1889, by a curious coincidence, the market did not break badly at the time of the Johnstown flood disaster because both the West-



A STOCK TICKER IN OPERATION, WITH A GROUP OF TICKER REPORTERS

From a photograph—Copyrighted by the New York Stock Exchange

ern Union and the Commercial Telegram Company had been excluded from the exchange and market news, and for several days no quotations were sent out.

The Western Union finally was victorious, and to-day, in consideration of a handsome rental, it maintains an auxiliary service, practically simultaneous with the exchange's own. The Stock Exchange's company serves members located south of

Chambers Street, New York, and has some two thousand machines in operation. The Western Union, with twenty-four hundred machines in New York and near-by cities, also flashes the quotations over its lines to all parts of the country.

HOW THE TICKER IS OPERATED

The word "quotation," used in connection with the stock and bond ticker, is real-

ly a misnomer. What the ticker prints is a report of every transaction that a skilled crew of reporters can collect. Between fifty and sixty of these reporters are scattered about the trading-posts on the floor of the exchange. Each man is responsible for reports of sales in certain stocks traded in at his post. When a sale is made, he records it on a slip of paper, writing down the abbreviation for the stock, the number of shares sold, and the price. For instance, if two hundred shares of United States Steel changed hands at \$85.25 per share, he would write it thus:

X. 2. 85½.

Telegraph-operators sit at Morse instruments in the four corners of the big boardroom. The reporter's slip, with the record of sales thereon, goes directly to the nearest operator, who telegraphs it to the eighth floor of the exchange, where a second operator receives it and passes it along to the sending-machine. This has a keyboard attachment similar to that of a typewriter, where the successive quotations are indelibly printed on the small paper tape which runs beneath. The same record appears simultaneously on all the other machines in the circuit.

Manifestly it would be impossible to send out on the ticker a full report of the sales of stock, because of lack of time and space; so abbreviations are used wherever possible. Each stock has its own characters—one, two, or three letters of the alphabet. For instance, "X" stands for United States Steel, "SO" for Standard Oil, "MN" for Mexican Petroleum, "GM" for General Motors, and so on through the list.

Numerals are abbreviated, too. A sale of five hundred shares is printed "5," a thousand shares "10," and so on. A single hundred shares—the unit of trading on the New York Stock Exchange—is printed without a numeral. The price is printed last. Thus "MN. 3. 140" appearing on the tape, translated, means that a sale of three hundred shares of Mexican Petroleum has taken place at one hundred and forty dollars per share. "STU. 78" records a sale of one hundred shares of Studebaker at seventy-eight dollars per share.

Up to three years ago separate delivery of quotations was made by reporters to the Western Union machines and the Stock Exchange machines. Confusion occasional-

ly arose because of the fact that in a busy market, when the operators could not handle the slips as fast as they came in, different quotations would appear at a given moment on the two sets of tickers. Brokers in an up-town office might get reports of sales which had not yet been recorded down-town on the exchange tickers. This difficulty was eliminated by sending all slips, just as they come from the floor, exclusively through exchange channels. A Western Union operator sits with a Stock Exchange ticker in front of him, and transmits its figures as they are recorded. So equally do the two operators work that it is almost impossible to tell if the exchange operator is a quotation or so ahead or the Western Union's sender.

That sales of stock at one post may be recorded as quickly as those at another, and that there may be no discrimination as between different stocks, a system of varicolored slips has been inaugurated. These are arranged, on their arrival at the sending-station, in rotation, as governed by their colors.

AN ALMOST INFALLIBLE MACHINE

The men engaged for this important task of telegraphing, recording, and printing the quotations are the best and speediest operators the companies can find. They must be quick, accurate, painstaking, and, of course, above suspicion. Even so, they make occasional mistakes, but not so the machines. All that the ticker needs is a roll of thin, white paper, known as ticker tape, a dab of ink on its type now and then, and an occasional winding of the weights that maintain its balance.

The two small wheels which do the actual printing are about the size of a silver dollar. On the outer rim of one of them are types representing the letters of the alphabet. On the other are the ten figures, and the fractions running from one-eighth to seven-eighths. In making impressions on the tape, the wheels spin at the rate of one hundred and forty revolutions a minute, shifting from one wheel to the other as a figure or a letter may be desired by the operator.

The accuracy of the ticker's report of sales is not guaranteed by the Stock Exchange, but officials say that it is as nearly correct as human ingenuity can make it. It is, of course, to the advantage of every broker that his sales should be printed on

the ticker at once, and there is a close co-operation on the floor of the exchange between brokers and reporters which has greatly aided in bringing the system up to its present state of perfection.

Bond sales—and this includes all issues of United States government securities—are gathered, transmitted, and printed in exactly the same manner as are stock sales, on the same kind of ticker, and with just as rapid and efficient a service.

Could the "American reindeer," who used to gallop madly up and down Wall Street with his hand-picked quotations, step into a modern brokerage office in this year 1921, he would see a system of stock and bond reporting in smooth and ceaseless

operation which would cause him to rub his eyes in astonishment. On a busy day he would see reports of the purchase and sale of a million or more shares of stock, of an average value of fifty dollars each, and total bond sales, running well above twenty-five millions—an aggregate of seventy-five million dollars' worth of property turned over, and perhaps even twice as much on a day of great activity. He would see the record of sales of this vast wealth in stocks and bonds ground out before his eyes in a simple, efficient, and orderly manner, to which Wall Street is so thoroughly accustomed that it seldom stops to think of the intricate and ingenious machinery by which it is so faithfully served.

BALLADE OF DEAD GENTLEMEN

ROSES fall and lasses fade,
And the year brings other flowers;
And the play of sun and shade
Dapples all the leafy bowers.
Love laughs as the thunder lowers;
All these things will come again—
April girls and April showers.
Ah, where are those dead gentlemen?

Tell me now where are they made,
Where the turrets and the towers?
Where the consecrated blade,
Chrismed by the heavenly powers,
Watching through the ghostly hours,
Sworn against all earthly stain?
Mighty is this day of ours;
Ah, where are those dead gentlemen?

Lords, in mitered chancels laid,
Molder on; the moth devours,
And the semipiternal spade;
Each new morn the sunlight dowers
Each new coward as he cowers;
They whose strength was strong as ten,
First in knightly jousts and stours—
Ah, where are those dead gentlemen?

ENVOI

Prince, turn Chaucer's page and Gower's—
Not the scripts of later pen;
The sweet old fount of living sours—
Ah, where are those dead gentlemen?

Andrew McIver Adams

Dead Men Tell No Tales

A STORY OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

By Willoughby Sharp

HE had two hours to live. In a huddled heap he lay on the hard bench, his old face deep-lined, his legs drawn tight against his body, his arms folded across his chest.

And this was to be the end—ignoble death in the electric chair. In the corridor outside the cell relentless footsteps beat steadily, unceasingly. To the man, their dull, mechanical thuds symbolized the dreadful power that was hurrying him to the grave—that awful thing, fate, which cares not for the cries of the unfortunate or the pleas of the desolate.

A wild frenzy struck the prisoner. It wasn't right; it wasn't fair!

"I didn't kill him! I didn't kill him!" he wailed, as his old body swayed backward and forward in the agony of emotion. "Cyrus Townsend could tell you—Cyrus—Cyrus!"

His voice trailed away into nothingness. He lay limply on the bench, like a bundle of wet rags.

Cyrus Townsend was dead, and would never speak. Dead men tell no tales. It was useless to strive against fate.

The gray walls faded away, and in their place came scenes of the previous month, like a hideous motion-picture from hell.

There was the district attorney summing up his case.

"Gentlemen, the affair is now in your hands; I await your answer with complete confidence."

It was all so clear to the man in the cell—the crowded court-room, the inquisitive faces, the terrible overhanging dread. There was the district attorney sitting down pompously. Now he was mechanically shuffling a pack of legal documents on the table before him.

As a child, the prisoner had had a passion for the game of solitaire. He played against the devil, his mother used to tell

him. He had often wondered about this devil who was so marvelously adept at cards. He had wondered how the Evil One looked. It had been a foolish, childish fancy; but now he knew what his youthful mind could not fashion. The district attorney, playing a winning hand for a human life with his pack of legal documents, was the incarnation of the devil in all his fiendishness.

A new scene took its place on the wall. In the center of it was the judge. His figure stood out like a black cameo. Vaguely the prisoner heard him droning out his charge to the jury.

"You are concerned with but two degrees of murder, gentlemen. It is for you to decide which. If, in your estimation, the prisoner deliberately preconceived and enacted this crime with malice aforesought, it is plainly your duty to render the verdict of murder in the first degree. Should you determine, however, that the act was unpremeditated but intentional, your duty is equally evident—to pronounce the prisoner guilty of murder in the second degree."

The judge cleared his throat and continued his charge.

"On the morning of Friday, the 18th of May, Cyrus Townsend, president of the Ajax Copper Corporation, was murdered in his office on the twelfth floor of the Municipal Building. Before him was spread his luncheon, which he had ordered, as usual, from the restaurant in the basement. On his desk a pile of papers awaited his signature. He had dismissed the stenographer to whom he had been dictating. He had urged her to rush through her meal, since he had important business to complete. He was alone in the office except for the defendant, his clerk; the remainder of the office force being absent for the noon interim. On their return, Cyrus Townsend

was found dead. The coroner has declared that death was due to the introduction of cyanid of hydrogen, or prussic acid, as it is more commonly known, into the digestive system. He has further testified that death was instantaneous.

"The defendant was arrested. On his person the police found ten thousand dollars in cash and forty thousand in bonds, which were known to have been in the desk of the murdered man. This is the evidence complete. I deliver the case into your hands."

The judge resumed his motionless attitude as the jury filed slowly out of the room. A ripple of conversation in the back seats was sharply quelled by the black-robed figure.

The prisoner sank down in his chair, his face resting on cupped palms. His lawyer's words of cheerful exhortation made not the least impression on him. If anything, they only served to increase his gloom.

The chatter resumed in the court-room. The judge had retired to his chambers to await the verdict; but he was not absent long. Presently there was a hush, a craning of necks. The judge appeared once more on the bench; he rapped again for order. In filed the jury. They took their places in the box, standing like lamp-posts, unemotionally, lifelessly.

"Gentlemen," said the judge, "have you reached a decision?"

"We have," replied the foreman.

The judge adjusted his spectacles, fumbled among the papers before him, and took up the jury's sealed communication. With nerve-racking deliberation he cut open the envelope, glanced through the contents, and looked up. It was one of those moments when the true majesty of the law is felt towering above the petty trivialities of life.

The judge spoke.

"The jury has found the prisoner guilty of murder in the first degree."

For a moment a fateful quiet settled on the court-room. Then the counsel for the defense was on his feet.

"May it please you honor to allow the prisoner to address the court before the pronouncement of sentence?"

The judge nodded.

"It pleases the court."

The counsel for the defense turned to his client and helped him to his feet. As he

stood there, the prisoner's age showed more strikingly than before. The thin hands, feeble body, tired eyes, all told of dead years.

II

"Your honor," he began, "I should like to state here in court just what I saw and did in that half-hour when I was alone with my employer, Cyrus Townsend. I had considered what I am about to relate to you in the light of a confidence never to be divulged. I have kept silent, hoping that an acquittal might save me from violating my solemn word; but now I have been convicted. I cannot believe that Cyrus Townsend would wish me to die rather than tell what I know about his death. Have I the court's permission to speak?"

"It is your privilege," replied the judge, "to address the court."

The prisoner continued.

"The prosecution has maintained that I poisoned the food which I brought to Mr. Townsend from the restaurant. That is a lie. There was no poison in the food. I brought the luncheon into the private office, and set the tray down before him. I turned to leave the room, but he called me back.

"Johnson," said Mr. Townsend, "how many years have you been in my employ?"

"Fifteen, sir," I answered.

"And in that time have you not come to look upon me as a friend, and do you not consider my word law?"

"Of course, sir."

"You would not dispute a decision I had made?"

"No, sir."

"You would respect anything I may tell you as confidential?"

"Of course, sir."

"Johnson," said Mr. Townsend abruptly, "I am about to kill myself."

"I could hardly speak, I was so bewildered. I reached out toward him and entreated:

"But, sir, with your wealth, happiness, and—"

"Stop!" he commanded. "Remember your promise. My word is law."

"I stood gaping at him, knocked speechless by his words.

"For several good and sufficient reasons, Johnson, I am about to kill myself. The causes which have led me to this point would be of no interest to you. It is not

for you to argue. Please bring me a ball of wrapping-twine."

"I obeyed automatically, like a walking doll under the fingers of a child. I watched him, fascinated, as he walked to an open window and leaned out. I half started forward. It came to my mind that he was about to throw himself out before my very eyes.

"He turned quickly and reassured me.

"Do not be alarmed. I will use a bit more finesse than that. I was merely looking at the clock. My watch has stopped, and one ought to know the approximate time of one's passing on, Johnson. You see, St. Peter might ask me when I left the earth. It would be annoying not to know."

"Then I understood his action. On the side of the Municipal Building, just one flight below where we stood, there was a great clock, the official timepiece of the city. By the bidding of its hands the cogs of government regulated their daily operations. By leaning out of any of the front windows of our suite and looking down, one could read the hour.

"Mr. Townsend was very calm. He unwound about fifteen feet from the ball of twine I had handed him. It was a strong variety—of the kind used to tie large parcel-post packages. He cut the cord and walked over to his desk, where he picked up a bronze statue—an Oriental idol—and held it up to me.

"This little god has brought me success in life; may he bring me success in death!"

"I couldn't understand. I just stood gazing at him, not knowing what to do. I dared not leave him, for I was afraid he would kill himself in my absence; and we were alone in the office. He took up the Oriental piece and tied one end of the twine around the idol's fat neck; then he went to the window and hung it over the sill. He walked to his desk, still holding on to the other end of the cord. He sat down; then he turned to me.

"Johnson, you are to forget everything you have seen me do in this office. Do you understand? I am about to die of heart failure. There is to be no suspicion of suicide. It might have a disastrous effect on the affairs of my business associates. It is to be the every-day occurrence of an overworked man dying in a natural way. There will be no investigation. I have let it be known that my heart

is weak. It will be a shock to my friends, but not a surprise. You have served me well, Johnson. I have not forgotten you in my will; but in addition to this legacy I want you to accept a further token of my gratitude."

"He opened a drawer, from which he drew out a bundle of bonds and a package of currency.

"But, sir—" I ventured.

"Silence!" he thundered. "Do as I say! Take them!"

"He held them out, and I stuffed them into a pocket. Mr. Townsend was dominating me by his personality, as he had ruled every one with whom he had ever come in contact. In the face of death I was helpless.

"To the world, Johnson," he said evenly, "I shall have died from heart trouble. See to it that no adverse rumors spread about."

"With that he reached into his waist-coat and took out a bottle about three inches high. It was filled with a pale-colored substance.

"Prussic acid, Johnson," he informed me. "I shall be dead before I can swallow the contents of this little vial."

"He looked up and smiled.

"Good-by," he said.

"I didn't move, so he spoke again, this time more sharply.

"Leave the room!"

"But I couldn't leave him. I held out my hands imploringly. His eyes grew cold. I was the full length of the room from him, but I measured my chances, and rushed toward him with all the strength of my horror-stricken body. He stood up quickly and grasped my arm. I was an infant in his grip; I could not stir. How I longed then for the muscle of Hercules! Mr. Townsend loosed me, as if he knew my puny strength and did not fear it. Then, sitting down once more, he pointed to the door.

"There was nothing to do but obey. As I passed out, I glanced over my shoulder. He was sitting at his desk. In one hand he held the little bottle. He was staring at it quizzically, as a child inspects some new plaything. There was a smile on his face. In the other hand he held the long cord which led to the Oriental idol hanging over the window-sill. Then I closed the door."

The prisoner faced the judge, and held out one of his thin arms.

"And that's the truth, your honor, so help me God."

III

THE district attorney sprang to his feet.
"I request to be allowed to cross-examine the prisoner," he demanded.

"The request is granted," replied the judge.

With a dramatic gesture, the prosecuting attorney pointed an accusing finger at the man on the witness-stand.

"You say Cyrus Townsend killed himself. Then where is the bottle or vial which contained the poison? It has never been found. Where is that bottle which you claim Cyrus Townsend clasped in his hand as he ordered you from the room?"

"I do not know," replied the prisoner.

"Your honor," continued the district attorney, "the power of cyanide of hydrogen, or prussic acid, is well known to you. Its effect is practically instantaneous. If Cyrus Townsend killed himself, what happened to the vial that held the prussic acid? He could not have disposed of it himself; no traces of poison were found on any of the dishes or glasses on the murdered man's luncheon-tray. What happened to it? The prisoner states that he does not know.

"He lies! He knows he placed the poison in his employer's food; he knows he washed the plate in which the poisoned food was placed; he knows he opened the windows, so that the sickly odor of the acid would be carried away; he knows he rid himself of the missing bottle before the rest of the office force returned from their lunch-hour."

The district attorney waved his finger dramatically at the prisoner.

"And this cock-and-bull story of his about the piece of twine with an Oriental idol on one end of it—does he expect any jury to believe that? Where did the bronze idol go? If the prisoner says that Cyrus Townsend hung it out of the window by a string, he intimates that the murdered man was insane. He can mean nothing else. Cyrus Townsend was beyond the baby stage. He didn't play childish tricks such as the prisoner has described.

"And if the idol had dropped from the twelfth floor of the Municipal Building, don't you suppose it would have fallen in the street? Where else could it fall to? And if it hit the pavement, how long do you think an object like that would lie

there? Not ten seconds, your honor. This story of the Oriental statue is also a lie. It is a wild tale to explain the open window, which he had forgotten, in the enormity of his crime, to shut. It is a base falsehood made up out of the terror-stricken mind of a murderer!"

The district attorney took his seat, and the attorney for the defense addressed the court.

"I move," he petitioned, "that, in view of the newly offered evidence, the court order a retrial of this case."

The judge did not deliberate long.

"Motion overruled. The new evidence has not been substantiated by proof. Cyrus Townsend has been dead a month; none of the offered evidence—the idol and the poison vial—has been found. In the estimation of this court there is not sufficient ground to permit of a retrial."

He silenced a flurry in the court-room with a vigorous smash of the mallet. There was a hush. The judge turned to the jury.

"Gentlemen, you have found the prisoner guilty of murder in the first degree. I have been shown no legal reason why this verdict should be set aside. Therefore I sentence the prisoner to death by means of electricity—the order of this court to be carried out at twelve o'clock noon on Thursday, the first day of July."

IV

THE judge's voice melted away. His figure became indistinct; in its place was the gray wall of the cell. The prisoner, huddled in his corner, shivered with fear. The two hours must be almost gone!

He heard rough footsteps in the corridor, and then a key rattled in a lock. A priest stood by his side.

"Courage, friend, courage!"

Then they led him toward the little door of the black room into which men enter but never return.

The prisoner collapsed as he entered the somber chamber. Even the rough prison attendants, inured to death from innumerable contacts, felt an almost uncontrollable pity for the aged man. He was out of the usual run of murderers—not a degenerate gunman, not a bestial wife-killer, only a pitiful old wreck.

But law is law. Sentiment can find no secure spot to lay her head in the death-chamber. The ghastly preparations for

the last rite commenced. The priest consoled the prisoner as the leather straps were being adjusted; the hushed singsong of the confessional eddied into the darkened corners.

A hard-mouthed official stood, handkerchief and watch in hand, before a barred window; an electrician waited expectantly by a giant switch. All was ready. The official was still staring out of the window to where the face of the Municipal Building clock surveyed the housetops.

He frowned.

"My watch must be wrong," he whispered to a companion. "It says twelve o'clock, but the clock on the Municipal Building reads eleven fifty-five. We'll have to wait!"

No stillness exceeds that which reigns in the presence of the death-chair. Through the minds of the officials, as well as that of the doomed man, there came surging, like the visions of a drowning soul, tender memories, vain regrets, useless fears.

"My God!" ejaculated the man with the handkerchief and watch. "The clock has stopped! It is still at eleven fifty-five. It is the official timepiece of the city; we cannot proceed!"

He turned a nervous countenance to the prison attendants who had crowded around him, and were staring amazedly out of the window.

The dread of the supernatural is installed in the heart of every living person. The

men in the death-room, shaken already by the prospect of the sight they must soon witness, stood aghast. Even time itself was arraying himself on the side of the doomed man.

"Telephone," some one weakly suggested. "Ask what's the matter."

The superintendent of the Municipal Building, sitting in the cool serenity of his inner office, was startled by an agitated voice over the wire.

"What? Stopped!" he shouted.

He dropped the receiver in his haste. The superintendent was greatly excited. The clock was sacred; all the watches of the city were set by its dictum. He might lose his position if it was any fault of his. He had a soft job, and he knew it.

He acted with unusual celerity. He sent electricians and machinists hurrying aloft. The intricate machinery was in perfect order, the main-spring was well oiled, and yet the hands would not move. A courageous machinist was sent to explore the face. The trouble was soon found.

A long piece of cord, whipped by the wind, had been wrapped around and around the hour and minute hands, binding them fast together in a position that indicated five minutes to twelve. It seemed as if the coiled twine had striven against fate to hold the hands from the hour of noon. On one end of the queerly placed cord was an Oriental idol; on the other, a little bottle, smelling faintly of almonds.

TO A GREAT VIOLINIST

WHAT does it matter where you play?
In some rude hostel by the way,
Or in La Scala where the kings
Garnish fair women with great rings—
It matters nothing where you play.

Though none should hear, though none should care,
The gods lean from their golden air,
Unseen, to hear you everywhere.

Just the music and just you,
And a white girl divinely new;
Just the strange strings,
The bird that sings
Inside the wood upon your breast,
And what to you is all the rest?

Richard Leigh

The Director, Generalissimo of the Motion Pictures

THE MAN WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SUCCESS OF A PRODUCTION THAT MAY COST SCORES AND EVEN HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS—
A CALLING THAT DEMANDS GREAT SKILL, WIDE VERSATILITY,
AND A TREMENDOUS CAPACITY FOR WORK

By Dorothea B. Herzog

"**A**NY man can be a successful motion-picture director," says David W. Griffith, who ought to know, for he is widely acclaimed the prince of directors. "All that he need do is to work. He must

devote fourteen hours a day to study and work. He must study production in the studio. He must study literature, history, painting, architecture, music, dancing. For motion pictures are the combination of all



THE DIRECTOR TAKES OFF HIS COAT AND THROWS HIMSELF INTO THE TASK OF INSPIRING HIS PLAYERS TO THEIR BEST EFFORTS IN A TENSE EMOTIONAL SCENE

Published by courtesy of the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation

the arts, and to deal faithfully with this art painstaking thoroughness and tremendous versatility are essential."

It is superfluous to say that comparatively few directors measure up to this high and exacting standard. Nevertheless, the director, the generalissimo of pictures, is the outstanding figure in this, our fourth largest industry. His merits as a director are viewed by producing executives on the dual consideration of the quality of his pictures and the cost of making them.

Production cost, of course, is an important factor, and one that directly affects the picture-goer. If a director spends an unduly large sum in making a picture, the company financing him will lose money, unless the price of the picture to the exhibitor — the theater-manager — is raised. The exhibitor has to make his profit, despite this increase in the rental price. He simply turns around and pushes the burden upon the shoulders of the public by raising the price of admission.

There are three divisions of directors — first, the independent producer-director; second, the director-general who supervises studio production; and lastly the regular director, engaged or contracted with by a company to produce five-reel pictures, and sometimes specials.

There are many in the first division — David W. Griffith, George B. Seitz, J. Stuart Blackton, Edgar Lewis, and numerous others. These men finance their own companies and make their own pictures; but they do not trouble with the work of selling the pictures or advertising them to the exhibitor. Arrangements are made with one of the distributing companies, which are in business to supply just this need. You have seen a picture called an "Edgar Lewis production," and thereafter the name of Pathé? That is simply an illustration of an independent producer-general releasing through a distributing company.

The second type of director, the supervisor of studio production, is found in comparatively few studios. Thomas Ince supervises all the productions coming from his studio; so does Marshall Neilan. Maxwell Karger is in charge of Metro's Eastern productions. The line on a picture reading: "Personally supervised by Mr. Ince," means that he was "consultant motion-picture engineer" for his various directors. He assisted them in knotty matters and supervised the more important scenes.

As instances of the third type of director, countless names suggest themselves. Among them are Albert Parker, who alternates in directing Norma Talmadge and in making the Albert Parker special productions; Harry Millarde, Chet Withey, James Cruze, T. Hayes Hunter, and many others to be conjured with.

The cautious way in which a company comes to a decision as to the picture to be produced is worthy of attention. The independent producer, on the other hand, condenses the more complex method of a large company into a one-man affair.

The first requisite to make a picture is a story; and how the director longs for a *good* story! He wants a story that gives the actors a chance to act; a story that is explained largely by action, and not by reading-matter, or subtitles; a story that teems with human sympathy; a story replete with novel situations; above all, a story with a *theme*.

He seeks such a story at the libraries, in new publications, in magazines, in manuscripts offered to him. There is a limitless field for the writer who can express himself fluently in the *action of the screen*, not in the more or less verbose style of many authors of novels and short stories.

When — probably after much searching — the director finds a story to his liking, the next step is to bargain for the right to use it. With available stories so hard to find, and in such demand, high prices are paid. Mr. Griffith is understood to have given one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars for the screen rights of "Way Down East." This, of course, was exceptional. The average figure for a story by a well-known author may be somewhere from twenty-five thousand to fifty thousand dollars, and fifteen thousand would probably be a fair price for a writer of less reputation.

A FORMIDABLE LIST OF EXPENSES

The director sits down with pad and pencil — in deep thought. Let us suppose that the story he has chosen is of the less expensive sort. It is a Western story, let us say, requiring exterior scenes, partly in a rough Western town, partly in the mountains. The picture is to be all-star. Three prominent actors are needed, and their combined salaries will approximate four thousand dollars a week. Lumber will be required for preparing the town scenes,



THE DIRECTOR—STANDING ON THE LEFT, WITH HIS FOOT ON A WAGON-TONGUE—ASSURES THE ACTRESS, WHO SEEMS TO BE TIMID ABOUT APPROACHING THE CAMEL TOO CLOSELY, THAT THE ANIMAL IS HARMLESS

Published by courtesy of the Universal Pictures



"NOW, MISS NILSSON," SAYS THE DIRECTOR, "THIS BAD MAN HAS INDUCED YOU TO DRINK MORE WINE THAN IS GOOD FOR YOU, AND YOU MUST PRETEND TO BE INTOXICATED"

Published by courtesy of the Metro Pictures Corporation

and about three hundred horses and riders are necessary.

He figures rapidly, then writes:

Price of story.....	\$15,000
Transportation expenses for 300.....	9,000
Salaries of three leads.....	4,000
Food for 300 people.....	8,000
Cost to erect Western town.....	8,000
Hotel bill for 300 people.....	6,000
Cost to rent costumes.....	4,000
Cost of 60,000 feet of film.....	2,400
Cost of camera man.....	3,000
Cost of supers.....	4,000
Cost of incidentals.....	10,000
<hr/>	
	\$73,400

The director ponders over the figures, realizing that they are only rough estimates. He has not yet covered the whole cost of the picture. There is laboratory work, developing the negative, preparing the subtitles and the art titles—the pictorial or decorative work appearing with the subtitles. Why, art titles alone cost about thirty dollars apiece, and there will be at least ninety in the picture.

He shakes his head. The film will cost one hundred thousand dollars or more.

If, after further consideration, he decides to make this picture, he purchases the film rights from the author and turns

it over to a continuity writer, who makes the scenario, revamping the story in scene formation.

The director sets about engaging his cast. He decides on the most suitable part of the country for his location. There he builds his rough Western town. Then comes the task of securing the extras, the costumes, the horses, arranging transportation for his people, getting hotel accommodations—a thousand and one details, and all of them important.

The business end of the production having been completed with the finesse of a Napoleon, the artist in the director now forges to the front, and the qualities fitting him for his responsible position come to light. He must be a student of life, with a keen insight into its various phases, the better to inject realism into the picture. If he is not successful in this, the story will be twisted into a pitiful thing, wearying an audience well-nigh to distraction.

MAKING A FIVE-REEL PICTURE

A story is not "shot" in the sequences flashed on the screen. Perhaps the end is taken first. Perhaps the first, fifty-fifth, and one hundred and twenty-fifth scenes are taken on the same set. If so, they are

taken one after the other. Then the set is carted away. Because of this slashed-up way of making a picture, there may be a tendency on the director's part to tell the best part of the story first, or to give away a little too much of it in the beginning. He must be careful to avoid such a mistake.

As a matter of fact, the director seldom closely follows the continuity as prepared by the scenarioist. Sometimes he uses it merely as a scaffold, upon which to build his own ideas. Jerome Storm, who put Charles Ray across in so many delightful pictures, usually developed the story to his own liking, after absorbing the salient points of the continuity.

The first reel may be called the director's premise. He introduces his characters, paints his background, and prepares the audience for the action that follows.

Little by little, with ever-increasing speed, he unfolds his story. The action never flags. Subtly, artistically, deftly, it whips the spectators' interest into breathless suspense, paves the way for the big dénouement. There are films with a skilfully developed climax that makes the audience applaud, stamp, and cheer—a rare tribute to directorial genius.

The director must look to the human quality of his characters, if he would have his picture a success. On this subject Mr. Griffith says:

My characters *must* be *human*—so *very* human that when the boy or girl comes into the picture, one involuntarily feels that this is the boy or girl who lives down the block; you meet them every day; not an actor or an actress—no thought of costume, or of rags—no idea of *acting*, but just simply natural, human beings.

You feel this personal charm in Griffith's character etchings; in Cecil de Mille's conjugal controversies; in John S.



EDITH ROBERTS AND HER DIRECTOR, NORMAN DAWN, INSPECT A FILM THAT HAS JUST BEEN "SHOT"

Published by courtesy of the Universal Pictures



IN FRONT OF THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP IN BARRE'S VILLAGE OF THRUMS—DIRECTOR JOHN S. ROBERTSON PLANS A SCENE BETWEEN SENTIMENTAL TOMMY (GARETH HUGHES) AND GRIZEL (MAY MACAOV)

Published by courtesy of the Paramount Pictures



DAVID WARK GRIFFITH DIRECTING A SCENE IN HIS ELABORATE PRODUCTION OF "WAY DOWN EAST"—MR. GRIFFITH, STANDING AT THE LEFT OF THE ENGRAVING, IS INSTRUCTING THE BOYS IN THE VILLAGE STREET HOW TO PLAY THEIR PART REALISTICALLY



THE DIRECTOR STANDS ON THE GANGPLANK, MEGAPHONE IN HAND, AND ISSUES ORDERS TO HIS PERFORMERS IN A SUMMER SCENE ON THE BEACH

Published by courtesy of the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation

Robertson's realistic delineations. For instance, do you remember "Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde," with John Barrymore?

The director who fails to inject warmth into his actors, but makes them "reformed motion-picture Frankensteins"—creatures with organisms but no soul—is not a motion-picture director at all. He has strayed from his real vocation, whatever it may be.

This type of man is a baleful impediment to any actor. A director can make or ruin the greatest star. Again and again one hears the criticism:

"The star was charming, but the director has botched the picture by handling neither her nor the situations to the best advantage."

The actor is dependent on the director. He can hardly be expected to judge the fine values of his acting for himself, when he is throwing himself heart and soul into a scene. Perhaps he is tempted to overact, or to underact. The general with the megaphone must remedy both faults.

As a rule, actors are easily handled by directors, no matter how high-salaried or how temperamental they may be. Where infinite diplomacy is needed is in the case of youngsters.

E. Mason Hopper, director of the Booth Tarkington "Edgar" pictures, and one of the most successful managers of children, has succeeded not only because of his splendid ability, but because he considers himself "just a grown-up kid." He treats his little actors with grave respect. Sometimes he assembles them in a group and confidentially solicits suggestions as to the best way to take a schoolroom scene, or a baseball scene, or some typical childhood scene. The youngsters concentrate on the problem put before them, and pretty soon suggestions—sound ones, very often—come thick and fast.

Mr. Hopper handles the children just as he would handle grown-up stars, and finds that he gets good results. Sometimes, however, he mischievously reverts to boy-

and-girl treatment, as in the psychological test applied to one little miss who aspired to be an emotional actress. Her past experiences proved that she could live up to her aspirations, but Mr. Hopper wanted to

scene with "Booth Tarkington disdain." Immediately he scoffed, stuffing his hands in his pockets:

"Aw, shucks! I could do that heaps better than you!"



DORIS KEANE AND HER DIRECTOR, CHET WITHEY, TALKING OVER A SCENE IN THE
PICTURIZATION OF "ROMANCE"

be absolutely sure before going ahead with the picture. Accordingly he took a little boy into his confidence, and unfolded a scheme. The youngster was a delighted conspirator.

The scene was set. The director critically watched the little girl act. Slyly he signaled to the boy, who stood viewing the

The River Styx overflowed. Woman scorned turned on the Philistine, sobbing in a paroxysm of rage, stamping her foot like the temperamental little Bernhardt she was, and launching forth an excoriating denunciation of "every kind of a snip in existence." Mr. Hopper laughingly caught her in his arms, held her close, and soothed

the nervously excited child into a tranquil frame of mind. Needless to say, the camera man had secured a pictorial record of very genuine emotion.

There must be a sincere and cooperative sort of harmony existing between director and actors. Dissension or antagonism is sure to result in a poor picture. There must be absolute confidence in the director's skill, artistic ability, intelligence, and fine understanding of screen values.

ASSEMBLING AND CUTTING THE FILM

Camera work has now been completed, and we turn to the director's next duty—for his task is far from completed. He has taken, let us say, from seven thousand to twelve thousand feet of film, or perhaps even more. The picture is a five-reeler, and will contain five thousand feet of film, but one-fifth of this may be devoted to titles, leaving about four thousand feet for the picture proper. The director, therefore, must assemble the best scenes from the many he has taken and cut the picture to the required number of feet, each scene following in its proper order—the order in which it is seen on the screen.

This is an arduous and delicate task, the success of the picture depending largely upon the even tenor of the cutting.

If the director has changed the original story, now is the time when he learns whether his changes have been for the better. He may discover comedy in some unexpected place, and he may decide that this is a welcome feature of the picture. On the other hand, he may find that one of the big scenes misses its effect. He deletes it, and inserts a scene which he thinks will fit in better.

If he finds that parts of the picture are too poor to use, he is compelled to retake those scenes. This happens rarely; but when it does, the production cost of the picture leaps upward with a skyrocketing bound.

In the cutting, the director must look to the "tempo" of his picture. If the story is leading up to the climax, the scenes should be short and rapid. After reaching the climax, they should lengthen, so that the dramatic values may take hold of the audience.

Another point—the director must be on the alert for inconsistencies in the action. When a man enters a house with a derby hat on his head, he must not take off a soft

felt hat when handing it to the maid. The reason for the possibility of such discrepancies is readily grasped. The director probably took one scene one week, and the other scene weeks later.

The most careful director sometimes makes a mistake, and it is in the cutting of the picture that he checks up on his errors. Perhaps they are not glaring or very noticeable, and he may decide to pass them and take a chance on their slipping by. But if they come right out of the picture and hit the audience full in the face, the scene or scenes must be retaken.

After the picture is assembled, the director's work is finished. The generalissimo can fold his hands and rest. His nervous burden dropped for a time, he can, if he pleases, hie himself to a picture show for recreation!

We, the public, don't hear much about the director. Just the one little line run off before a picture is shown—"Directed by Harry Arts"—means little or nothing to most of us. The reason for this is the method employed in advertising pictures and actors. The publicity departments of the various producing companies exploit their stars, and not their directors.

The time may come, however, when the directors will be exploited first. That the tendency is swerving in this direction is indicated by the numerous dependent units now headed by directors, such as the John S. Robertson Productions, George Fitzmaurice Productions, Reginald Barker Productions, and others. The time will come when the names of men who have achieved the apex of directorial success—heading their own companies—will be a pledge of faith to picture-goers, a guarantee of interesting, artistic, *good* productions.

Mr. Griffith has characterized the motion-picture director as "the man who will eventually make the League of Nations a reality." Pictures recognize no racial or political boundaries. Art, the whole world over, is a real league of nations, a sympathetic bond that links all civilized humanity. And motion pictures, "the combination of all the arts," may some day be recognized as an international plenipotentiary of the peoples.

It is a stupendous task that confronts the director, the generalissimo of motion pictures, and the next five years will determine whether or not his artistic powers are equal to it.

Angelica*

THE ROMANCE OF A GIRL WHO WANTED TO GET SOMETHING
OUT OF LIFE

By Elisabeth Sanxay Holding

ILLUSTRATED BY LEE CONREY

FIERCELY rebellious against a life of drudgery in a factory, Angelica Kennedy, daughter of a New York janitress, seeks more promising employment. Answering an advertisement, she applies at a large country house near the city, and is engaged by Mrs. Russell as companion to an invalid daughter-in-law, Polly Geraldine.

Angelica becomes greatly interested in her new associates, particularly in the young master of the household, Mr. Eddie.

VI

ANGELICA was very nervous about having dinner with Mr. Eddie. He was obviously fastidious and hard to please, and she hadn't the vaguest idea what his standards might be. She did what she could with her appearance; she washed her hands and face and brushed her hair, and then, having no watch or clock to advise her, went down-stairs.

She hadn't been in the dining-room before, and she stopped, profoundly impressed, in the doorway. It was so exactly the dining-room she had expected—the grand, stately dining-room of the cinema drama, with paneled walls and sideboard loaded with plate, the opulently set table, the high-backed chairs, the flowers all about, the very air of dignity and richness.

There was the essential butler, too. She felt sure that the man bending over the sideboard was a butler; busy, no doubt, with work about which she was quite ignorant. She drew near to ask him the time, and was surprised to see him stuffing cigars into his pocket from three or four boxes that lay in a drawer. She didn't know whether this was proper, whether it was part of a butler's proper functions; but when she saw the man's face, and observed his stealthy and hurried manner, she grew certain that he was stealing. One of those society thieves of whom she had read!

He was in evening dress, and he had some sort of perfume about him. He was a slender little man with neat, snow-white hair and a dapper white mustache. His face was bland, with a long upper lip that gave it a humorous look, and intelligent blue eyes.

He turned suddenly and saw her.

"Well!" he cried. "Upon my word! And who are *you*?"

"That's my business," said Angelica.

This was her idea of a non-committal answer. She could not decide whether he was a servant, a member of the family, or merely an outside thief who had dropped in, and she was anxious to make no avoidable mistakes.

"Of course it is!" he replied cheerfully. "No doubt I'll learn in the course of time. But perhaps you'll enlighten me as to your status?"

She didn't understand him, and she scowled.

"Perhaps you'll tell me what you're doing here?" he inquired.

"Well, what are *you* doing here?" she returned.

"Waiting," he answered imperturbably. "Waiting for dinner and Mr. Eddie."

"Oh, him! Well, he's in. I saw him up-stairs."

"But do, for pity's sake, tell me who you are! We don't take pretty girls wandering about this house as a matter of

* Copyright, 1921, by Elisabeth Sanxay Holding—This story began in the May number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

course. You're quite a startling vision, you know."

She didn't like his airy gallantry; but she was sure now that he wasn't an outside thief or a servant, and that he must therefore be a member of the family, entitled to answers for questions.

"I'm *her* companion," she said.

"Aha! And what is your name, if you please?"

"It's Kennedy."

"Oh! Scotch, are you? You don't look Scotch. You look like a French girl, I should say—one of these dark, passionate creatures."

"All right!" she interrupted, scowling more heavily. "That'll do about me. What's the time?"

He pulled out his watch.

"Six thirty. Do you dine with us, Miss Kennedy? I hope so. I feel—"

Just then Eddie came in, also in a dinner-jacket and incredibly neat—the very model of a correct young man. He bowed ceremoniously, if somewhat severely, to Angelica.

"Good evening, doctor!" he said to the white-haired man.

He touched an electric bell with his foot. The parlor maid came hastening in.

"I said half past six!" said Mr. Eddie.

"Yes, sir, I know; but cook—"

"No excuses! You can certainly get some sort of dinner ready for me when I ask for it. Now hurry up! Never mind about what's ready and what isn't; just bring me *something* at once."

He pulled out a chair for Angelica, and they all sat down in silence.

"Good Lord!" said Eddie suddenly. "What a life! I'm tired as a dog, and I've got to work all evening."

"Too bad!" said the doctor. "Anything I could do, my boy?"

"No, thanks."

There was silence again. The soup had come in, and Mr. Eddie gave it his undivided attention. He ate with amazing rapidity, one course after the other, and he expected to be served without an instant's delay. Neither the doctor nor Angelica had ever finished when he had, and their plates were always whisked away with choice and coveted morsels on them. There was no sort of conversation—nothing more than Mr. Eddie muttering, with his mouth full, "All right, Annie!" and having one plate replaced by another.

But this was as Angelica liked it. She didn't wish to talk or to be talked to; she wanted to sit at that table, with two men in evening dress, to contemplate the silver and china and linen, and to reflect with amazed delight upon her situation. A dream fulfilled!

Cautiously she surveyed her two companions—Mr. Eddie, looking rather harassed, and as oblivious of her as if she were invisible to him, and the dapper little white-haired man, whose eye often met hers with a glance stealthy and curious. She decided that he must be Polly's physician, and a man who must be given no leeway. She had seen his kind, standing outside stage entrances, or on corners where working girls passed on their way home, with walking-stick and boutonnière and a smirk.

Instantly he had finished, Mr. Eddie got up and went over to the sideboard, from the drawer of which he took the three rifled boxes. He didn't seem to notice that they had been tampered with, but passed two to the doctor.

"Help yourself," he said. "I got these from a chap who imports them for private consumption. Put a couple in your pocket. They're good."

The doctor helped himself modestly from both boxes, and sniffed at them.

"Ah!" he said. "I can tell! My boy, you can afford to indulge yourself; you're one of the lucky ones."

"Yes," said Eddie. "Nothing but luck, of course!"

"I didn't mean to disparage you," cried the doctor. "No one appreciates what you've done, and how hard you've worked, better than I. Just a little joke, Eddie!" He pushed back his chair and rose. "I'll have to run out and fetch your mother home from the club," he said. "*Au revoir!*"

Mr. Eddie followed him so quickly that before she knew it Angelica found herself left alone at the table. She, too, hastened out of the room and up-stairs, and in a sort of panic knocked at Polly's door.

"Who is it?" inquired Polly's voice, languidly.

"Angelica!" she answered, forgetting, and hastily added: "Kennedy."

"I don't need anything this evening, thank you. Good night!"

She turned away, completely at a loss. It was only half past seven, hours before bedtime. What was she to do?

She went into her room. It was as charming and comfortable as she had remembered it, but it offered no prospect of amusement. She didn't know whether she ought to go into the library or any of the rooms downstairs. She

"Sit down and read," he said rather impatiently.

"I don't like to read."

"Nonsense! Here, come in! Sit down! I'll give you something you'll like."

But she hesitated. His bedroom! Surely he didn't expect her to go in there?



wanted to, but she had a dread of being spoken to by a servant.

"Well, I'll take a walk, then," she said. "No one can say a word against that!"

She put on her jacket and her rakish big black hat, and went sauntering down the hall. She had to pass the open door of a room, and in it she saw Mr. Eddie, writing. He saw her, too.

"Hello!" he cried. "Where are you going?"

"Out for a walk."

"Better not. It's dark and lonely around here."

Angelica had paused.

"I've got to do something," she said.

WHEN
SHE
OBSERVED THE
MAN'S STEALTHY AND
HURRIED MANNER, ANGEL-
ICA GREW QUITE CERTAIN
THAT HE WAS STEALING

RECORDED

He did, though.

"Come in! Come in!" he cried, and she obeyed.

She couldn't really believe that there was anything evil or dangerous about this worried young man sitting before a desk covered with papers. He tapped the back of a big armchair.

"Better take off your hat," he said. "It keeps off all the light."

She turned over the pages of the book, pleased to see that it had a great many pictures, and began dutifully to read. In spite of herself she became interested.

It was the third volume of a series, "Magnificent Women of the Past," and it contained sketches of the lives of the Empress Josephine, Mme. du Barry, Mme. de Montespan, Mary Stuart, Lady Hamilton, and many others. It was sensational, impossible stuff; but Angelica was neither a well-informed nor a discriminating reader. She was enthralled by this description of courts, of gallantry, of balls, fêtes, and levees, of kings, emperors, and princes; above all, by the radiant women who ruled over this amazing world.

She went on, page after page, stopping only to study the portraits of the dazzling beauties. She had never imagined anything like this. Of course, she had studied what was called history in the public school, but that was entirely concerned with battles and treaties; not a word of woman, except, very rarely, an entirely respectable heroine. She had thought of kings and queens as rather dull and solemn persons, also concerned with battles and treaties. She had never conceived of such a passionate and colorful and exciting life as was revealed in this book. It was a life unfortunately impossible in this actual world.

She came to the end of the life of Mme. de Montespan as imagined by the author, and closed the book, the better to reflect upon it. She sighed; she was disturbed by dim longings for an existence of this sort. She was full of dissatisfaction and preposterous ambitions. She was so immersed in the scenes of court life and in the pictures her imagination created that it was almost a shock to see Mr. Eddie sitting there in front of her, still working.

She stared at him thoughtfully. A nice-looking boy—perhaps something more than that. His face was boyish, but in no way weak; the features were all good, fine, firm, regular. She fancied—still dreaming of what she had been reading—that he looked like a young prince, that there was something in his brow, in his presence, that was noble.

Her glance wandered round his room. It was austere, handsome, immaculately neat. She liked it; it was manly.

Her roving attention had distracted Mr. Eddie. He looked up, frowned, and leaned back in his chair.

"Well?" he asked.

"It's a nice book. I like it."

"That's right. I'm very glad. Take it with you and finish it. It'll do you good."

"How can it?"

He ran his fingers through his hair and surveyed her thoughtfully.

"In the first place," he said, "it's a very good thing to read history. I read a great deal of it—lives of famous men, and so on. In the second place, it'll give you some idea of what a woman can do."

"Yes, I know; only they're all bad women," said Angelica, with simplicity.

Eddie flushed.

"Yes, but—everything was different in those days. They didn't have our opportunities. Anyway, in some of the other volumes there are plenty of women who weren't bad—Romans, and so on. What I meant is that it shows you what an influence a woman can have if she tries."

"I guess they didn't have to try."

"Of course they did. They wanted to be powerful. They wanted to be magnificent. There aren't any women like that now—no more magnificent women."

He fell silent, to think for a time of his mother, of Polly, of the clerks in his office, of girls he had danced with, of girls on the stage, of all his limited feminine acquaintance. Not a vestige of magnificence!

He was a queer chap, was Eddie. Born of a selfish and frivolous mother and a morosely indifferent father, neglected, left in the care of servants of the sort that always collect about an extravagant and careless mistress, he had never acquired as a matter of course those ideals which the average boy of his class takes for granted. He had a perfectly natural inclination toward truth, honor, and justice, and toward clean living, but he had had to discover these virtues laboriously, all along. In consequence, he gave them a sort of perverted importance. He became somewhat of a prig.

And having with such difficulty discovered his truths, he was inclined to be a bit domineering and intolerant about them. He was angry and disappointed at finding any one imperfect.

What is more, he was for the first time in his life finding himself a person of some

importance. Always before he had been under a disadvantage, always conscious of his "queerness," of having a mother who was a laughing-stock and a father who was a scandal. He was priggish and unsociable, but he wasn't a scholar. He had done very badly in all the various schools to which he

So he had gone into business at nineteen, and he had found himself at once. He did amazingly well. He had a clever, sympathetic, imaginative brain, he had good judgment, he knew how to handle his people, how to deal with men; but at the same time he had not very much common sense.



"HISTORY WILL GIVE YOU SOME IDEA
OF WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO"

had been sent by fits and starts; and when at last he had been somehow got into college, he had done still worse. He had hated his failure there; he had so longed to be popular and friendly, and had been so markedly neither.

He was like one of those musical infant prodigies, so shamelessly exploited by their families. He had this amazing talent for making money, and the people about him, well aware of his virtue and his innocence, had known perfectly how to make use of his ability. He was a cruelly driven slave to his exalted idea of family obligations.

Eddie wasn't aware of it, however. He was willing to spend all his youth in acquiring money for other people to spend. He took a sort of pride in exhausting him-

self. He was young enough and strong enough to enjoy affronting his health. It seemed to him a noble thing to support one's family. This was one of his pet ideas—ideas which he had got from books or from other people's talk, none of which had developed quietly and wholesomely from childhood, or from experience. His instincts were sound and admirable. He practically never had a base impulse; but his ideas were grotesque. He was, in some respects, a fool, and he was treated as fools must always be treated by the self-seeking.

There was truth in Angelica's fancy. There was something in this boy that was what men chose to call kingly—a generosity, a fine force, a self-forgetfulness, a profound sense of his obligations, even toward this waif, so recently brought to his attention. He believed it his duty to help her.

"Why don't you go into business?" he asked her abruptly.

"Why?"

"I think you'd do well. You seem level-headed. And there'd be some sort of future in it, instead of pottering about here like an old woman."

"But I don't like business. I like to be here, with nice people, where I can learn something."

"That's quite right, of course; but what will you do—later?"

"Well—I don't know, exactly. I just think that if I can—sort of improve myself—some sort of chance will come some day."

She reflected a moment.

"All these magnificent women," she said. "They just kind of waited round for something to turn up, didn't they? I mean, they didn't plan what they were going to do. I haven't thought it all out; but I mean to—oh, to go *up* all the time, to get to be somebody!"

Eddie, unconscious of his own infantile innocence, smiled at her naiveness, but admired her.

"I'll see that you get a chance," he said. "And I'll help you to learn, if you like. If you'll study, I'll give you what spare time I can."

"All right," said Angelica. "That'll be fine! Only," she added, "what I want isn't exactly things you study out of books. It's—good manners, and the right way of talking."

"You'll pick up all that from Mrs. Gertrude," returned Eddie. "You couldn't

find a better model. By the way, how did you get on with her to-day?"

"I guess she liked me. She said she wanted me to stay."

"That's good!" he cried, very much pleased. "If Polly'll take an interest in you, you'll be absolutely all right. She's a splendid woman."

"But she's so much *older* than you!" thought Angelica. "It's so queer!"

"Yes," he went on, "Polly's one of the best. Of course she's not herself now, losing the little chap. He was nearly two years old, and a fine little fellow. Poor girl! She was wrapped up in him. We all were, for that matter."

Angelica was puzzled.

"But," she said, "don't you—"

"Don't I what?"

"I mean—it must be nearly as bad for you as for her."

"What? Why, there's no comparison between a son and a nephew."

"For Gawd's sake! Wasn't he your son?"

"Of course not! My dear girl, you didn't think I was Polly's husband, did you?"

"Yes, I did," she faltered.

"I'm her brother-in-law. She's my brother's wife."

"Oh! She's a widow, then?"

"No, no, no! He's alive. He's here, in this house; but he's a poet, you know, and when he's working he shuts himself up for days at a time. He's a queer chap—a regular genius."

"That's pretty hard on his wife; I should say."

"That's what the wife of a fellow like Vincent must expect: He is a bit trying, but you have to make allowances. He's very remarkable—writes beautiful stuff."

"I don't like po'try," said Angelica, who had already taken a dislike to this brother.

"I'm not very fond of it, either, but I admire it."

"I don't," she persisted.

"You shouldn't say that. It's childish. Every one admires poetry."

She maintained an obstinate silence. Eddie was rather at a loss. He believed that every one ought to admire poets; he faithfully endeavored to do so, and had made himself believe that he had succeeded. He felt that his brother was a genius, accountable to no one, and not to be blamed for faults which seemed to Eddie

peculiarly disgusting and unmanly; but he didn't know how to make Angelica admire his brother. Even the fact of Vincent's genius was by no means established, and could not be demonstrated to an outsider, for he had never published anything yet, nor attempted to do so.

"He's a very interesting chap," Eddie said. "Very!"

"Well, I'm glad he's not my husband," said Angelica. "Shutting himself up like that—wouldn't suit *me!*"

Eddie frowned.

"I should think it was a privilege to be the wife of—of a genius."

Again Angelica was silent.

"Of course," said Eddie, "I don't pretend to understand him. We've never seen much of each other. He lived with my father and I lived with my mother. He was brought up differently—a Roman Catholic, for one thing; then he went to an English university for a year or two, and he's traveled. Very well-educated chap; altogether different from me. A scholar, and very artistic."

"What does he do for a living?" Angelica asked.

"He's just beginning his career," said Eddie. "It is very hard to get started with that sort of thing."

Angelica's silence was eloquent.

"Then who's this feller you call 'doctor'?" she asked abruptly. "Does he live here?"

"That's Dr. Russell, my mother's second husband."

"Oh, I see! I had you all mixed up. But whose house is this—his?"

"No. It's mine."

"Yours? Do they all live here with you?"

"Certainly," he said, reddening and frowning. "I want them to. I don't want to live alone—no social life."

Poor devil! He was conscious of something ridiculous in his position, and yet he was proud of it. There weren't many fellows of his age who could have done this. It had meant taking fearful risks, of course, and working without rest, but the worst of it was over now. He was really prominent in his world; he was a sort of financial prodigy, admired and watched. He called himself, on his office door, a stock-broker. He was on the road to becoming a millionaire; he had made up his mind to do it, and there was nothing to stop him.

"Well," said Angelica, "you're awful good to them."

Again he frowned. They had both grown suddenly ill at ease, at a loss for words. Angelica got up.

"Good night!" she said abruptly. It was her way of terminating an awkward moment.

"Good night!" Eddie answered, rather absent-mindedly.

With her volume of "Magnificent Women" tucked under her arm, Angelica went back into her own room.

"He's a fool," she said to herself, "keeping all those people; but there is something about him. I don't know—I guess he's kind of magnificent himself."

VII

SHARP at ten o'clock the next morning Angelica knocked at Polly's door. Her eyes were dancing, she was filled with an exhilarating sense of mischief, for she had been having breakfast with the doctor, and a regular rowdy breakfast it had been—the old delightful badinage of the street and the factory.

When she had come down the dining-room was deserted, and she had lingered about waiting for any one who might come. Presently, in had come the dapper little doctor. His face had lighted up marvelously when he saw her there alone; and he had told her archly that she was welcome as the flowers in the spring.

"That's all right!" Angelica had retorted, belligerently. "Never you mind about me!"

And so the conversation had proceeded, flowery compliments on his side and a continuous show of resentment on hers—all as it should be.

"You're a regular old devil!" she had told him. "You'd ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"You're a devil yourself!" he had answered. "A young devil, and a dangerous one, too. You could teach me a trick or two, I dare say!"

Then she had thrown a piece of bread at him, and he had sprung up and smothered her in a napkin, almost upsetting her chair backward, and she had given his necktie a terrific pull. She did so like this sort of thing!

She had a familiar and delightful feeling now toward Polly, such as she had so often felt toward teachers at school and foremen

in factories—that she had something up her sleeve, that she was slyly outraging authority.

"Come in!" said Polly.

She was still in bed, her breakfast, untouched, on a tray beside her. She looked stale, broken, weary in body and in spirit, miserably inferior to the



WITH HER VOLUME OF "MAGNIFICENT WOMEN"
UNDER HER ARM,
ANGELICA WENT
BACK INTO HER
OWN ROOM

sparkling girl who stood waiting for her orders.

"Good morning! Sit down," she said, politely enough.

She could say nothing further. Weary from a sleepless night, sick with grief and longing, lonely as a traveler stranded on a desolate shore, it seemed to her impossible to communicate with any one about her.

She could think of no words that they would comprehend, no answer from them that would give her any possible solace.

She seemed to Angelica a sallow, listless woman of forty, who persisted very selfishly in staring out of the window and preserving a tedious silence. She had no faintest idea of that anguish of a fine and strong soul.

"Would you mind—" said Polly suddenly. "There's a little leather book in my desk, and a fountain pen. I'd like to write a little."

Angelica jumped up and brought them to her with alacrity. She felt very obliging this morning.

"Anything else I can do?" she asked cheerfully.

"No, thanks. It's my diary. It's just seven weeks ago that my child died."

She spoke quietly, but her face had assumed an odd, drawn look.

"Oh, Lord!" thought Angelica. "Now I suppose there'll be a scene. And me feeling so happy!"

But there was no "scene," not even a tear. Polly had long ago got past that consolation. She put down her little book.

"Will you go and ask Mrs. Russell, please, when she wants to use the car? I think I'll go out this afternoon."

Angelica sped off, glad to be released from this terrible ennui, and knocked upon Mrs. Russell's door. She found her engaged in a surprising occupation. She was carefully rouging her cheeks—that tough, weather-beaten, brown skin!

Her hair was carefully dressed, and she wore a handsome embroidered white linen frock. She was tall and straight, with good shoulders and a fine, free play of limb. From the back she wasn't bad; she looked like a muscular and athletic young woman until she turned and one saw her face. With the rouge and the blackened eyebrows, it had an indescribably repulsive look of dissipation; it was as if a man had rouged and bedecked himself.

"Well!" she said. "How do I look?"

"All right," said Angelica dubiously.

"Tell me frankly if there's the least thing. I must be very nice to-day. We're giving a lunch to a young English woman, a tennis champion, and I'm on the reception committee. Do I *really* look nice?"

"Yes," said Angelica, in a still more doubtful tone.

"You don't think so!" cried Mrs. Rus-

sell. "I can see that! But, my dear, I don't suppose a woman of my age ever can look very nice."

However, the glance she gave to her reflection in the mirror was quite a complacent one. She began covering her face with pink powder, while she talked; and grimacing as she carefully avoided the blackened eyebrows.

"How did you get on with Mrs. Geraldine?" she asked.

"All right; she's not so bad," said Angelica. "Only sort of dopey."

"Dopey'? What's that?"

Angelica flushed.

"Oh, like people that take dope—morphin and opium and all like that."

"But, my *dear* girl, Polly doesn't—"

"I know. I only said she acted like people that do. It's just a word people use about any one that's quiet and—"

"Mrs. Geraldine's very reserved—quite different from me. I'm obliged to say everything that comes into my head. But I dare say her life has made her like that."

"Why has it? What kind of life has she had?" asked Angelica, with naked curiosity.

"My dear, you see, she was married before to a perfectly dreadful sort of man. He drank, and I don't know what else—absolutely no good at all. You see, she used to be a concert singer when she was young. It's very interesting to hear her tell about her days in Germany, when she studied there. And then she came back to New York and got an engagement to sing in one of the first-class restaurants. She really comes from a *nice* family—Ohio people—not in society at all, but *nice*. They weren't at all well off, so I suppose they were glad to have her earning her own living. Anyway, they were away off in Ohio, so they couldn't have stopped her very well, could they?"

"No," said Angelica, astounded at the very idea of the melancholy Mrs. Geraldine singing in a restaurant.

"She must have been quite a pretty girl," Mrs. Russell went on. "I've seen pictures of her. She says she had the most distressing experiences with men, following her, and so on. She says she was really just about to give up the restaurant singing when one night this tremendously handsome man was waiting for her when she came out. She says he was so different from the usual sort—so gentlemanly,

and so on; and *he'd* been so impressed with *her*. My dear, have I too much powder on?"

"Yes, on your forehead. Who was this feller—the handsome one?"

Mrs. Russell stared at her in perplexity. Then she suddenly recollectcd the subject of their talk.

"Oh, yes, of course! He told her afterward that he was so much impressed with her refinement and distinction. I suppose she did look well, standing up on the platform in a white dress. And her voice is charming. He walked home with her that night and they were married three weeks later. Of course, as she says, she didn't really know him at all; and he turned out to be perfectly dreadful. She went through the greatest misery with him. He was killed in an accident; he was in a taxi with some chorus-girl. I don't really know much about him; she doesn't like to talk about him, but I've seen a picture of him. He was handsome, but coarse, I think. He was quite successful in his business, whatever it was, but he spent all he made, and only left her a tiny little income. She made it do, though, she lived so quietly."

Angelica was delighted to get all this information. She leaned against the doorway in one of her careless, beautiful gam-in attitudes, her dark eyes on Mrs. Russell's face with an attention that pleased that veteran gossip.

"She's a charming woman. Still, I was amazed at Vincent, of all people! She's so much older than he—seven years, and she shows it. Of course, when they were first married three years ago, she was quite different—much nicer-looking. Poor soul! She really had a wretched time with Vincent. He's frightfully trying. I really think she's been wonderfully patient with him. I'll never forget the day he came into my room and told me he was married. I couldn't believe it; he's so fickle and erratic. I never expected him to settle down. I don't suppose he really has. And when I saw her—simply a plainly dressed woman of thirty-five! Of course, she has a certain sort of charm about her; she's *restful*. I like being with her—but not all the time. I can't understand why she clings to me so. She's so self-reliant."

How was Angelica to understand all this? She with her thistledown heart, her life of infantile amusement-seeking, to understand the solitude of this woman from

a small town, accustomed to the friendly faces of neighbors, of people who had known her all her life and were interested in all that concerned her; this woman who had twice given her love with simplicity and generosity, to have it twice despised, a wife without a husband, a mother bereft of her child? Polly hadn't a soul near her who took the least interest in her, *no one to talk to*. That was what made her so silent. She didn't, she couldn't utter flippancies; she longed for one of her own good, earnest, kindly small-town women, who would wish to listen and know how to console.

And in default of this, then she must have Mrs. Russell, who could at least talk about her lost child. She could say to her, "Do you remember this day and that day, this that he said, and how he looked?"

She had loved her child with a passion tiresome to all those about her. She had been absorbed in him; she had seen in this little boy not alone her only child, but her only friend, a fellow countryman in a hostile land. And now he was gone.

"She's charming," Mrs. Russell repeated; "but I should never have picked her out for Vincent. She's not the sort of woman to hold him. He's so odd, you know. He always used to say that he'd never marry, and that he was looking for the perfect woman, whatever he fancied a perfect woman was. I don't know what it was he saw in Polly. She's not beautiful, or fascinating, as far as I can see. Of course, there's her voice. It's lovely, but still—He met her at some sort of tea, he told me, and he said that he was enchanted by the sight of her, sitting there in her plain dark blue suit, with her hands folded, so quiet and clever, you know, in comparison with all the other women. I must admit I was disappointed."

She paused for a few minutes, to rub her big square nails with pink paste. When she began to talk again, she had unaccountably changed her point of view. Instead of her bland contempt for Polly, she had, somehow, within her queer soul developed a great indignation against her son.

"He has behaved abominably," she said, with a frown. "I can't understand him. For days at a time he doesn't speak to her; doesn't even see her. And all for nothing! He took her up in a caprice, and he's dropped her in another caprice. Do you know, my dear, all the time their child was

so ill, he wouldn't see it? He said he could do nothing to help it, and he couldn't bear to look at suffering. And at last, when it died, the thing became so scandalous that Eddie had to go and actually force him to come into its room. So he came sauntering in, and what do you think he said? 'Thank God I really hadn't had time to grow attached to it yet.'"

"That was pretty bad," said Angelica. But she was more curious than shocked; she was eager to hear more about this atrocious Vincent.

"And now," went on Mrs. Russell, "whenever the poor soul begins to practise, he comes stamping out of his room and shouts down the stairs, 'Stop! Stop! For God's sake, stop!'"

"He must be pretty selfish!"

"Selfish! That's not the word. He squeezes every one dry. He bothered me a while ago until I sold one of my rings to get money for him; and as soon as I'd handed him the money he walked out of the room without even saying, 'Thank you.' And when I tried to speak to him, he didn't even stop; just called back to me, 'I'm not in the mood for your conversation to-day. I couldn't endure it.' He's a devil!"

"A devil!" thought Angelica. "I wish I could get at him! I bet I could handle him! I'd like to see him, anyway. I'd devil him! And maybe if he had a wife with more fight in her, more spirit, he'd be different. He'd be different to *me!*" her secret heart cried. "No man could ever neglect or hurt *me*. No man could ever really win *me*. I shall be loved, adored, obeyed, but I shall not give much. I am Angelica, the beautiful, the proud, the free!"

She was very ready to hear more, but that was not to be. The aggrieved voice of Courtland, the chauffeur, was heard in the hall.

"Now, then, do you want to be late?" he called. That reminded Angelica of her errand.

"Oh! Mrs. Geraldine said to ask you when did you want to use the car. She thought she'd go out."

Mrs. Russell stared at her in distress.

"Oh, pshaw! I never imagined she'd want it. Tell her, please, I'll send Courtland back with it in an hour."

"I don't think!" said Courtland. "She better not hold her breath waiting."

Even Angelica was aware that this was not the proper way for a chauffeur to address his lady. She was surprised that he wasn't rebuked. She looked at him with an indignant glance, which he returned with one of the greatest scorn.

"Wait in the car, Courtland," was all that Mrs. Russell said. "I'll be down directly."

"He's a nice boy," she told Angelica, after he had gone. "I think a great deal of him. I'm sorry for him. He's very bright and intelligent, but he hasn't had any opportunities."

"He's mighty fresh," said Angelica.

"You mean disrespectful? I know it; but it seems to me that in this country, you know—a republic—we shouldn't expect that sort of thing. We're all more or less equals, I suppose, aren't we?"

Angelica said yes; but she didn't think so, and she knew that Mrs. Russell didn't think so. A game of exploitation, simply, but in a country where every one had the pleasing possibility of becoming one of the exploiters.

Angelica went back to Polly with the message.

"She says she'll send back the car in an hour."

"Then I think I'll get up and dress," said Polly. "We'll run into the city for lunch. Do you know, I feel better! I think you're doing me good."

She really believed so; it seemed to her that the fierce and careless vitality of this girl charged all the atmosphere, penetrated and invigorated even her jaded and sorrowful heart. It was not the sort of vitality that fatigues and irritates, like the ceaseless activities of a little child. Angelica was quiet, for the most part; she didn't speak much, she sat quietly in her chair, with the sort of cool steadiness that one notices in cats. When you spoke to her, it required no effort for her to attend, to concentrate her thought on you; at once her dark face was alert, her ready mind in action.

With Polly—although she wasn't aware of it—her manner was exactly what was needed. She was generally quite indifferent, thinking her own thoughts, absorbed in her own affairs; but she was instantly willing to perform any service, or to talk, or to listen.

"Mr. Eddie spoke to me about you," Polly went on. "I have a very high opin-

ion of his judgment, and he seems to think you're just the person for me."

Angelica was delighted.

"Well," she said, in her pitifully ungracious way, "it's kind o' hard, not knowing your ways or anything; but I guess I'll be useful."

Polly smiled.

"Help me to get ready, won't you? I haven't been out for such a long time; and the doctor seems to think I should."

"This doctor, is it? *Her* husband?"

"Oh, no! He's not exactly a doctor. He invented a patent medicine, called Dr. Russell's Old-Time Rejuvenator. That's why they call him doctor."

"I see! But those things are mostly fakes, aren't they?"

Polly didn't answer.

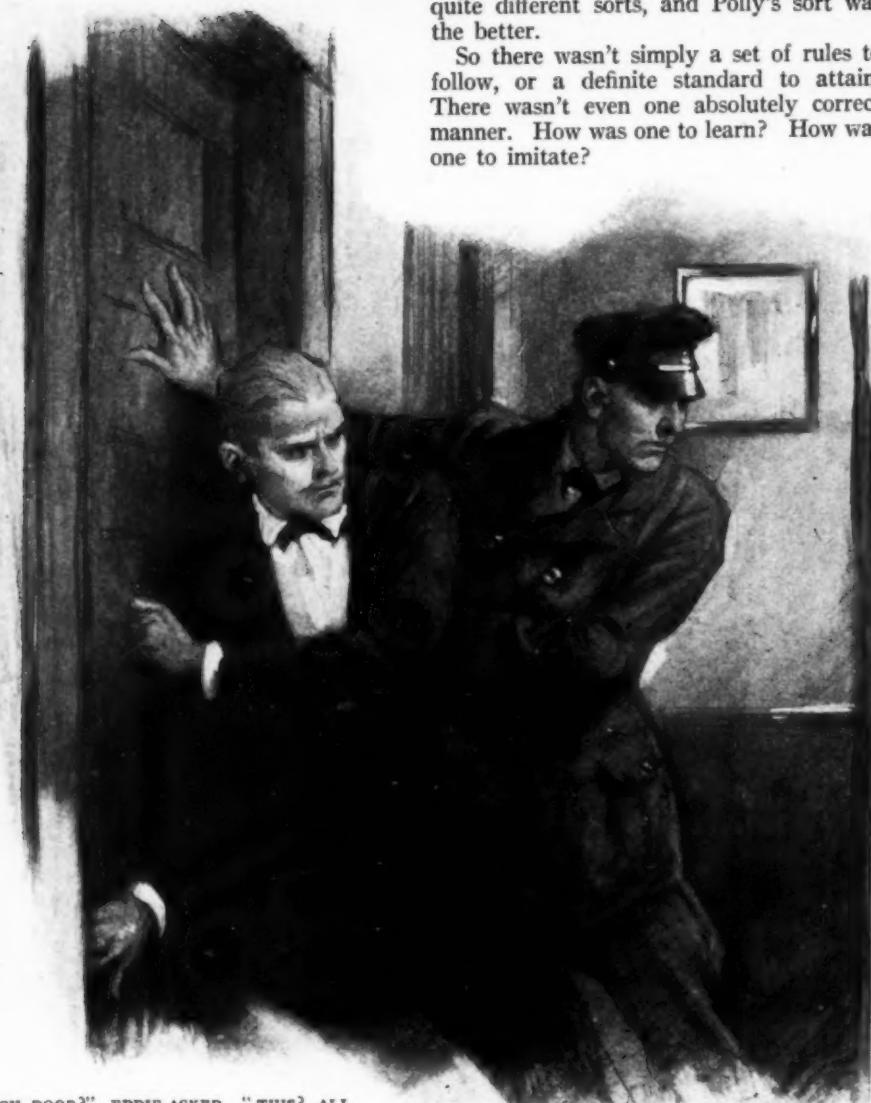
Angelica enjoyed helping her to dress. She liked to open the bureau drawers and wardrobes and see the well-ordered and dainty things, all faintly fragrant. She liked fetching the silk stockings, the fine little handkerchiefs, the gloves, all the accessories of a woman of excellent taste and a decent income. Very plain, Polly's things were, but with a most refined and fastidious plainness. Angelica, seeing and handling them, gained quite a new idea of a lady's requirements.

"And there we sat," she told her mother later, "all the morning, like a couple of fools, waiting for the car. It got to be lunch-time, and still it hadn't showed up. I couldn't help feeling sorry for her, waiting there with her hat on and all. 'I guess she's decided to keep her automobile for herself to-day,' I said. 'It isn't hers,' she said. 'It's Mr. Eddie's, for us both to use.' He's a generous feller, I think."

The excursion was given up. They had lunch down-stairs together, and in the afternoon they went out for a little walk—a tiresome walk for them both. Polly said scarcely a word. Angelica believed her to be angry, and at five o'clock, when at length the motor came back, with Mrs. Russell in it, she looked forward to a row.

She received another lesson, for Polly said nothing. She had tea in the library with her mother-in-law, and she was as agreeable and polite as if nothing at all had occurred to vex her.

At first this conduct appeared to Angelica cowardly and shockingly hypocritical; but as she watched Polly, she changed



"WHICH DOOR?" EDDIE ASKED. "THIS? ALL
RIGHT! NOW, THEN, ALL TOGETHER! ONE—"

her opinion. No, it wasn't hypocrisy; she didn't pretend to be pleased and friendly. Her attitude said to Mrs. Russell, in effect:

"Do as you please. You can't annoy me. I remain absolutely undisturbed."

And as Angelica observed them, first to see how tea was to be drunk, and later to ponder, a new idea struggled to life in her mind. It began to dawn upon her that there were grades among ladies, and varieties. Mrs. Russell was a lady, and Mrs. Geraldine was a lady; but they were of

quite different sorts, and Polly's sort was the better.

So there wasn't simply a set of rules to follow, or a definite standard to attain. There wasn't even one absolutely correct manner. How was one to learn? How was one to imitate?

"My Gawd!" she reflected. "There's more to this than I thought!"

VIII

PERHAPS, if Polly had imagined that she was serving as a model, or even that she was being shrewdly observed by Angelica, she would not have done what she did. She would have maintained the aristocratic imperturbability that had so impressed her companion, and she would have concealed her malice. For Polly had malice—that

agreeable feminine malice, so much more attractive than a forgiving heart. She had a quiet relish for vengeance, and a long, long memory for affronts.

For three years there had been war between herself and her mother-in-law, in which Polly had had to struggle desperately to avoid extermination. The ruthless selfishness of Mrs. Russell would have destroyed her, would have made her an instrument to serve her in her pleasure-hunt. She was not to be reasoned with, she was too heedless and indifferent to weigh consequences, too insolent to be hurt by defeat, too slippery for any sort of compromise. Polly had adopted a policy of implacability toward her. She let nothing

ant object for contemplation in a brown voile frock, while Mrs. Russell had come forth in an astounding thing of orange and blue. It was shockingly expensive, very unbecoming, and badly put on. Taken with her straggling hair and a pair of dusty and shapeless black velvet slippers, it formed an exterior not likely to enlist her son's support in the coming encounter.

"Eddie!" said Polly. "What was that man's name—the one we had for the day when the car was broken? Do you remember? He was such a good, careful driver, and his car was so nice and clean!"

"Why do you want to know?" asked Eddie suspiciously.

"I thought to-day I should have liked to get him."

"What's the matter with Courtland and your own car?" Eddie persisted sharply.

"But it's not my own car, Eddie."

"Where was it?"

"It was in use. I can't expect to have it *all the time*," she said sweetly.



"NO!" CRIED MRS. RUSSELL. "NO,
EDDIE. WAIT A MINUTE!"

slip, forgave nothing, forgot nothing.

They were all at the dinner-table that evening—Eddie in evening dress, and the doctor also, in order to please his punctilious and severe son-in-law. Polly was an altogether pleas-

"You haven't been out for seven or eight weeks, have you?" he demanded.

"No; but still—"

"That's not exactly 'all the time'!" His face had flushed. "Did you have the car, mother?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered with perfect indifference.

"Now, look here!" he said. "Can't you arrange better? Can't you talk with Polly in the morning and find out what she intends to do?"

"Oh, Eddie, it doesn't matter!" cried Polly in distress.

Eddie saw the distress and grew more angry. Angelica saw it also, and understood it.

"It seems to me," he said, "that when Polly goes out so seldom, she might have the benefit of her own car. She's not well—you must remember that."

Mrs. Russell was smiling her mechanical smile.

"She shall have the car," she said, "whenever she wants it. If I'd known today, I shouldn't have taken it."

"I meant to ask Angelica to ask you," said Polly.

"I did ask her, too," said Angelica.

"No," said Mrs. Russell, still smiling. "You didn't. You forgot, I suppose."

"Were you out in it all day, then?" demanded Eddie.

"My dear boy, I was. And now, if you please, we won't have any more of this. You can do your scolding in private. Polly shall have the car all the time. Tommy!" she said, turning to her husband. "Who do you think I had lunch with at the Country Club but Horace and Julie Naylor? Poor Horace! She is such a dreadful, vulgar little minx! And yet she's so amusing. I must have her down here again."

"Not when I'm home," said Eddie. "I think she's disgusting."

"Pretty little woman, though," said the doctor.

"Plenty of *them!*" said Eddie.

Mrs. Russell had got away from the subject of the motor-car, and rested satisfied. It was a question with Angelica whether, after all, she hadn't triumphed. It was a drawn battle, at the best.

But before the evening was over the combatants were obliged to forget their hostility and to ally themselves against their common tyrant. All very well for them to quarrel together, but they didn't

forget that Eddie was the source of all good, and that, to placate him, all private feuds must be ignored.

They were still sitting at the table when a telegram arrived, which Eddie opened and read with a frown.

"Confound it!" he said. "Here's a nice row! Vincent's getting a bit *too* bad. This really puts me in a very awkward position. I gave him a letter to give to a man, and apparently he never did. I'll have to get hold of him now, and find out what he did do with it."

He rose from the table, and so did Polly and Mrs. Russell.

"What's the matter?" cried Polly, with an anxiety that seemed to Angelica extreme. "What has Vincent done?"

"I gave him a letter to deliver to a man who was leaving for San Francisco—an important letter; and now the fellow telegraphs that he's reached there, and that the letter hasn't reached him yet. He should have got it a week ago, before he left."

"But don't bother Vincent to-night!" implored his mother. "You can't do anything now. Wait till morning!"

"Why shouldn't I bother him? He's bothered me enough! I'm not going to humor him in this damn fool idea of shutting himself up like a— He'll have to behave like a human being!"

Polly laid a soothing hand on his arm.

"Do wait till the morning, Eddie," she said. "You know it's at night that he does his best work, and it seems a pity to disturb him."

"What about it's being a pity to disturb me while I'm eating my dinner, to try and rectify one of his beastly, inexcusable blunders? No, by Jove, I'm entitled to *some* consideration! He's got to come out and tell me what he did."

"Do wait!" cried Polly.

He looked at her in anger and distress.

"Don't you *understand?*" he demanded. "It's important. I've got to find out what he's done with my letter. I've got to know at once—even," he added with irony, "at the risk of disturbing Vincent. I haven't seen him for three days."

"Oh, do wait!" cried Mrs. Russell.

"I won't!" he answered.

Striding out of the room, he began to run up-stairs. To Angelica's great amusement, the two women followed him. She followed, too, of course.

"Oh, Eddie!" implored Mrs. Russell. "Don't be so headstrong! Wait! I'm sure he's asleep."

"He can wake up, then. It's only eight o'clock."

"Or maybe he's working, and if you interrupt him he'll be so vexed!"

"He vexed!" cried Eddie, outraged. "It seems to me that I'm the one to be vexed!"

Proceeding at once to his brother's room, he knocked at the door, waited, and then knocked again.

"Vincent!" he called. "Open the door! I want to speak to you!"

He knocked louder and louder. Polly again touched his arm.

"Eddie!" she said, in a low voice. "You're making a dreadful noise. Why don't you wait? To please me!"

"It can't really matter," said Mrs. Russell. "You couldn't really do much at this time of night."

"No," said Eddie. "I could have waited, but now I won't. There's something damned queer about it. He can't help hearing this row."

"But you know how peculiar he is," said Mrs. Russell. "He wouldn't answer if he didn't feel like it."

"I'll make him. I won't put up with this!"

He had turned away and was starting down-stairs.

"Where are you going?" called his mother.

"I'm going to get Courtland, to help me break in the door!"

Mrs. Russell drew near Polly.

"What do you think we'd better do?" she whispered.

"I don't know," Polly answered in distress. "Even if he would wait till the morning, I don't see just what we could do. Perhaps we'd better—"

Mrs. Russell nodded.

Eddie returned promptly, bringing with him the blond young chauffeur, pleased and alert.

"Which door?" he asked. "This? All right! Now, then, all together! One—"

"No!" cried Mrs. Russell. "No, Eddie. Wait a minute!"

He did wait, but impatiently, while she hesitated. Finally she said to him in a half whisper:

"Eddie, he's not there!"

"Not there?" he shouted.

"Do hush! No; he's been away for three days."

"Why the devil didn't you tell me?"

"Because I didn't want to upset you."

"Did Polly know?"

"Yes; she—"

"And you both stood there and let me make a fool of myself?"

"I couldn't bear to upset you, Eddie, and neither could Polly."

"And you let me knock and call and bring up Courtland. Oh, by Jove, it's *too* much!"

"I'm very sorry," said Polly gently. Eddie didn't even look at her.

"I'm sick of this!" he cried. "Sick of being made a fool of like this. It's always the way in this house; every hand's against me. Nothing but deceit and trickery!"

"Eddie!" said Polly firmly. "You forget yourself!"

The poor chap, recalled by her tone to his standard of propriety—the very fount of his exploitation—became a little quieter.

"No," he said, "I don't. Where did he go?"

"To New York," said Mrs. Russell. "He had a bag with him. Courtland drove him in."

Eddie turned suddenly upon Courtland.

"Why didn't you tell me he wasn't there?" he demanded.

"How did I know he hadn't come back?" retorted Courtland smartly.

"Where did you leave him?"

"Corner of Broadway and Forty-Second Street," said Courtland, and, with his unquenchable impudence, he added: "But you won't find him there now!"

"That'll do," said Eddie. "You can go. And don't gossip about this."

Courtland wheeled about briskly and began, quite leisurely, to descend the stairs, whistling cheerfully and loudly before he was well out of sight. Eddie did not even appear irritated. He had turned toward the two ladies of his household with an ominous look in his blue eyes.

Eddie was incredibly generous, he was kind-hearted and more or less sympathetic, but he had in him, all the same, the making of a first-class domestic tyrant. He desired, almost morbidly, to be respected, and he was ready to force respect by bullying, if necessary. He knew what every one else knows, moral precepts to the contrary notwithstanding—that the bully is almost universally respected.

Like all domestic tyrants, he was shamelessly deceived and "managed" by the women of his establishment. They managed him clumsily. Neither of them had learned what the doctor had learned at once—that Eddie could be manipulated with ridiculous ease by the employment of either of two means. One was to appeal to his sense of justice; the other was deferentially to ask his advice.

He liked to argue, to discuss, to weigh, to do finally, not without pomposness, whatever he saw to be right; but the women never addressed this vulnerable side. They treated him still as if he were a primitive man, to be coaxed, hoodwinked, pampered, in spite of the fact that he was not primitive in any way. He got along splendidly in his office, because there it was acknowledged unanimously that he was not to be diddled, that he was no fool; but at home he was always treated as if he were a fool, and a slightly dangerous one. That is, of course, the accepted attitude toward any master of any house, but it is not always the most effective.

His anger began to ebb away as he looked at them, and a profound dejection to take its place.

"It's no use," he said. "No earthly use! I do the best I can—for the entire family—to keep things as decent as possible; but I can't. I get no help. I can't do it alone!"

"But Eddie, my dear boy!" said Polly. "It was only to spare your feelings."

He shook his head.

"It wasn't. You have some reason which I'll never know. I'm not blaming you, Polly. I know you do what you think is best; but if you'd only be *honest*, regardless of what might happen!"

He stopped, for he had caught Angelica's eye. He stopped, and his startled and arrested look said, almost as plainly as words:

"I believe *you* to be honest!"

He was as much surprised as if she had but that instant appeared. Indeed, one might quite truly say that he had never before seen her. She looked so hardy, so bold, so independent, in all ways so different from the two other women who had just humiliated him. He felt a new and sudden interest in her.

IX

ANGELICA was consumed, devoured, by curiosity. She felt obliged to know more

of this family—of Vincent, above all. So the next morning she got up very early, went down into the kitchen regions, and sought out a snub-nosed maid who had seemed disposed to be friendly when they had passed each other in the hall.

The girl wasn't busy. She was sitting on the back steps, enjoying the fresh morning; and as soon as she saw Angelica she moved over, hospitably, to make a place for her.

"Sit down," she said. "It's a nice day, isn't it?"

Angelica did sit down, and for a time was silent, looking before her across lawns as smooth and empty as those at the front of the house. Nothing at all back-doorish about the outlook; the same air of prosperous peace; in the distance other houses among their lawns, and well-trimmed trees, and overhead a lovely May morning sky.

"Yes," she said, "it's certainly a nice day."

She fell silent again, trying to arrange an opening for her questions; but the snub-nosed maid spared her the trouble.

"Well!" she said. "How do you like it up-stairs?"

Angelica at once perceived that the other girl was curious.

"Oh-h-h!" she said slowly. "I suppose it's all right."

Another silence, during which they appraised each other according to their tradition. A mutual confidence was born.

"They're a queer bunch," said the girl. "I never saw the like; and I've been with seven families, too."

Here she courteously gave Angelica a brief history of her life and condition. Her name was Annie McCall, born in Scotland but brought up in America, a member of the Plymouth Brethren, twenty-seven, and engaged to be married. She was extremely severe in her views, which were often similar to Angelica's, especially in regard to the immorality of the rich. There was this difference, though—Annie was confident that she knew everything, and was infallibly right, while Angelica was anxious to learn.

"If it wasn't that I was going to be married," said Annie, "and saving every penny, I'd leave. The way they carry on! I never saw the like!"

"Do they carry on?" inquired Angelica, delighted.

Hadn't she always known that rich peo-

ple carried on? Wasn't she just in a paradise of the romantic, where the rich were bad, and the poor, represented by herself and the terribly respectable Annie McCall, were good?

working up-stairs right with her, and you being so young, it's only right you should be told. As soon as ever I set eyes on you, I said to myself you'd ought to be warned. I could see you weren't used to such people. You never worked out before, did you?"

"No," Angelica answered.

It was of no use to resent the "working out," or to tell Annie that she was a "companion," because Annie knew very well what her place was. Angel-



"IF IT WASN'T THAT I'M SAVING EVERY PENNY," SAID ANNIE, "I'D LEAVE. THE WAY THEY CARRY ON! I NEVER SAW THE LIKE!"

"That Mrs. Russell's the worst of them all," said Annie. "The bold, brazen thing she is, with her breeches and her smoking and her cursing. You'd ought to hear her curse!"

"She's queer," said Angelica reflectively.

"Queer!" cried Annie. "Well, *I'd* call it more than queer! She's—" She stopped a moment. "She's bad," she said.

"Oh! Bad! How?"

"I don't like to be spreading scandal," said Annie, who always believed the worst. "It's not my nature, only that you'll be

ca's eating with the family couldn't deceive her. They were both servants, and Annie was the better-paid and more respected of the two. Angelica could not honestly consider herself in any way superior, except in appearance. Annie spoke rather better than she did, and had had more schooling; she admitted to money in two savings-banks, and she was engaged to be married. So Angelica submitted to a temporary equality, feeling mortally sure,

however, that the future would see her elevated immeasurably above Annie.

"How is she bad?" she inquired eagerly.

"She's a divorced woman," said Annie. "She divorced her first husband, Mr. Geraldine, and I've heard he was a very nice man—much better than Dr. Russell, I dare say; too good for her, very likely. Anyway, I never heard any good of a divorced woman."

"But what does she *do*?" Angelica demanded, rather impatiently.

"You wouldn't believe it, but she's carrying on with that chauffeur."

"My Gawd!" said Angelica. "Is she really?"

"It's the worst I've ever heard of. Would you believe it? She's teaching him to play golf. They go out in the country somewhere, where they're not known. She's bought him a bag of clubs, and he goes around showing it to all the chauffeurs, and telling them I don't know what. He's a liar, and I wouldn't believe a word he said, but still—well, when you hear a thing right and left—and there's those clubs and all, and they cost a terrible lot—you can't help but think she's a regular bad woman."

But Angelica did help thinking so. She didn't believe that Mrs. Russell was that sort of bad woman, and the longer she knew her the more convinced she became of her perfect goodness in this one respect. Capable of the most outrageous follies, selfish, hard as flint, quite without scruples in the pursuit of her own liberty and pleasure, she was, however, not interested in men. Angelica said nothing, though, for she had no proofs or surmises to bring forward, nothing but her own instinct.

Annie continued.

"No, I can't help thinking so. I'm no fool. I've seen a lot—you do, working out. It's a pity, too, on account of Mr. Eddie. He's a nice young man, and he works himself sick for the lot of them. No one doing a stroke of work but him!"

"Don't that doctor work?"

"Dr. Russell? He's a regular old graft'er, that's what *he* is."

"I saw him putting cigars in his pocket," said Angelica.

"I've seen worse than that. I've seen him going through *her* bureau drawers, and taking anything he has a fancy for. He'll come down with a flask, fill it with anything that's left in the decanters, and take

it up-stairs and drink until he falls asleep on the floor. They say it's terrible bad to drink things all mixed together like that."

"Does he know about her carrying on?"

"He don't care, so long as he's got a good home and a little money to spend. I never saw such people in all my life! And they never have any decent company. Mrs. Geraldine—"

"Why do they call her Mrs. Geraldine?"

"Because that's her name," said Annie, surprised. "That used to be Mrs. Russell's name. It's Mr. Eddie's and Mr. Vincent's name. Didn't you know?"

"It's a queer name," Angelica remarked thoughtfully. "I thought it was her first name."

Nothing in the universe seemed specially queer to Annie.

"Well, as I was saying, Mrs. Geraldine, she hasn't got any friends, except out West, and Mr. Eddie, he hasn't got any time to make any, and there's no one ever comes here but *her* lot from that country club—a lot of swearing, drinking, smoking men and women. She fills the house with them, and then Mr. Eddie'll make a great row and say he won't put up with them, and then she'll smile, that superior way, and say, 'Very well, Eddie, it's your house!' Then, when she thinks he's kind of forgotten, she'll have them in again."

"But what's the other feller like?" asked Angelica.

"Him!" cried Annie. "Why!" She was at a loss for words to express what she felt. "He's—" She hesitated. "He's crazy, and downright wicked. They call him religious. Sacrilegious, I call it. Every once in a while he'll get a fit of feeling sorry for his wickedness, and he'll be moaning and groaning about his soul, and working himself up to write his religious poems. Why," she cried, "it's as different from the real repentance of a sinner, such as I've seen many and many a time in our meeting, as can be. He's never seen the light, and he never will. He's lost!"

"What does he do that's wicked?" asked Angelica, avid for details for rich people's sins.

"Everything—drink and women and blasphemy. Why, right now he's gone off with a girl. Courtland saw him meet her."

But no further questions on the part of Angelica could elicit any more details. Annie didn't want to talk about him; he was what she called a hardened sinner, and she

considered him best ignored. She began to talk of Polly.

"She's the best of the lot," she said. "She's a real lady. She's reasonable. She'll never ask you for all sorts of outlandish things, all hours of the day and night, like the other one. She's stingy, I must confess; she never gives you a penny, nor even an old dress or a hat; but at least she's nice and polite. I'm sorry for her, too, losing that little boy. He was a sweet little thing, even if—"

The cook appeared on the porch—an untidy, bedraggled old Irishwoman.

"Come in, the two of ye!" she said. "Let your friend come in and eat a bite with us, Annie, if she's not too proud."

"You might as well," said Annie. "They won't be eating for another half an hour, and we've got just as good as they have."

"Better," said the cook. "You can trust me for that, Annie McCall!"

They went, not into the kitchen, as Angelica had expected, but into a nice little dining-room, to a meal served and eaten with decorum and propriety, a table daintily laid, and a breakfast beyond cavil—coffee with cream, beefsteak, cold ham, new-laid eggs, hot rolls, corn-bread, jams and marmalades, and a fine bowl of fruit.

The cook sat down behind the coffee-pot, with Angelica beside her. Presently in came the chambermaid, the German laundress, and a mild little thing known as the "second girl"; and, at last, swaggering, in his shirt-sleeves, Courtland the chauffeur.

His eye fell at once upon Angelica.

"Hello!" he said. "What's the matter? Did they kick you out up-stairs?"

"They sent me down to see how you behaved yourself," she answered promptly.

She was quite able to hold her own with this young bully, and though her manner was too free and easy to suit Annie, the others were delighted—especially the cook.

"Now will ye be good?" she would cry to the worsted Courtland. "Now you've met your match, me lad!"

Angelica enjoyed all this beyond measure. This homely simplicity, combined with the greatest comfort, this atmosphere in which she lost her painful consciousness of inferiority, in which she was among equals and able to breathe freely, invigorated and satisfied her. She grew more and more assured, her sallies more and

more outrageous, in a violent badinage that continued until the bell rang and Annie ran off up-stairs. She returned to tell Courtland that he was wanted in fifteen minutes.

"Oh, Gawd!" he groaned. "It's a tennis tournament to-day. Me sitting out in a blame country road in the hot sun all the afternoon. My Lawd! Don't I wish that old fool'd learn enough to stay home, or go to the city, to the theyaters and stores!"

"And giff you de chance to see your schweetheart?" asked the laundress coyly.

"Which one?" he demanded boldly.

"Ye'll need a lot of them," said the cook. "For there's no one girl could put up with ye long. Why are ye not playing your golf to-day, me lord?"

"She makes me sick!" he answered angrily. "There she goes and gets me interested in the game and all, and then she drops it. Why, you know, she promised me at the start she'd train me good and I could go in a tournament. She said she'd introduce me as a friend of hers. She said I was built to be a first-class player, and maybe I'd get to be a perfessional!"

"Don't believe everything *she'll* be telling you!" said the cook.

"Damn old fool!" he muttered.

Annie reproved him.

"You've got no right to speak like that about a lady," she said.

"Shut up!" he said briefly.

"Go along with you!" cried the cook. "She'll be waiting."

"Leave her wait! She makes me wait enough. If she don't like waiting for me, leave her say so. I can get plenty of jobs—better than this one, too. I don't have to put up with nothing from her!"

It was only half past eight, and Angelica didn't know what to do with herself. She was in a rebellious and malicious mood; she had been fired by Courtland's attitude, and she, too, wished to keep some rich person waiting. It was the attitude which is the despair of employers—the spirit in which the young workman comes sauntering in, insolently late, not because he wishes to lose his job or because he is, as they put it, looking for trouble, but because, for this one day, this one hour, he must assert himself, must be a man, must delude himself that he is not inferior, not helpless, not driven.

So Angelica, this morning, was ready to

assert that servants were in all ways better than those they served, that poor people were all good and rich ones all bad. She felt a warm glow of friendliness toward the subordinate class, and a profound hostility toward their oppressors. She wanted to swagger about it, to tell Mrs. Russell, loudly, that those jolly, comprehensible people in the kitchen were vastly superior to her in every respect.

She went defiantly about the lower floor, into the library, into the breakfast-room, where the remains of Mr. Eddie's meal still stood, into the music-room, even into the august drawing-room, where she had never before set foot.

"I don't care!" she said. "If they don't like it, they can tell me!"

But she met no one. Thwarted of a victim, she went out upon the veranda and sat down in a rocking-chair, facing the prospect already so monotonous to her—the neat smooth lawns, the orderly trees, the dignified houses.

"Makes me sick!" she said, aloud. "Nothing to look at—nothing to do!"

Suddenly her chair was tilted back and a hand laid over her eyes—a soft, cool hand. She pushed at it roughly, and it was lifted, and she saw bending over her the bland, smiling face of the doctor. He

ANGELICA GAVE THE DOCTOR
A PUSH WITH HER FOOT THAT
SENT HIM ROLLING
OVER BACKWARD



was in flannels, well cut, quite correct, but with an air obnoxiously dapper. His white head was bare, and he wore a flower in his coat.

"You let me alone!" said Angelica.

"I can't!"

"I guess you can!" she observed grimly.

"But you're so pretty! You've no business to be so pretty."

"I dare say I'll get over that in the course of time."

"Seriously," he said, "I don't think I've ever seen finer eyes. Have you ever thought of going on the stage? And as far as I can judge, you have a beautiful figure. Of course I don't *know*—"

"None of that now!" she cried, flushing angrily. "Get away from the back of my chair. I don't want you hanging around me anyway."

"You're very hard," he said. "Very! Don't you like me, Miss Angelica?"

"Not much."

"But why?"

"Go and look in the glass, grandpa," she answered.

He reddened.

"I suppose I do seem old—in your eyes," he said; "but after all, it's only a question of how you *feel*; and I feel as young as you do. It takes a man of experience and maturity to appreciate a woman. Boys can't understand a woman; but a man of my age has learned how a woman likes to be treated."

"Well, he's learned too late, then," said Angelica. "They'll

never give him a chance to show off what he knows."

"Oh, yes, they do," he retorted, preening himself. "I could tell you of more than one little girl who doesn't think I'm too old. You, too, when you know me better, you'll find me just as—"

"Now, look here, grandpa," said Angelica. "What are you leading up to? Because if you think you can get fresh with me, you've made a big mistake. Guess again, grandpa!"

"Don't call me that!" he protested. "It's vulgar."

She looked at him scornfully, then turned her back upon him and once more regarded the tiresome view. The doctor, after a glance at her severe profile, gave up his attempt and changed his attitude. He sat down jauntily astride of a chair and began joking. She never tired of that, and although he did, although he grew painfully weary of this rough and silly jesting, he was compensated by the sight of her brilliant face.

But inevitably he began to grow bolder again.

"My dear, your shoe's untied!" he said suddenly.

He threw himself on his knees before her and clasped her ankle in his hand. She gave him a vig-



"IT DON'T MATTER," ANGELICA
SAID. "I CAN TAKE CARE
OF MYSELF ALL RIGHT"

orous push with her foot that sent him rolling over backward, knocking his white head against a chair. She laughed immoderately, with abandon, all the more because he was so furious, her head thrown back, her eyes closed.

And it was just at this minute that Eddie came out, to see his father-in-law struggling to his feet, while Angelica shrieked with laughter.

"What's this?" he demanded severely.

No one answered, but Angelica's mirth was checked.

"What has happened?" he asked again, with still greater displeasure.

"I slipped," said the doctor. "Where's your mother, my boy?"

This was an attempt to disarm Eddie by reminding him that the doctor was his mother's husband, and therefore venerable; but it was not successful. He received no reply, and went sauntering off with exaggerated jauntiness, watched by Eddie till he was out of sight.

Then Eddie turned to Angelica.

"I'm sorry," he said gravely.

"Oh, it don't matter!" she answered. "I can take care of myself all right."

"I wasn't apologizing for my father-in-law's conduct. I meant I was sorry that *you*—"

"Me?" she cried indignantly. "I didn't do anything!"

"I hate to think of you stooping to this sort of thing—this silly vulgarity. It isn't like you. It isn't worthy of you!"

The former factory girl, with her long memory of scenes so much more vulgar and

silly than this—of faces slapped and insults replied to with most forcible language—stared, astounded, at Eddie, at his displeased and disappointed face.

"You ought to be more dignified," he said. "You say you want to improve yourself. Then, in that case, this sort of thing—"

She really had seen nothing reprehensible in her conduct, nothing to be censured. She knew, of course, that a girl in her situation mustn't spend her time in "fooling" with the men of the household; but to disapprove it on high moral grounds.

However, the word "dignified" gave her a clue. It was those magnificent women he had in mind! She was falling short of their standard, and therefore disappointing Eddie. She wasn't being magnificent.

She looked up at him.

"I see!" she said thoughtfully. "All right! I'll try!"

"That's right," he said. "I knew—if it were pointed out to you—that that sort of thing is so out of keeping with your character—"

"With your face," he meant. He meant, without being aware of it, that any sort of coarseness in a girl so lovely and desirable was a shocking offense to him.

Angelica left him, inspired by the loftiest thoughts. She was resolved to redeem this day begun so inauspiciously, breaking fast with the servants, knocking over the white-haired doctor. She pictured a new Angelica, stately and aloof.

"He does me good—that feller!" she reflected.

(To be continued in the July number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE)

THE SEA MOTHER

I would go down to the sea,
To my mother's feet on the sands,
To hark to her song to me,
To feel the cool touch of her hands.

When gray are the land and the sky,
The horizon a line of foam,
I would ask her to let me lie
In her arms, to take me home.

I would feel her clasp and enfold
And mother me on her breast;
She, of all eldest things most old—
In her heart I would rest!

F. L. Montgomery

Sandal-Scented

BY MARY THERESA COLLINS

Illustrated by W. K. Starrett

CRIMSON satin, marvelously embroidered in orange butterflies and silver water-lilies and fashioned into a loose coat and full trousers, was not the customary burial attire for elderly women in Seaport.

To add further to the outlandish appearance of the remains of Lavina Hewlett, spinster, her soft brown hair, strained back from her low forehead, was intertwined with artificial flowers and stuck with golden bodkins. Her delicate hands clasped the carved ivory stick of a painted fan, brilliant red, with glittering gold tracery. Bracelets of coral and fretted silver weighted her thin wrists.

Sharp scents of clove and sandalwood floated from the casket and permeated the prim parlor with a breath of the Far East. The gay flowers and writhing green dragons on the Chinese tiles that ornamented the fireplace seemed strangely in accord.

Carved ivories, jades, and bits of lacquer in a teakwood cabinet occupied one corner of the room—souvenirs of oriental voyages made by Lavina's father, Captain Cyranus Hewlett. This afternoon, in the darkened, scented room, they assumed a curious, indefinable aspect. They had been curios from a foreign land; now they were objects of art in native surroundings. The stiff horsehair furniture, home-made rugs, tatted tidies, and the large oil-painting of Captain Hewlett's bark, the *Celia C.*, lost their meaning in the oriental atmosphere created by the Chinese tiles, the curios in the teakwood cabinet, and the pungent perfumes of the East.

People who came to pay their last respects stared at the crimson-clad remains of Lavina Hewlett, sensed the oriental atmosphere, and sought the fitful April sunshine with puzzled eyes. Had they actually seen Lavina, lying cold in her casket, appareled like a heathen?

The news spread. The wooden steps creaked under the rush of the curious to see the last of the seafaring Hewletts dressed for her grave in red satin trousers!

Why was Lavina, a regular church-goer and former secretary of a foreign mission society, laid out like a Chinese? Captain Eric Chapter's Chinese wife wore clothes like that when she first came to Seaport.

Lavina had never been one to create sensations. From a shy, soft-eyed girl she had developed into a quiet, kindly, home-abiding woman. She had never gone farther than ten miles from Seaport, except the voyage she made to China with Captain Cyranus the year her mother died. Had she brought back this startling shroud?

Who dressed her? Inquiry revealed Carrie Linnet, an auburn-haired girl who was in charge of the funeral. Despite the difference in their ages, she and Miss Lavina had been close friends for years.

Some of the women wanted to take off the shocking garments and clothe Lavina in the black silk, with the real lace collar, that she had worn to church. Carrie would not hear of it. She had acted in accordance with Miss Lavina's wishes; had fulfilled her promise. Carrie had a tip-tilted nose and a prominent chin as well as red hair. All Seaport "should not interfere with her acquittance of Miss Lavina's last request."

The square parlor filled rapidly. The horsehair suit and chairs, brought from other rooms and placed against the fading buff walls, were occupied. Men and women hovered in whispering groups.

"She looks spooky!" Sara Ranch, a high-colored woman with black eyes that snapped as she spoke, voiced her opinion. "Like a girl of twenty, 'stead of an old maid of forty. Them giddy flowers in her hair cert'nly takes off her age. 'Tain't decent! Last request or not, Carrie Linnet had no business layin' her out like a



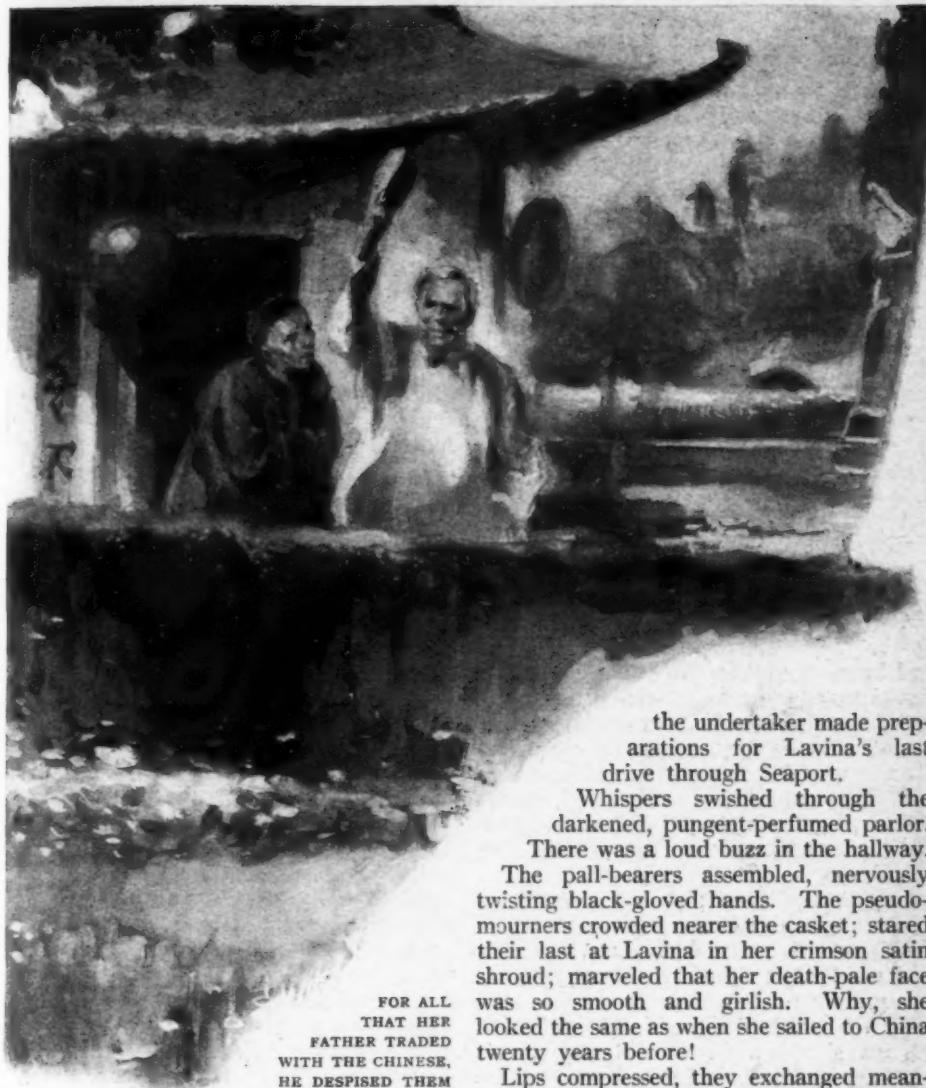
LAVINA SMILED
AWAY HER HEART
TO LI SHUN SHIN, COURTLY
MANDARIN AND LEARNED SAVANT

heathen. Red ain't no proper buryin' color for Christians. Makes me think of the hot place!"

Others agreed with nods and whispers. Why had Lavina desired such outlandish funeral garb? Carrie did not explain. She

flitted into and out of the crowded parlor; darted lightning-like glances at the pseudo-mourners; talked in low, tantalizing tones with the undertaker.

The Rev. Mr. Moss, pompous and purple-veined, pressed through the overflow



crowd in the hallway. Had he heard? What would he say about the red satin trousers showing beneath the embroidered robe, and the gay fan? Who ever heard of a corpse holding a fan? Ridiculous! Maybe he would insist on having Lavina dressed in funereal black, and the flowers and gold pins removed from her hair.

He didn't do so, however. Calmly, as if the dead woman's outré attire was the most conventional funeral garb, he proceeded with the service; consigned her soul to flowery realms and endless playing of gold harps; and took the chair offered him while

the undertaker made preparations for Lavina's last drive through Seaport.

Whispers swished through the darkened, pungent-perfumed parlor.

There was a loud buzz in the hallway.

The pall-bearers assembled, nervously twisting black-gloved hands. The pseudo-mourners crowded nearer the casket; stared their last at Lavina in her crimson satin shroud; marveled that her death-pale face was so smooth and girlish. Why, she looked the same as when she sailed to China twenty years before!

Lips compressed, they exchanged meaningful glances; left the spicy oriental atmosphere; stood in whispering groups on the pavement before the white frame house with its green shutters. Lavina had no relatives living except cousins in California—her father's brother Dave had settled there during the gold fever—and of course they could not come in time for the funeral. A few neighbors would follow the last of the seafaring Hewletts to her grave between Captain Cyranus and Celia, his tranquil wife.

Carrie Linnet did not go to the cemetery; she could not bear to see Miss Lavina's delicate sweetness buried in dark

earth. She remained in the soundless, quiet-enwrapped house that was her own now, for Miss Lavina had left it to her. She was glad the curious crowd had gone; they exasperated her with their whispers and exchanged glances. Only that she did not want to create a scene at Miss Lavina's funeral, she would have ordered them all out of the house.

II

CARRIE'S first thought was to set the house in its usual spotless order. She moved chairs from the spicy-scented parlor, which seemed empty indeed now that they had taken Miss Lavina away. The big hickory armchair kept Captain Cyranus's memory fresh in the dining-room. The graceful Hepplewhite rocker belonged in the white-curtained front bedroom. The sturdy split-hickory and maples were replaced in the dining-room and kitchen. She decided to let the sweeping go until next morning.

Carrie sincerely regretted Miss Lavina's death. She and the gentle-voiced woman had been very intimate. She had loved to run into the green-shuttered house and spend an hour sewing or tatting. She would miss the cozy tea-parties and talks. Occasionally Miss Lavina would speak of her voyage to China; of the gales, calms, and blue-green water; junk sails etched against the warm Chinese sky; yellow coolies darting about the wharf; the queer, twisty Canton streets; marvelous garments worn by wealthy Chinese; rich satins stiff with wonderful embroidery in gold, silver, and vivid colors; jewels that flung out dazzling rainbows.

In the midst of the telling Miss Lavina always sighed a wistful little sigh, and shadowy curtains crept over her gray eyes. At these moments Carrie felt that Miss Lavina's spirit fluttered out from the square parlor far over the blue-green water, perhaps to the twisty Canton streets. Then she would go on to describe the loading of the Celia C. with a cargo of Chinese tiles; the home-bound voyage; the return to Seaport harbor.

Carrie wondered why Miss Lavina was so affected by these memories, for she was not a sickly, sentimental woman. People in Seaport might call her an old maid, but never a silly, simpering one. Something connected with her voyage to China must have stirred her deeply. Perhaps she had

fallen in love with one of the sailors on the Celia C. Still, Seaport never hinted of any romance in the quiet, gray-eyed woman's life.

A few afternoons before Miss Lavina's soul passed on to higher realms, she and Carrie were sitting before the tiled fireplace—a favorite spot. Carrie hemmed a blue and white checked apron; Miss Lavina's delicate hands lay in her lap, idle for once. Her gray eyes were fixed on the gay flowers and writhing green dragons of the Chinese tiles, and again Carrie felt that the gentle spirit had fluttered out from the parlor.

Presently Miss Lavina began to speak of her voyage to China. Carrie rejoiced; she had not heard the subject mentioned for more than a month, for Miss Lavina had been very weak. The cold she caught while slipping through the slush with damson preserves for crippled Mrs. Medders still lingered. This time she did not pause, sigh, look wistful. Carrie heard the complete story; and then she understood.

III

THE Celia C., Captain Hewlett's bark, docked in Canton harbor. Lavina put on a white muslin frock, girdled her slender waist with lilac moire, and covered her brown hair with a rice straw bonnet tied with lilac ribbons. That afternoon she and Captain Cyranus went to the house of a Chinese tile-merchant. Chinese tiles were growing popular in New England—people ornamented fireplaces with them—and Captain Cyranus wished to bring back a cargo.

As they walked through the twisty Canton streets, her father pointed out odd little shops and explained the meaning of customs curious to her. A bell rang. She remarked its mellow tone, and her father told her it was a temple bell. Then, knowing her admiration for learning, her marked respect for education and culture, he spoke of a famous scholar, Li Shun Shin, who lived at the temple. A man young in years he was, yet wiser than aged sages who spent lifetimes in study and research.

Lavina was interested, and asked to hear more about this brilliant scholar. They were still talking of him when they reached the tile-merchant's house. Lavina preferred to sit under a flowering apricot-tree in the garden, while her father and the Celestial bargained inside. Captain Cyranus expected the transaction to occupy an hour

or more, for the Chinese conduct business more leisurely than New Englanders.

Lavina thought how wonderful it would be to meet the great sage, or even to see him. She wondered if he was staying in Canton now—her father said he traveled a great deal. While Captain Cyranus was engaged with the tile-merchant she might slip away, might inquire about him, perhaps might see him! Beneath her tranquil exterior flamed the same adventurous spirit that urged her father, and his father before him, to risk their lives on unknown seas, to round the dreaded Horn time after time, to anchor in strange ports of the Far East. Then it dawned on her that she was in an unfamiliar city, unable to speak Chinese. She might lose her way and fail to reach the garden again—it was too great a risk!

She retied the lilac strings of her rice straw bonnet; straightened the lilac moire sash; fidgeted on the teakwood bench; rose and began walking about the garden. The glint of water drew her, but she found the pond belonged to a larger and more beautiful garden separated from the tile-merchant's by a green hedge. The white, waxy lilies idling on the water smiled an irresistible welcome.

Adventure singing in her heart, she gathered her muslin frock close, parted the green hedge, fluttered toward a bench near the pond. Then softly, sweetly, caressingly, a bell sounded—the same mellow tones she had remarked when she and her father walked from the wharf. Was that building with the odd roof a temple?

When the last sweet note of the temple bell died away, Lavina heard a voice intoning, in an unknown tongue, what seemed to be a prayer. She glanced around and saw a tall, stately Chinaman standing on a bridge near by. Except for the heavy black cue that hung against the blue of his richly embroidered robe and the old ivory of his face, he did not resemble any Chinaman she had yet seen. She sensed something unutterably refined and aristocratic about him—a whole world apart from the bluff seafaring men she knew at home. It seemed as if centuries had rubbed off the rough edges and disclosed exceptional culture. Could this be the great scholar of whom her father spoke?

IV

HER thought seemed to reach him, for he turned and looked directly at her; start-

ed back, as if startled; smiled and came toward her. Her heart beat wildly, but she felt no fear—rather a strange, exalted joy.

His blue robe, stiff with gold embroidery, stirred the gravel of the garden path as he bowed low before her. She rose as in reverence; offered her white hand; felt color burning pink in her cheeks and a delicious feeling smothering her heart. Her hand was clasped gently in the stranger's.

In slow, exquisite English he introduced himself as Li Shun Shin, a teacher at the temple, and asked permission to sit beside her on the teakwood bench. Excitement sparkled through her veins! The great scholar—a man young in years, yet wiser than aged philosophers!

She did not dream that English could be so beautiful until she heard him talk. He translated for her the bit of Chinese scripture he had been reciting:

"God is the parent of men. He is compassionate and unwearied in blessing. He inspects kingdoms and makes no mistakes. Clear-seeing and intelligent, He dwells with men in all their actions."

The young teacher told her of his boyhood days; of his examinations; of the exchanging of his first-degree blue gown for a second-degree brown gown with a blue border. One of three hundred successful candidates out of ten thousand, he had journeyed to the great Han-Lin college in Peking. He told her of his final examinations in the presence of the emperor himself, and of his consequent honors.

In his soft voice he recited ancient poems in Chinese from the book of Shi-King; and although Lavina could not understand them, she felt their beauty. They delighted her culture-craving ears. She felt so much at ease with this great savant—it amazed her, for at home she was shy and timid, even with men she had known all her life.

She told him her name, and why she was in China. He was interested; asked about life in Seaport, her opinion of his country. It was delightful to sit in the oriental garden canopied by the vivid green foliage of camphor-trees with this cultured man, so refined and charming, with a childlike simplicity of manner masking his marvelous learning. Joy sang a little bubbling song in her heart; the whole world smiled that afternoon in old Cathay. In a mysterious, indefinable way, Lavina knew that love had come to her—knew she was beloved.

She was beloved, but vainly! For all that her father traded with the Chinese, he despised them. He denounced those who were on familiar terms with these yellow people. When Captain Eric Chapter, a lifelong friend, returned to Seaport with a

gaily garbed little Chinese wife, Captain Cyranus refused to speak to him, and deliberately turned away when they met. Lavina knew his prejudices and ideas, and respected them. If her father thought as he did, she must not go against him.



THE TAPPING CAME AGAIN, FAINT, GHOSTLY. LAVINA
STOOD VERY STILL, THEN BOLDLY
OPENED THE DOOR

She sighed softly as a slender old-ivory hand closed tenderly over her white one. Now they did not talk; their souls held sweet communion. Bees hummed; birds stirred the flexible branches of the dark-leaved tallow-trees; the sunlight was warm and flower-sweet. She wished she might sit here forever, hand in hand with this man who, although a stranger, seemed so near, so dear!

Then she saw her father bluster out of the tile-merchant's house, and heard him call her name. Frightened, she slipped her hand from its old-ivory refuge, smiled away her heart to Li Shun Shin, courtly mandarin and learned savant, and ran back through the green hedge. Her lilac moire sash caught on a twig; she freed it swiftly, leaving a

scrap of it clinging to the hedge, and reached the teakwood bench beneath the flowering apricot.

Li Shun Shin stood motionless; his dark eyes gazed after her. The huge ruby in his close-fitting black cap gleamed like the red lantern of a passing ship in the night, just as he was a passing ship in her life.

V

BACK to old Seaport she sailed with her father on the *Celia C.*; but she left her heart in China.

Almost ten lilac times after her return, Lavina heard a faint tapping at the kitchen door. It was almost supper-time; she was frying clams. It was a faint, weird sound —like a muted voice penetrating the barrier of dim ages. It frightened her a little. She thought of running to the front door and calling her father, who was across the street with a neighboring seafarer.

The tapping came again, faint, ghostly. She stood very still, then boldly opened the door. A withered, parchment-skinned Chinaman, who looked a thousand years old, slipped a silk-wrapped parcel from his blouse, pressed it into her unconsciously eager hands, and melted into the lilac-sweetened dusk.

For several minutes she stood at the door gazing after him. Had she seen a vision of old China? The parcel was real, however. She closed the door, sat down on a maple chair, and unwrapped the sandal-scented silk—gorgeous garments folded compactly, golden pins, artificial flowers, bracelets of coral and silver, a painted fan. A piece of parchment covered with delicate writing told her of a bit of lilac ribbon treasured for years, of undying love; asked her to wear the crimson satin robe and the ornaments when she was ready to join him in the land beyond. There he would be by the time the sandal-scented parcel reached her.

She jumped up and flung open the door, her hands clutching the gifts fiercely. She must find the old messenger, question him about her beloved; but the lilac-sweet dusk had veiled him from view. Perhaps he could not speak English, anyhow.

Tears wet her gray eyes. She read the note again. It told her that Li Shun Shin, mandarin and scholar, would be waiting; he had sent garments for her journey.

For several minutes she sat in silence, recalling the afternoon in the far-away gar-

den in old Cathay, and her last glimpse of him in his blue robe.

Then, fearing her father would return, she lit a candle, hurried up to the shadowy attic, opened the blue camphor-wood chest, and laid the gifts tenderly away.

When life seemed lacking in sunshine, she would slip up to the attic and deck herself in the gorgeous garments from across the blue water. Sometimes, when she glanced at her brilliant reflection in the cracked mirror, she imagined she saw Li Shun Shin in a blue robe smiling over her shoulder, and she felt supremely happy.

When Miss Lavina finished the recital of her romance, she took Carrie up to the shadowy attic, showed her the oriental attire in the blue chest, and exacted the promise that Carrie had fulfilled.

VI

How quiet the old house was now! The chairs were back in their accustomed places and the square parlor tidy again. The horsehair sofa and chairs, the oil-painting of the *Celia C.*, the tatted covers and hand-made rugs, dominated the room once more; the oriental atmosphere had followed Miss Lavina.

April dusk peered in at the curtained windows, but Carrie did not light the lamps. She was not afraid. If Miss Lavina came back, she would be glad to see her.

Shadows drifted from gray to mauve. Miss Lavina did not come—at least, Carrie did not see her. Now she was ready to go home; she would come back in the morning to give the house a more thorough cleaning.

She turned the brass key in the front door and ran down the white-painted steps. A scent of sandalwood in the air brought back Miss Lavina vividly—she had used it always since she returned from China.

Carrie glanced up at the silent house. A flash of crimson from the dying sun threw upon it a picture of golden splendor. For a fleeting moment she fancied she saw Miss Lavina standing there, radiantly happy in her fantastic Chinese garb, her gray eyes laughing above her painted fan.

Carrie stared at the white door, at the glass fanlight above. Tight shut! She ran up the steps, tried the door-knob. Locked! Not a sign of life about the green-shuttered house or in the hedge-bor-

dered yard; yet the dusk pulsated with happiness.

She felt unusually light of heart as she went toward home, smiling at her foolish

imagination, which had created a radiant Miss Lavina in Chinese attire. So silly! Miss Lavina was lying in the cemetery, between Captain Cyranus and Celia his wife.

Did Shakespeare Write His Plays to Fit His Actors?

MANY REASONS FOR THINKING THAT THE MASTER DRAMATIST, LIKE A LONG LIST OF OTHER SUCCESSFUL PLAYWRIGHTS, MOLDED HIS CHARACTERS TO SUIT INDIVIDUAL PLAYERS IN THE COMPANY AT THE GLOBE THEATER

By Brander Matthews

Professor of Dramatic Literature in Columbia University

IN an interesting and scholarly study of the organization of the "Elizabethan Dramatic Companies," Professor Alwin Thaler points out that the company of the Globe Theater in London, to which Shakespeare belonged, continued to contain the same actors year after year, the secessions and the accessions being few and far between; and he explains that this was "because its members were bound to one another by ties of devoted personal friendship." He notes that I "have emphasized the influence exerted upon Shakespeare the playwright by his intimate knowledge of the men for whom his work was written," and adds that "there can be no doubt that in working out some of his greatest characters he must have remembered that Burbage was to act them."

Then Professor Thaler files a caveat, so to speak:

But the Shakespeare muse was not of that sorry sort which produces made-to-order garments to fit the tastes and idiosyncrasies of a single star. Far from being one-man plays, the dramas were written for a great company of actors. And Richard Burbage, I imagine, would have had little inclination to surrender his place among his peers for the artificial and idolatrous solitude of modern starhood.

In this last sentence Professor Thaler confuses the issue. The question is not whether Burbage wanted to go starring, supported by a more or less incompetent

company, but whether Shakespeare did, on occasion, choose to write a play which is in fact a made-to-order garment to fit the idiosyncrasies of a single star. And when it is put in this way, the question is easy to answer.

We know that Burbage played *Richard III*, and if there ever was a star part, if there ever was a one-man play, if there ever was a piece cut and stitched to the measure of the man who first performed it, then it is "Richard III." Here we have a dominating character to whom all the other characters are sacrificed. He is etched with bold strokes, whereas they are only faintly outlined. So long as *Richard* is powerfully seized and rendered, then the rest of the acting is relatively unimportant. *Richard* is the whole show. And while there is only a single star part in "Richard III"—Eclipse first and the rest nowhere—there are twin star parts in "Macbeth," which are vigorously drawn while the other characters, as Professor Bradley has noted, are merely brushed in.

Now if this proves that Shakespeare's muse was of a sorry sort, then that heavenly visitor is in no worse case than the muse of many another dramatist. Sophocles is reported to have devised his great tragic parts specially for one actor, whose name has not come down to us. Racine wrote "Phèdre" and "Andromaque," his masterpieces, for Mlle. de Champsmele. Ros-

tand wrote "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "Chantécler" for Coquelin. Sardou wrote "Fedora" and "Théodora" for Sarah Bernhardt. The younger Dumas wrote the "Visite de Noces" for Desclée. Giacometti wrote "Marie Antoinette" for Ristori and the "Morte Civile" for Salvini. D'Annunzio wrote "La Gioconda" and the "Città Morta" for Duse. Bulwer wrote the "Lady of Lyons" and "Richelieu" for Macready. Gilbert wrote "Comedy and Tragedy" for Mary Anderson. Ernest Legouvé has told us in detail the circumstances which led to his writing, in collaboration with Scribe, "Adrienne Lecouvreur" for Rachel. Jules Lemaitre has recorded how and why he came to compose "L'Age Difficile" for Coquelin; and Mr. Augustus Thomas has told us how he came to write "In Mizzoura" for Nat Goodwin.

The line stretches out to the crack of doom. When Shakespeare chose to produce made-to-order garments to fit the idiosyncrasies of a single actor, he was in very good company, ancient and modern. And we may go further and assert that very few of these plays are any the worse because they were made to order.

The great dramatists, whose works we analyze reverently in the study, were all of them, in their own time, successful playwrights, desirous of arousing and retaining the sympathetic interest of contemporary playgoers, and stimulated now and again by association with the most gifted and accomplished of contemporary actors. If they had not made their legitimate profit out of the histrionic ability of the foremost performers of their own time and country, they would have been neglecting golden opportunities.

Those who best know the conditions of play-writing will be the least likely to deny that not a few of the greatest characters in the drama came into being originally as parts for the greatest actors. Of course, these characters are more than parts; they transcend the endowment of any one performer; they have complexity and variety; they are vital and accusable human beings; but first of all they were parts more or less made to order.

In many cases we know the name of the actor for whose performance the character was conceived—Burbage for one, Mlle. de Champmeslé for a second, Coquelin for a third. And in many another case we lack

definite knowledge and are left to conjecture. There are peculiarities in the "Medea" of Euripides, for instance, which seem to me to point to the possibility that it also was a made-to-order garment.

To say that Sophocles and Euripides possibly did this cutting to fit, that Shakespeare and Racine and Rostand indisputably did it, is not to imply that they did it always, or even that they did it often. Perhaps they did it more often than we shall ever know; perhaps they had special actors in mind when they created characters which are not star parts. And this suggests a broadening of the inquiry.

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS COMPANY

After asserting that Shakespeare's were "far from being one-man plays," Professor Thaler reminds us that Shakespeare's dramas were written "for a great company of actors"; and what is true of Shakespeare holds good also of the Elizabethan drama in general. Its breadth and variety may be ascribed in no slight degree to the fact that the organization of the dramatic companies provided the great poets of a great age with ample facilities for the interpretation of many characters and many phases of life."

This prompts a question as to whether Shakespeare may not have fitted other actors who were his associates at the Globe Theater, besides Burbage. That he did deliberately and repeatedly take the measure of the foremost performer in the company, and that his dramatic genius was stimulated by the histrionic talent of Burbage, I do not doubt. We cannot help seeing that Shakespeare's heroes gradually become older as Burbage himself advanced in years, *Romeo* being intended for a fiery young fellow, and *Lear* being composed for a maturer man, who had become a more consummate artist.

I have suggested elsewhere the possibility—to my own mind a probability—that Shakespeare inserted the part of *Jaques* into "As You Like It" specially for Burbage. The dramatist took his sequence of incidents from Lodge's "Rosalynde," in which there is no character resembling *Jaques*; and *Jaques* has nothing to do with the plot. He remains totally outside the story; he exists for his own sake; and he may very well have been thrust into "As You Like It" because Burbage was too important an actor to be left out of the cast, and because *Orlando* was not the kind of

part in which Burbage, at that period of his artistic development, could appear to best advantage.

If Shakespeare made parts thus adjusted to the chief performer at the Globe Theater, may he not also have proportioned other and less important characters to the capabilities of one or another of the actors whose histrionic equipment he was in the best possible position to appreciate aptly, since he was acting every day by their side? Is this something to which the greatest of dramatists would scorn to descend? Has this ever been done by any other playwright in all the long history of the stage?

When we turn the pages of that history in search of support for this suggestion, we find it abundantly and superabundantly.

OTHER AUTHORS WHO WROTE FOR ACTORS

The succession of comic operas which Gilbert devised to be set to music by Sullivan reveal at once that they were contrived with reference to the capacity and the characteristics of the chief members of the company at the Savoy Theater. The sequence of broadly humorous pieces—farces which almost rose to be comedies and comedies which almost relaxed into farces—written by Labiche and by Meilhac and Halévy for the Palais Royal were all so put together as to provide appropriate parts for the quartet of comedians who made that little house the home of perennial laughter in the third quarter of the nineteenth century.

At the same time Meilhac and Halévy were contriving for the Variétés the librettos of "Barbe Bleue," "La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein," "La Belle Hélène," and "La Périchole," a famous series of opera bouffes enhanced by the scintillating rhythms of Offenbach, and adroitly adapted to the special talents of Schneider, Dupuis, and several of the other more or less permanent members of the company.

Almost simultaneously Augier and the younger Dumas were giving to the Comédie Française their social dramas, always carefully made to order to suit the half-dozen leading members of the brilliant company Perrin was then guiding. Augier's "Fourchambault" and Dumas' "L'Étrangère" are masterpieces of this profitable utilization of the pronounced personalities of the performers. "L'Étrangère," in particular, would have been a very different play if it had not contained characters

made to order for Sarah Bernhardt and Croizette, Got and Coquelin.

A little earlier the series of blank-verse plays written by Gilbert for the Haymarket Theater, of which "Pygmalion and Galatea" won the most popularity, had their leading characters plainly made to order for Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and for Buckstone himself. And just as "Richard III" and "King Lear" are none the worse because the central character was conceived also as an acting part for Burbage, so Gilbert's blank-verse pieces, Augier's social dramas, Meilhac and Halévy's farcical comedies, lost nothing by their owing some proportion of their inspiration to the necessity of fitting the accomplished comedians by whom the outstanding characters were to be impersonated.

I venture to express the opinion that this desire to bring out the best the several actors had to give was helpful rather than not—stimulatingly suggestive to the author when he was setting his invention to work.

When we turn back the pages of stage history from the nineteenth century to the eighteenth, we find perhaps the most striking of all instances of made-to-order parts—an instance which shows us not one or two or three characters in a play, but almost every one of them, composed and elaborated with an eye single to the original performers. "The School for Scandal" has been seen and read by thousands who have enjoyed its effective situations, its sparkling dialogue, and its contrasted characters, without any suspicion that the persons of the play were made-to-order parts. Yet this undisputed masterpiece of English comedy is what it is because Sheridan had succeeded to the management of Drury Lane, where Garrick had gathered an incomparable company of comedians; and in writing "The School for Scandal" the author peopled his play with the characters which the members of this company could personate most effectively.

King was Sir Peter, Mrs. Abington was Lady Teazle, Palmer was Joseph Surface, Smith was Charles Surface; and they were so perfectly fitted that they played with effortless ease. So closely did Sheridan identify the parts with the performers that when a friend asked him why he had written a five-act comedy ending in the marriage of Charles and Maria without any love-scene for this couple, he is reported to have responded:

"But I couldn't do it. Smith can't make love, and nobody would want to make love to Priscilla Hopkins!"

MOLIÈRE AND HIS PLAYERS

It may be objected that Sheridan and Augier and Dumas were after all dexterous playwrights, and that no one of them is to be ranked with the truly great dramatists. They might very well be willing, once in a way, to turn themselves into dramaturgic tailors, although this is a servile complaisance of which the mighty masters of the drama would never be guilty—from which they would shrink with abhorrence.

But if we turn the pages of stage history still further back, from the eighteenth century to the seventeenth, we discover that Molière did this very thing, the adjustment of a whole play to the actors who were to perform it, not once, as Sheridan did, but repeatedly and regularly and in all his pieces—in his loftiest comedies no less than his broadest and most boisterous farces. And there will be found few competent critics to deny that Molière is one of the supreme leaders of the drama, with an indisputable right to a place by the side of Sophocles and Shakespeare, even if he does not climb to the austere and lofty heights of tragedy.

The more we know about the art of the theater, and the more we study the plays of Molière, the more clearly do we perceive that he was compelled to do persistently what Sheridan did only once. The company at the Palais Royal was loyal to Molière; nearly all its leading members came to Paris with him, and remained with him until his death fifteen years later. This company was strictly limited in number; and as it had a permanent repertory, and stood ready to appear in any of its more successful plays at a moment's notice, outside actors could not be engaged for any special part. Molière could not have more persons in any of his pieces than there were members of the company; and he could not put into any of his pieces any character for which there was not a competent performer in the company.

No doubt he must at times have felt this to be a grievous limitation. That he never dealt with maternal love may be accounted for by the fact that he had no one to play agreeable old women—the disagreeable old women were still undertaken by men, in accordance with medieval tradition. We

know the name of the male actor who appeared as *Mme. Pernelle* in "Tartuffe," as the wife in "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and as the *Comtesse d'Escarbanas*.

Molière wrote many parts for his own acting; and as he was troubled with a frequent cough, he sometimes made coughing a characteristic of the person he was to act. His brother-in-law, Béjart, was lame; and so Molière described a character written for this actor as having a limp. His sister-in-law, Madeleine Béjart, was an actress of authority; and so the serving maids he wrote for her are domineering and provocative. But when she died and her place was taken by a younger actress with an infectious laugh, the serving maids in all the plays that Molière wrote thereafter are not authoritative, and they are given occasions for repeated cachinnation. And as this recruit, Mlle. Beauval, had a clever little daughter, Molière does not hesitate to compose a part for a child in his "Malade Imaginaire."

When we have familiarized ourselves with the record of the leading man, La Grange, of Madeleine Béjart, of Catherine de Brie, and of Armande Béjart—Molière's wife—we find it difficult to read the swift succession of comedies without constantly feeling the presence of the actors inside the characters written for them. We recognize that it was not a matter of choice, this fitting of the parts to the performers; it was a matter of necessity. Even if it may have irked him at times, Molière made the best of it, and probably found his profit in it.

THE ACTORS AT THE GLOBE THEATER

Now Shakespeare was subject to the same limitations as Molière. He composed all his plays for one company, the membership of which was fairly constant during a score of years and more. It was also a repertory company, with frequent changes of bill. It could never be strengthened by the special engagement of an unattached performer; it had to suffice, such as it was.

So far as we can judge by the scant external evidence, and by the abundant internal evidence of the plays written for them by Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and the rest, the company was composed of unusually competent performers. It is unthinkable that Shakespeare should have plotted his superb series of tragedies, making more and more exacting demands on the impersonator of

his tragic heroes, unless he had a confident assurance that Burbage would be equal to them. And this confidence could not fail to be a stimulus to him, encouraging him to seek out stories for the ample display of his friend's great gifts.

From all we have learned of late about Shakespeare we are justified in believing that he was a shrewd man of affairs, with a keen eye to the main chance. He was a sharer in the takings at the door; and he could not but know that those plays are most attractive to the public which contain the most parts demanding and rewarding good acting. So we must infer that he put into his plays the characters in which he judged that his comrades could appear to best advantage. He not only wrote good parts for good actors, he wrote special parts for special actors, shaping his characters to the performers who were to impersonate them. In other words, he provided, and he had to provide, made-to-order garments.

That he did this repeatedly and regularly, just as Molière was to do it three-quarters of a century later on the other side of the Channel, is plainly evident, although we do not know the special qualifications of his actors as well as we know those of Molière's. But we cannot doubt that the company contained one actor of villains—of "heavies," as they are now termed in the theater. I hazard a guess that this was Condell, afterward the associate of Heming in getting out the First Folio; but I must admit that this is only a guess. Whoever he was, Condell or another, he was entrusted with *Iago*, with *Edmund* in "King Lear," with the *King* in "Hamlet," and with the rest of Shakespeare's bold, bad men.

We know that there were two low comedians in the company, who appeared as the two *Dromios*, as the two *Gobbos*, as *Launce* and *Speed*; and we know also that one of these was Will Kempe, and that when he left the Globe Theater his place was taken by Arnim. Now we can see that the *Dromios*, the *Gobbos*, *Launce* and *Speed*, are merely "clowns," as the Elizabethans called the funny men—"Let not your clowns speak more than is set down for them." These, and the corresponding parts in Shakespeare's earlier plays, including *Peter* in "Romeo and Juliet," are only funny men, with little individuality, almost characterless; and we may reasonably surmise that this was due to Shakespeare's

own inexperience in the delineation of humorous character. But we may, if we choose, credit it also to the fact that Will Kempe was only a funny man, and not a character-actor.

We can find support for this theory in the superior richness and stricter veracity of the low-comedy characters composed by Shakespeare after Arnim took Kempe's place—*Touchstone*, *Dogberry*, the porter in "Macbeth," the grave-digger in "Hamlet"—comic parts which are also real characters, equipped with more or less philosophy. And again this may be ascribed either to Shakespeare's own ripening as a humorist, or to the richer capacity of Arnim. But why may not these two causes have cooperated?

Then there is the brilliant series of parts composed for a dashing young comedian—*Mercutio*, *Gratiano*, *Cassio*, *Laertes*. That these successive characters were all entrusted to the same performer is beyond question, and it seems to me equally indisputable that Shakespeare knew what he was doing when he composed them. He was assured in advance that they would be well played; and there is no reason to doubt that in composing them he profited by his intimate knowledge of the histrionic endowment of the unidentified member of the company for whom they were written, giving him nothing to do which he was not capable of doing well, and giving him again and again the kind of thing that he had already exhibited the ability to do well.

Another group of parts is as obviously intended for an actor who had shown himself to be an expert in the impersonation of comic old women, boldly characterized, broadly painted, highly colored in humor—*Mrs. Quickly*, who appears in four plays, the nurse in "Romeo and Juliet," and *Mrs. Overdone* in "Measure for Measure." Here again I venture the guess that this low comedian may have earlier been cast for the *Dromio* and the *Gobbo* which was not given to Kempe. And I wish to record my regret that we cannot pick out from the list of the company at the Globe the name of the "creator" of *Mrs. Quickly* and her sisters, any more than we can identify the "creator" of *Mercutio* and his brothers.

In my biographies of Shakespeare and of Molière I have dwelt in ampler detail with this dependence of the two greatest dramatists of the modern world upon the actors who were their comrades in art and their

friends in life. I have here adduced only a part of the testimony which goes to show that both the English dramatist and the French were visited by the same muse—whether of a "sorry sort" or not must be left for each of us to decide for himself.

THE QUESTION OF ARTISTIC FREEDOM

"It is not more difficult to write a good play," so the Spanish dramatist Benavente has declared, "than it is to write a good sonnet; only one must know how to write it, just as one must know how to write a sonnet. This is the principal resemblance between the drama and the other forms of literature."

The writing of a sonnet imposes very rigorous restrictions on a poet. He must utter his thought completely in fourteen lines, no more and no less, and these lines must conform to a prescribed sequence of rimes. But the masters of the sonnet have proved that this enforced compression and this arbitrary arrangement may be a help rather than a hindrance—not a stumbling-block, but a stepping-stone to higher achievement.

May not the limitations under which Shakespeare had to work, may not the necessity of cutting his cloth to fit his comrades—may not these enforced conditions have also been helpful and not harmful? And if this be possible and even probable, what warrant have we for thinking scorn of the great dramatist because he was a good workman, making the best of the only tools he had? In disposing important characters to the acting of Burbage, Shakespeare was probably no more conscious of being cribbed, cabined, and confined than was Milton when he shut himself up in the narrow cell of the sonnet.

The artist must be free to express himself; but he attains the loftiest freedom when he accepts the principle of liberty within the law. Many of the masterpieces of the several arts have been produced under restrictions as rigorous as those of the sonnet—and most critics will agree that they have been all the finer because of these restrictions.

The architect, for one, does not choose what he shall build; he has perforce to design an edifice for a special purpose on a special area. The mural painter has a given wall-space assigned to him, where his work is to be seen under special conditions of light; and often his subject is also prescribed for him. The sculptor is sometimes subordinate to the architect, who decides upon the size and the subject of the group of statuary needed to enhance the beauty of a building.

The artist who modeled the figures in the frieze of the Parthenon had little freedom, and yet he wrought a mighty masterpiece. Michelangelo's "David" is what it is because the sculptor was asked to utilize a block of marble of unusual size and shape; and his "Last Judgment" is what it is because he accepted the commission to decorate the wall above the altar of the Sistine Chapel. In fact, Michelangelo's muse was "of that sorry sort which produces made-to-order garments to fit the tastes and idiosyncrasies of a single" patron.

If Shakespeare adjusted his characters to the actors who were to play them, he was doing what Molière was to do; and his companionship is honorable. He was doing what the sculptor of the Parthenon did, and the painter of the Sistine, no more and no less; and he stands in no need of apology.

THE COURTLY AGE

THE courtly age of gallants gay,
Of doughty knight and graceful page!
Swift-moving time has swept away
The courtly age.

Now, strutting on life's fickle stage,
The politicians stamp and bray,
And in long verbal tilts engage.
Fine manners have outlived their day,
Rule and misrule a warfare wage;
Unseemly haste has held at bay
The courtly age!

William Hamilton Hayne

The STAGE

by Matthew White, Jr.



CLARE EAMES AND FRANK REICHER IN A SCENE FROM JOHN DRINKWATER'S LATEST HISTORICAL PLAY, "MARY STUART," PRODUCED FOR THE FIRST TIME ON ANY STAGE AT THE NEW RITZ THEATER IN NEW YORK

From a photograph—Copyrighted by William Harris, Jr.

WHILE the stage has not disdained to borrow ideas from the screen—witness the fade-outs in "Smilin' Through" last season and in "Mary Stuart" this year—the motion-picture folk are evidently bent on getting as far away from the spoken drama as possible. For years certain rooters for the film have been arguing for the banishment of all explanatory subtitles, and at last, with Charles Ray in "The Old Swimmin'-Hole," they have achieved their aim, not a word being flashed on the silver sheet that isn't part and parcel of the action itself.

I didn't care for the result. I was constantly beset with the conviction that

the devisers of the scenario were under a handicap in being compelled to move their story only in a direction in which explanatory leaders would not be necessary.

My notion of the ideal picture is one in which all the arts may be freely employed toward the perfecting of the product. I see no reason why words should be barred from a cinema because they are not pictorial, any more than why scenery should be banished from the stage because it is not put together by means of the alphabet. Indeed, I find the subtitles a pleasant variant to the constant succession of pictures, and I predict that it will be a sorry day for the movies when they cease to be employed.



KATHLENE MARTYN, IN THE CURRENT ZIEGFELD MIDNIGHT FROLIC ATOP THE
NEW AMSTERDAM ROOF

From a photograph by the Campbell Studios, New York



CARMEL MYERS, STAR IN UNIVERSAL PICTURES
From her latest photograph by Freulich

Left unhampered in the form under which it has won to its present astounding proportions, the feature picture has never enjoyed so prosperous a season as that now closing. In New York two big photoplays, "Way Down East" and "Over the Hill," have run continuously from early autumn, with two performances a day, at theaters

which in other years have been occupied with flesh-and-blood drama. The coming summer promises to add at least three more to the list—"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," "The Queen of Sheba," and "Dream Street," Griffith's newest release. Is it any wonder that capital can always be found to build theaters in New York?

Of the new theaters the largest and most ornate are those designed as homes for the film, and these are opened with far more pomp and circumstance than attends the inauguration of playhouses. Indeed, on the engraved invitation to attend the Manhattan première of one of the recent feature pictures appeared the words "formal dress."

In an article for the magazine section of the *New York Times*, entitled "An Epic of the Movies" and devoted to an appreciation of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," John Corbin remarks, with regard to the Elizabethan stage, that "in respect to flexibility and scope, it is unmatched in the history of the theater—unapproached, until the advent of the moving picture." In view of such testimony to the high status of the cinema, it does not seem to me that the Paris Opéra would necessarily befoul its proud record by permitting films to be displayed on the off nights, in order to meet a threatened deficit of three-quarters of a million francs. Nevertheless, a perfect storm of protest was aroused by the mere suggestion of the expedient.

Speaking of opening new playhouses, the nearest approach to the éclat of the motion-picture inaugurations was that attending the world première in New York of John Drinkwater's "Mary Stuart," which served to ring up the first curtain at Shubert's latest theater, the Ritz, the present year's third addition to Broadway's list. The memorable success of "Abraham Lincoln" was uppermost in the minds of the notable gathering which on March 21 awaited the unfolding of another historical drama from the same pen; and although the verdict of the critics was not unanimously enthusiastic, like that of a year and a quarter ago, the audience, even on the second night, paid the production the compliment of remaining seated



PHYLLIS POVAH, A YOUNG ACTRESS FROM DETROIT, WHO HAS MADE A HIT AS THE INGÉNUÉ IN "MR. PIM PASSES BY"

From a photograph by Sarony, New York



RUTH MARY LOCKWOOD, WHO WAS ETHEL IN THE MUSICAL COMEDY, "IT'S UP TO YOU,"
AN EARLY SPRING BOOKING AT THE CASINO

From a photograph by Hixon-Connelly



MARGARET MOWER, LEADING WOMAN IN "WELCOME STRANGER," THE COMEDY THAT HAS RUN THE NEW YORK SEASON THROUGH AT THE SAM HARRIS THEATER

From a photograph by Backrack, New York

after the final scene in order to render homage to the performers.

Fault has been found with Drinkwater's prologue, showing a nineteenth-century discussion as to the capacity of a woman for loving two men at the same time. This involves a reference to Mary Stuart and her materialization at the window, to say:

"I can tell you everything."

The episode may seem weak, but it leads up to an effective touch at the end of the play, when we see her from the other side of the same window, and hear her use the identical phrase, thus completing a perfect peripety, and leaving that pleasant taste in the mouth which sets an audience to praising a production as it files out.

After all, however, it was not so much



ALICE TERRY, LEADING WOMAN IN THE MOTION-PICTURE SENSATION, "THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE"

From a photograph by the Hoover Art Company

the play as its chief performer that stirred the greatest amount of enthusiasm. Clare Eames was selected for *Mary Stuart* by William Harris, Jr., after he saw her work as *Princess Elizabeth* last winter with William Faversham in "The Prince and the Pauper." The year before she was with Ethel Barrymore in "Déclassée," as the wife of the English ambassador. She is a niece of Emma Eames, the former opera star, and a native of Cleveland. She completed her education in Paris, with no thought of the stage as a career, but became restless with nothing but a round of society functions to look forward to. On her return to this country she entered the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, from which she graduated two or three years ago.

By an odd chance the Elizabethan period seems to have bulked large in Miss Eames's opportunities, as one of her early engagements was as *Queen Elizabeth* in the pageant "Freedom," which came and went at the Century Theater in the autumn of 1918.

As *Mary Stuart* she succeeds in immersing herself so thoroughly in the character of Scotland's luckless queen that one never thinks of her as any one else. Audiences need to remind themselves at the close that it isn't *Darnley's* unhappy wife they have been seeing, but a young actress on the threshold of her career. It is for this reason, no doubt, that they pay her the rare compliment of staying to extend a tribute not often bestowed.

Frank Reicher, who brought the proper degree of light and shade to the interpretation of *Rizzio*, the "scented pimp," scored his first real hit in 1911 in the name part of Percy Mackaye's fantastic play, "The Scarecrow." Four years later he was the old gardener with Frances Starr in "Marie Odile."

The *Darnley* of Charles D. Waldron again brings to Broadway a sterling actor of the period that may be said to mark the transition stage between the old school and the new. I remember him first as leading juvenile in the Henry V. Donnelly stock company at the Murray Hill, in the season of 1898-1899, just before Laura Hope Crews joined the roster which boasts such well-known names as Frances Starr, Dorothy Donnelly, and Edwin Nicander. Later on Waldron went with Belasco, playing the Northern lieutenant in "The Warrens of

Virginia," and afterward appearing with Ruth Chatterton in the long run of "Daddy Long-Legs." He comes of a theatrical family, his father, George B., his mother, Isabel J., and his sister, Georgia Waldron, all having been well known on the boards.

"*Mary Stuart*," being shorter than the ordinary play, is preceded at the Ritz by a pantomime, "A Man About Town." The deviser of this seems to be so doubtful whether he has made his meaning clear that it in turn is prefaced by a *Chronicler*, who tells the audience what it is all about. Truth compels the statement that those present seemed to like the thing, which is supposed to carry through the day with a modern New Yorker, and is a product of the Amateur Comedy Club.

In view of Clare Eames's success, the fortunes of graduates from the American Academy of Dramatic Arts—or the Sargent School, as it is more frequently called—will be followed with closer attention by theater fans than has perhaps hitherto been the case. Of the brilliant recent examples from these ranks, Margalo Gillmore, just finishing her second year as the flapper in "The Famous Mrs. Fair," is to be featured next season in a new play by Eugene O'Neill, and Edwin Hensley, of the 1920 graduates, won praise for his comedy work in "Nice People." At the thirty-seventh annual commencement exercises, in March, Frank Bacon was one of the speakers, and among the forty-two diploma winners were Josephine Fetter Royle, daughter of Edwin Milton Royle, the playwright, and Virginia Sale, sister of "Chic" Sale, of vaudeville fame.

Speaking of theatrical families, I wonder how many realize that Arthur Byron is the son of Oliver Doud Byron, famous years ago for his success in "Across the Continent," that his mother, Kate Byron, was likewise an actress, and that his aunt was the late Ada Rehan. As I write, he is being starred in "The Ghost Between," classified on the program as a "love-story," and written by Vincent Lawrence, whose inexperience is evidenced by the sorry mess he makes of getting his characters to a point where he springs one of the liveliest surprise effects of the season.

Byron is again called on to be a physician, as he was in the long run of "The Boomerang." Why have doctors such a fascination for playwrights, I wonder? If a count were made, I think it would be



GLADYS LESLIE, LEADING WOMAN WITH LIONEL BARRYMORE IN THE MOTION-PICTURE VERSION OF THE WELL-KNOWN PLAY, "JIM THE PENMAN"

From a photograph by Bachrach, New York

found that medicine is employed in modern drama more frequently than any other profession.

Dr. John Dillard loses his heart to a young widow, whose husband dies in the prologue, despite the doctor's efforts to save him. She has a hard struggle to get

along, but insists on devoting her life to the memory of the deceased. The doctor at length persuades her to marry him in name only, in order that he may give himself the joy of being able to provide for her with perfect propriety. Then a harum-scarum young friend of the physician, who has the



HELEN HAYES, STARRING IN "BAB," THE ADAPTATION BY EDWARD CHILDS CARPENTER FROM
STORIES BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

From her latest photograph by Bachrach, New York



DOROTHY CLARK, WITH FRED STONE IN HIS BIGGEST SUCCESS, "TIP-TOP"

From a photograph by Ira D. Schwarz, New York

freedom of his luxurious home, half captures *Ethel's* already wavering affections; and finally, giving up hope of making the absurdly obtuse doctor see that she has repented of her resolve to remain true to the dead, she consents to elope with the youth.

It is when Byron accidentally discovers

this fact, and proclaims aloud his joy that now he can fight a living rival, that the stirring episode aforesaid eventuates. Tragedy, melodrama, comedy, and farce are all utilized in the working out of the plot, and whether the mingling of so many diverse genres in one piece will please the public



INEZ PLUMMER, ONE OF THE PRINCIPALS IN "THE BROKEN WING," COMPLETING ITS SIXTH MONTH AT THE FORTY-EIGHTH STREET THEATER, NEW YORK

From a photograph by White, New York

remains to be proven. One success, at any rate, has been achieved—that of Glenn Anders as the fresh youth. Anders was seen in "Scrambled Wives" last autumn, and on the strength of his work in "The Ghost Between" he has been engaged by A. H. Woods for a play in which ample scope will be afforded him.

Another instance of the tendency to borrow from the movies is the introduction of a cut-back in a song to show the experience of the singers in Havana, occurring during the first act of "It's Up To You," a comedy with music which hoped to make a summer stay at the Casino. No fewer than seven persons are named as concerned in writing the piece, one of them being Douglas Leavitt, to whom likewise falls the chief comedy rôle. I have no hesitation in proclaiming that Mr. Leavitt is a better actor than playwright. In fact, as a comedian he's a distinct asset to a show of this type.

"It's Up To You" is produced by William Moore Patch, and to my way of thinking it marks a great advance on "Take It from Me" and "The Sweetheart Shop," two other offerings from the same source. There's a real story to be told, somewhat of the "Wallingford" sort; the music, from three composers, is of the tintinnabulating type suited to dancing, of which the piece is full; the comedy is good for a lot of laughs in all three acts, and Charlie King is no mean figure of a hero for any show. The scenery, on the other hand, is poor stuff; but then one mustn't always expect to find Joseph Urban sets or Ben Ali Haggin effects.

The most beautiful Haggin picture I have ever seen is "Pastel," posed in the current Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic atop the New Amsterdam roof, the eleventh and the best in the series. Contrary to the notion of some who associate roofs and midnight with naughtiness, art and cleverness predominate in the twenty numbers that provide a unique potpourri of dance, comedy, song, and beauty. Bird Millman, the wire queen, and White Deer, the Indian princess, are now in the bill, with Herbert Hoey to head the phalanx of Ziegfeld picked girls. Hoey lends a manly note to a score composed by Harry Carroll, of which perhaps "Painted Butterfly" is the number that lingers longest in memory.

It is the music that gets you in "The Right Girl," another candidate for the summer stakes, which started in mid March

at the Times Square Theater, and which landed a brand-new young comedian, Robert Woolsey, square in the lap of popular favor. Percy Wenrich is responsible for the tunes, which, fortunately, are plentiful and alluring enough to make you forget the frightfully complicated story. Charles Purcell heads an efficient company, in which pretty girls abound.

"Blue Eyes," the musical show which not even the presence of Lew Fields could popularize, gave place at the Shubert, not to another conglomeration of jazz and beauty, but to tragedy, if you please, Margaret Anglin opening there in "The Trial of Joan of Arc," from the French of Emile Moreau. Miss Anglin's fine voice was heard to advantage as the *Maid*, and her impersonation throughout thrilled one with the conviction that here is indeed a dramatic artist. The play is far too leisurely to possess a strong popular appeal in and of itself, and Miss Anglin does not appear at all in the last act, when the burning takes place off stage. A fine equipment throughout was provided, and a good cast, in which Fred Eric distinguished himself as the *Duke of Bedford*.

Another spring-time drift toward tragedy broke Augustus Thomas's long silence when on April 4, at the Hudson, George Cohan presented "Nemesis," with Emmett Corrigan and Olive Tell as the featured players. Clashing opinions greeted the play, frankly a thesis drama, on the fallibility of fingerprints as circumstantial evidence; but I found the piece absorbingly interesting, and was particularly taken with the high note, exemplifying the title, on which it ended.

Fault has been found with Mr. Thomas for using the same old premises—a husband devoted to business, a pleasure-craving wife, and a lover with artistic bent; but all these were only a means to the end at which the playwright was aiming, and it cannot be charged that Mr. Thomas has failed to develop his characters with careful artistry. In fact, the deliberation with which he goes about laying the foundation stones for his superstructure caps it with all the more impressiveness when it finally looms up before us.

In contrast to the mystery crime plays that have thronged our boards in recent seasons, "Nemesis" places all the cards on the table and puts the reader in the know as to the perpetrator of the murder at the



PHOEBE FOSTER, LEADING WOMAN WITH LEO DITRICHSTEIN IN HIS LATEST SUCCESS, "TOTO"
From her latest photograph by White, New York

very outset. Indeed, we actually see the deed committed, but the husband's success in so arranging matters that suspicion falls on the lover provides one of the tensest scenes in modern melodrama. This is followed by a court-room episode set forth with all the finesse at the command of our leading American playwright.

In support of Mr. Corrigan and Miss Tell, both of whom are excellent in exacting

rôles, Pedro de Cordoba gives a good account of himself as the lover, while John Craig makes a realistic prosecuting attorney. Three years ago Mr. Corrigan was the German spy in "Three Faces East," and Olive Tell, who is Alma Tell's sister, played the lead in "Civilian Clothes." Both the Tell girls attended a dramatic school, at which Pedro de Cordoba was also a student.

Light Verse

BROKEN TRYST

WAITING in the woodland, watching for my sweet,
Thinking every leaf that stirs the coming of her feet,
Thinking every whisper the rustle of her gown,
How my heart goes up and up, and then goes down and down!

First it is a squirrel, then it is a dove,
Then a red fox, feather-soft and footed like a dream.
All the woodland fools me, promising my love;
I think I hear her talking—'tis but the running stream,

Vowled talking water, mimicking her voice;
Oh, how she promised she'd surely come to-day!
There she comes! She comes at last! Oh, heart of mine, rejoice!
No—'tis but a flight of birds winging on their way.

Lonely grows the afternoon, empty grows the world,
Day's bright banners in the west, one by one, are furled;
Sadly sinks the lingering sun that like a lover rose;
One by one, each woodland thing loses heart and goes.
Back along the woodland, all the day is dead,
All the green has turned to gray, and all the gold to lead;
Oh, 'tis bitter cruel, sweet, to treat a lover so!
If only I were half a man, I'd let the baggage go!

Richard Leigh

PATHWAYS

WHEN the evenin' shades is fallin'
At the closin' of the day,
An' I'm jest a settin' 'round
A passin' of the time away;
There's a thought that comes to cheer me,
If I'm feelin' kind o' blue—
Sort o' little prayer o' gratitude
Fer crossin' paths with you.

Now I never had the habit
Spillin' 'round a lot o' bluff,
Or indulgin' much in mushiness
An' sentimental stuff;

But if I like folks, I tell 'em—
Up an' tell 'em now, instead
Of a writin' fancy epitaphs
About 'em when they're dead.

So I'm sendin' you this letter
Jest because I want to say
That I'm glad the Fates arranged it
So that you should pass this way;
Jest to hear your voice an' see you
Made my sky a shade more blue;
An' I'm jest a bit more happy
Since a crossin' paths with you!

Earl H. Emmons

THE SEASONAL LOVER

WE said good-by last fall,
To meet no more at all.
And when the winter came,
I scarce recalled your name.
But with gay spring's return,
My heart began to yearn.
And now that summer's here,
I come again, my dear!

H. Thompson Rich

WHY I READ THE PAPERS

I READ the papers every day,
In order to apprise
Myself of matters grave and gay;
And naught escapes my eyes.
At first I scan the latest deeds
Of violence, and then
One column to another leads
Of what, and where, and when.

The editorials I heed;
Play notices, of course;
The social paragraphs I read,
Birth, marriage, and divorce.
Transactions then in real estate;
The stock quotations, too;
The shipping news I cogitate;
The sporting column through.

At "Random Rhymes" I even glance,
And "Constant Reader's" notes;
Advertisements next have a chance,
From motor-cars to coats.

And when I am enabled thus
The gossip to retail,
Without delay or further fuss,
I read—"Help Wanted—Male"!

Harold Melbourne

"WHAT DO I GET OUT OF IT?"

I KNOW not what Leonidas
Thought to himself that deathless day
He took his station in the pass
To hold the Persian horde at bay,
With death to wrestle on the brink
Of failure's echoless abyss;
But I am sure he *didn't* think:
"Say, what do I get out of this?"

I wasn't with Columbus when
The stout mate came with urgent plea,
"Let's turn her nose, for all the men
Are plotting death and mutiny;"
So I can't say what thought inspired
The dauntless heart of Captain Chris;
But never yet such zeal was fired
By: "What do I get out of this?"

Had Washington at Valley Forge
But shown a level business head,
He might have dealt with royal George,
And filled with ease the life he led.
If it be true that each man has
His price, that was no chance to miss;
But he the wisdom lacked, alas,
To think: "What can I get from this?"

Oh, men who closely figure out
What most directly profits them
Gain many things from life, no doubt,
But not love's priceless diadem;
To win a world, to save a land,
To bless mankind with lights they lit,
To reap rewards they never planned,
Are things they can't get out of it!
Lee Shippey

THE LURE OF NEW YORK

THE register in a hotel—
A big one in New York—
Exemplifies, and very well,
This "lure" of which we talk;
For names in columns we behold,
Alone or paired with mates,
The dwelling-places frankly told
In cities and in States.

Here's Thomas Jones from Cleveland, O.,
Two Greens from Nashville, Tenn.;
John Henry Smith from Springfield, Mo.,
Two Browns from Scranton, Penn.; *
Charles Robinson from Richmond, Va.,
Two Blacks from Dover, Del.;
George Wilkinson from Tampa, Fla.,
And—more than I could tell.

It seems to me the best of jokes
Is in the lobbies, where
Some sit and watch the other folks
Pass by, and then declare:
"Of New York style I've heard a lot;
But we don't need to roam;
If these are swells, then they are not
Unlike the ones at home!"

Harold Seton

AMENDE HONORABLE

ALTHOUGH the rain was scattering
Its drops from out the blue,
The lovely maiden, chattering,
Came down the avenue.
Alas, a motor, spattering,
The mud upon her threw.

The chauffeur, looking fearfully
Upon the pavement down,
Saw the fair maiden tearfully
Regard her ruined gown.
"I wish I'd druv more keerfully!"
Said blue eyes unto brown.

F. L. Montgomery

A WRONG RING

PRAY hark a moment while I sing
A pessimistic song.
Full many times a wedding-ring
Becomes a wedding wrong!

Gilbert Grant

GORMAND AND GOURMET

WHO sups Rich drink and sumptuous fare
From slattern cups
And table bare,
Amid coarse drapery
And ribald jest,
I pity!
He but drinks at best
His fill,
Much as the swine his swill;
His soul, debased by guzzling gaucherie,
Becomes a temple of debauchery!

Who sips
With ruby lips,
From dainty ware,
His tea with humble fare,
Amid white napery
And sparkling wit,
I envy!
For he brings a bit,
At least,
Of heaven's leaven to the feast;
His soul, attuned by courtesies polite,
Becomes a temple for a holy rite!

Sophie E. Redford

The Odd Measure

Iowa Will
Protect Her
Pearl Streams

An Interesting
and Profitable
Fishery That Has
Been Overdone.

IOWA has passed a law forbidding the taking of mussel-shells from her rivers during a period of five years. Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Missouri, and other States have also to consider this problem of the source of pearl buttons; for if the mussel beds are too heavily tonged by sheller's forks and dragged with crow's-foot dredges, the source of supply is destroyed, and a considerable industry, with much profit in it, is jeopardized.

Thirty years ago pearls were the fascination that lured a few fishers to opening fresh-water clam-shells, hoping for some rich prize like the Notch Brook ten-thousand-dollar gem; but fishing for pearls did not pay in wages. Then old Boopple, in Muscatine, solved the problem of sawing button blanks out of the shells. He bored them, rossed them, and polished them. Over a year's end a great industry sprang up.

The fresh-water mussel beds held fortunes. When day laborers received a dollar and a half for ten hours' work, a sheller could tong half a ton of bivalves in the morning, stew and shuck them in the afternoon, and sell the shells for ten dollars a ton to buyers who came with little barges or wagons and cash payments. Moreover, there was hardly a ton, in most streams, that did not contain at least a few dollars' worth of baroques, seed pearls—the "slugs" of the fishers.

Streams flowing from limestone formations bore the largest crop of shells. Some shells, as in the Tennessee River, were dark and cloudy; others, as in several Wisconsin, Illinois, and Iowa streams, carried a colorful stain difficult to use in button stock. The Cedar River supplied purple pearls; the Wabash, lilac; White River, pink; and green pearls came from some unknown source—all beautiful gems, but not all with mother stock good for button-making. Good day wages, with the chance of a fortune, attracted many hardy men and women. Thousands of miles of large and small stream beds were prospected, and tens of thousands of tons of shells were taken for buttons. The fishing was greatly overdone; though shells have risen to forty dollars a ton, the fishers make less per day. Many streams need a rest; and now some will have it, according to law.

Getting the
Most Out of
Nature

We Are Learning to
Weigh Her Values
More Correctly

THE outdoors calls loudly to free people, and millions of Americans go forth each summer to the fields, streams, and woods. Men and women have found wonderful experiences not only in the green timber of Canada, not only on the high peaks of the Rockies, but along the Hudson and on Long Island Sound and in the Catskills. Thoreau traveled far around little Walden Pond.

Old-timers—guides, professional hunters, pioneers—scorned the professor, the "book trapper," the spectacles of the students; but learning has come into its own, even where game is killed, furs are caught, and camps are made. A college course could well be prepared from books on woodcraft and wilderness travel. From the adventures of hundreds of thousands of automobile campers there is a salting down of facts which become scientific, and which will some day be put into a book that will be classic, like Walton's "Compleat Angler."

America has not fully learned to use its outdoors aright, but it is learning. The frantic haste to make something practical out of natural resources has led to the commission of many blunders. They have slashed millions in timber from forest-clad ridges to make cheap pasture. They poison the noble Hudson River to make a few chemicals. As Ruskin said, they ruin cathedrals of the earth to make race-courses.

But, little by little, people are being led to weigh values. There are trappers who know that the knowledge they have gained of wild life is worth more than the furs they have caught. Future ages may reckon our wasted forests and our dwindled streams a cheap price to pay for the things that men have learned, and put into books for all time, by accomplishing or witnessing these surface convulsions. Were the cedars of Lebanon too much to pay for the building of Solomon's Temple in Jerusalem?

* * * * *

A Contrast of East and West

The Realm of Sunshine and the Land of Many Waters

If one rides eastward from the Pacific Coast, spending weeks on the journey, and following the famous automobile trails—swinging wide from, say, San Diego, through the Salton Sea desert, over to the Grand Cañon plateau, and around the Raton Pass crossing of the Rocky Mountains, up through Denver and by Cheyenne across the plains and prairies, over a Missouri River ferry and a Mississippi River bridge, arriving at last amid the dark green and stone-gray granite mountains of New England, one leaves bright sunshine behind and comes among shadows of the gracious rain-clouds. The memory is a most fascinating, dream-like thing. It is a vision, and the feeling is that of having passed out of a merciless glare of brilliant sunshine into a cool and somber cavern.

Water is a wonderful thing, whether as a cloud effect or as a running stream. Nothing quite so surprises the tourist as the transition from alkali to the sweet flow of the springs that well from rain-soaked hills.

Of all strange migrations, one of the most remarkable was that of the Americans who went from the plentiful streams and watered fields of the East to bask in the glowing lights and far-distant horizons of the arid lands. The Puritans left England and civilization to nurture an opinion amid a savage wilderness; they left known physical comfort for sake of a theory of life; so Easterners went to the great West for sunshine, glory, and free acres. They abandoned those "millions of undeveloped horse-power" that we read about to drink the stinging water of alkali springs.

Now there's a big adventure developing in the Eastern States. Thousands of miles of little brooks, across hundreds of townships containing countless abandoned farms, are being studied and explored, and their possibilities are being disclosed. Spring floods have been wasted by the destruction of forest cover, but shrewd men are measuring stream slopes, figuring water-power in farmhouse, kitchen cooking, garden-growing, and various other useful units. Into every deep valley like those of the Hudson, Connecticut, Ohio, Potomac, and Penobscot pour these innumerable brooks, some with hundreds of feet fall in a mile. Their flow may measure only a few miner's inches, but it represents an astonishing turbine capacity, deliverable at the farm switches.

* * * * *

The Slaughter of American Wild Game

The Havoc Wrought by Blood-Lust and Ignorance

WHEN the North American continent was first explored, the pioneer travelers carried to Europe tales of a fairy-land where wild game roved in flocks and herds of millions. Turkeys lived in hosts on the beech and acorn mast of New England; droves of deer and buffalo could be slaughtered with the old-time firearms whose effective range was hardly fifty yards. To the meat-hungry, mush-fed peasants of Europe the report was unbelievable; yet it was true.

The colonists, the very criminals sent to exile, wrote back these wondrous tales, and hordes of the hungry poured into America. For two centuries the hunters and settlers ranged westward, eager for a surfeit of meat. They wanted not merely enough to eat, but a gorge; nor did they stop at that, but they slew in wanton blood-lust, such as destroyed the last migrant buffalo herd in the early eighties.

All Europe has heard that we are full-fed, that a boy with a toy gun can kill his breakfast, that meat-birds fill the skies, and that herds of game

range the immeasurable plains; but it is no longer true. The fact on which the tradition was based has vanished. The very game fish have to be hand-raised now. We have swept the wild pigeon from the air with nets. We have killed the wild turkeys till they have practically disappeared. We wantonly slaughtered our buffalo, and the rot of wasted hides, not to speak of millions of tons of meat, has become dust. Wild game has become a luxury so precious that it must not be priced—must not be sold, lest it should wholly vanish. Lands worth farming are no longer free; but the peasants of Europe do not know.

How could any human being, convinced of such a strange and glorious truth, imagine for a moment that America, that enlightened nation, had allowed blood-lust, greed, and ignorance to work such havoc?

* * * * *

Why the Bad Men of the West Live in History

They Were Something More Than Mere Thieves and Murderers

BANDITS and desperadoes who have left their names in Western history enjoy their measure of fame because of other qualities than that of dishonesty or the murderous instinct. Mere thieving and mere killing could never make a human being memorable. There was a certain heroism about the typical "bad man," and a flavor of romance in the desperate chances he took.

The notorious Jesse James and his men were not merely criminals; they were the heirs of the historic Kansas-Nebraska warfare feuds, and the outcome, so to speak, of the great moral combat between Webster and Calhoun. Their bravery in the Civil War won them friends who did not desert them when they refused to abide by the Appomattox surrender, and the same may be said for the Youngers.

The New Mexico outlaws were partly a result of the Civil War, and partly a survival of the traditions of the war with Mexico. Great cattle country feuds of the border were based on the solid facts of human change, on political and economic developments in the history of the West. The final struggle came when homesteaders and "nesters" invaded the free range. Here, in our own generation, was baronial resistance to the encroachment of the serfs. The result of the struggle was that the homesteaders won a doubtful victory, for in many cases the arid lands are starving them out.

The old-time road-agents are commonly classed as brutal and callous murderers and desperately selfish thieves. They could never have won a friend but for one fact—the old mining companies, transportation companies, and other established powers were often careless of the individual's rights. The result was that when a man attacked the strong boxes at the gun muzzle, defying the shotgun messengers, he was doing what many wanted to do, but dared not. There was real romance in the reflected glory of the careless knights of the road.

* * * * *

Architectural Beauty of New York

Her Lfty Buildings a Fine Expression of the Spirit of America

THIRTY years ago for a visiting Englishman to call New York "beautiful" was not merely original, but it was an act of such courage as to make New Yorkers wonder if he had not more than the usual share of the Englishman's proverbial eccentricity. So long ago, however, there were Englishmen who at first sight fell in love with New York, with its impossible parallelograms of sky-scraping office-buildings, its strange cañon of Broadway, and such architectural freaks as the Flat-Iron Building. The courage needed to raise such buildings alone stirred the imagination. Since that early time—as it seems in a country where time goes so fast—those lonely admirers are no longer lonely, for it is now the fashion to extol American architecture, and each new visitor to our shores—such as Mr. St. John Ervine, in a recent interview—is enthusiastic in its praise.

Indeed, there seems almost a danger that these visiting Englishmen and other Europeans—for Frenchmen and Italians also grow lyrical on the

subject—may lose their taste for the old Gothic cathedrals and ivy-clad castles of their own land, and that London and Paris may also become in time cities of sky-scrappers. This is a thought to be exorcised, for we need all forms of beauty in the world, and the spread of a crushing uniformity is a lamentable feature of the present period. For instance, how much we are losing by the growing similarity of dress all over the earth, and by the abandonment of the traditional costumes of the Chinese and the Japanese! There is nothing more charming than a Japanese lady in the garb of "The Mikado," but dressed according to the fashions of the Rue de la Paix, what could be more incongruous and distressing?

Similarly with architecture, the constructive style of any country is an expression of a nation's soul, and this was never truer than of the United States. When architecture in Europe seemed moribund, or given up to mere imitative medievalism, America, while still imitative in the other arts, suddenly developed a form of building entirely her own, created by her national character and needs. Nothing more appropriate to express the spirit of America can be conceived, nothing more symbolic of her athletic youth and soaring, fearless dreams, than the first sight of New York as we approach it from the sea, like a cloud-hung city touched by the morning sun.

Nor must it be forgotten that the architectural glories of New York are not confined to sky-scrappers. The Metropolitan Life Tower, the Woolworth Building, and such churches as St. Thomas's and the Cathedrals of St. Patrick and St. John the Divine for the most part follow the old traditions of architectural beauty, and the city owes much to their presence. But the special genius of American architects has been in their adaptation of means to ends, the manner in which they have conquered what seemed to be almost insuperable problems, and, while of necessity thinking first of the use to be served by their buildings, have succeeded in creating a new architectural beauty as well.

* * * * *

Romances of
Crown Jewels
*New Ones May
Come from the
Recent Shake-Up
of Thrones*

WHEN *Candide* and his fellow travelers, in Voltaire's immortal story, entered El Dorado, the first thing that attracted their attention was the children playing at quoits with brilliant colored disks, which, on examination, proved to be made of gold, emeralds, rubies, and other precious stones—the least of which "would have been the greatest ornament on the Mogul's throne." And when finally, growing weary of the peace and security of the wise and simple land, they asked leave of its king to depart, he laughed at their "inconceivable passion" for the "pebbles and dirt" of his country, but told them to load up with as much of the "yellow clay" as they wished, and go their foolish ways.

Theoretically, at least, that has always been the attitude of the philosopher toward such glittering baubles as diamond sunbursts and tiaras; and if Lenin's fanatic dream of a proletariat millenium should come true, it is a logical assumption that the world would once and for all put away such childish things. Meanwhile, however, it is understood that soviet agents are not above hawking around the crown jewels of the murdered Czar, to see what they will bring for the Bolshevik war-chest; and the exiled Emperor of Austria is reported to be in the market with his own crown jewels, possibly for the purpose of financing an attempt to recover his throne. Of course, they don't belong to him, being merely his in trust from his former subjects, but he was fortunate enough to get away with them, and few better nest-eggs in days of social earthquake and eclipse than a few diamonds the size, let us say, of a walnut, or even a wren's egg, can well be imagined.

Diamonds of such size are not, of course, mere figures of speech. While loading a truck at Jagersfontein, in the Orange Free State, in 1893, a poor

native found such a pebble, weighing 971 carats, known thereafter as the Excelsior, but it is not on record that its finder was any less poor after finding it. Such pebbles seem to have been designed by nature to be the treasure of kings. Twelve years later, there was found near Pretoria, also in the Transvaal, what may be called the super-diamond of the world, and a syndicate of London mining men presented it to the late King Edward. It was named the Cullinan, and weighed, before cutting, 3,025 carats, or about a pound and six ounces. Cut into nine stones, of which the largest weighs 516 carats, it is now on view among the crown jewels in the Tower of London. A few days after the outbreak of the great war the writer of this paragraph chanced to see a German visitor gazing at it in fascination—thinking, perhaps, how well it would look in the crown of his imperial master when the Kaiser's victorious legions brought home the spoils of London.

In possessing the Cullinan diamond, King Edward may be said to have gone his royal mother several times better, for Queen Victoria's famous Koh-i-noor, presented to her by the East India Company, weighed only 186 carats, and was reduced to 103 by recutting. But the Koh-i-noor had the glamour of long association with kings, having started its known career as far back as 1739, when it was among the regal splendors of the Persian conqueror, Nadir Shah; passing thereafter into the turban of the Raja of Lahore. The romance of such a stone has been written immortally in Wilkie Collins's "Moonstone," but the present shake-up of monarchs should provide material for many such absorbing yarns in a more recent setting.

* * * * *

Is the Device of the Medical Corps Wrong?

*There Seem to Be
Too Many Snakes
in Its Caduceus*

THREE are too many snakes in the badge of the United States Army Medical Corps, on the authority of a professor of classical literature in one of the New York colleges. The device of the corps is the caduceus, or Mercury's staff, wound about with two serpents. That is where the error comes in, it appears; the emblem ought not to be the staff of Mercury, with twin snakes, but that of Æsculapius, with only one.

It is easy to understand, of course, that the Medical Corps device should honor Æsculapius, who was the ancient god of medicine; but the old authorities never gave him more than one serpent at a time. The books say that the serpent, either free or wound about a staff, was usually attached as a symbol to the image of this god, thus expressing the idea of health combined with prudence and foresight. Fiske's "Manual of Classical Literature" gives the following particulars:

In proportion as men in the early ages were ignorant of the efficacy and use of remedies for disease, there was the greater admiration of those who were distinguished in the art of healing, and the greater readiness to deify them. Hence the deification of Æsculapius, who was viewed as the god of medicine, and said to be the son of Apollo and the nymph Coronis. Hygeia, the goddess of health, was called his daughter, and two celebrated physicians belonging to the age of the Trojan war, Machaon and Podalirius, were called his sons, and honored like him after their death.

Æsculapius was killed with a thunderbolt by Jupiter, at the request of Pluto. His most celebrated grove and temple was at Epidaurus, where he was worshiped under the form of a serpent.

It appears that Pluto's grievance against Æsculapius was that the gifted son of Apollo, by his skill in combating death, threatened to depopulate the underworld over which Pluto ruled.

The professor already quoted believes that the twin-serpent device is not much of an honor to the Medical Corps, since Mercury, whose emblem it is, was the god of thievery, among other things. Moreover, Mercury carried the caduceus when he conducted the shades of the dead to the lower world, and surely no physician would want to be identified in any way with a god who performed that gruesome office.

In Pawn*

A SMALL-TOWN COMEDY DRAMA OF THE MIDDLE WEST

By Ellis Parker Butler

Author of "Pigs Is Pigs," "The Jack-Knife Man," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. L. LAMBDIN

HARVEY REDDING, the laziest man in Riverbank, instead of attending to his junk-yard, spends his time reading dime novels and the "Lives of the Saints," and finally decides to abandon all pretense of working and become a saint himself. He lives upon a little property left by his dead wife, but he has also borrowed from his sister, Susan Redding, who keeps a boarding-house; and when she presses him for payment he turns over to her, as security, his motherless boy, Lem.

At his aunt's house Lem is welcomed by three school-teachers, Henrietta Bates, Lorna Percy, and Gay Loring. Henrietta and Lorna board at Miss Susan's, while Gay lives across the street with her parents. Henrietta, who is older than the other two, pretends to receive letters and presents from a distant sweetheart, but Lorna and Gay think that she uses the money she borrows from them to send the presents to herself. As a matter of fact, almost all that she can scrape together goes to Freeman Todder, a young man who also lives at Miss Susan's, and who is a clerk in Alberson's drug-store.

When Todder confesses to Henrietta that he has been tapping the drug-store till, she intercedes for him with his employer, telling Alberson that she is Freeman's mother. A little later, however, to meet a charge of flirting with Todder, she assures Susan Redding that the young man is her husband. She gives still another version to Carter Bruce, a young Riverdale lawyer, who admires Gay Loring. Seeing that Gay is dangerously attracted by Freeman, Henrietta warns Bruce of the girl's peril, telling him that Todder is already married to her daughter, who is in Colorado.

Meanwhile, to Miss Susan's great disgust, Lem Redding is arrested for stealing a piece of lead from Moses Shuder, his father's rival in the junk business; but he escapes punishment because Henrietta and Gay intercede for him.

X

WHEN Henrietta Bates told Miss Susan that Freeman Todder was her husband she told the truth; but all her other stories regarding Freeman and the mythical Billy Vane were a series of lies.

Henrietta was not a wicked woman. She was the kindest-hearted woman that ever lived, always ready and eager to do a kindness, and full of pity for those who, like Lem, seemed to be in trouble. The trouble with Henrietta, to use that name as the most convenient, was that she was romantic. She was one of those women—and there are men like her—who live a few inches above the tops of their own heads, so that their words have to jump above solid facts in order to give satisfaction to their imaginations.

In Riverbank there is a phrase, used when small boys like Lem take a huge helping of food and fail to consume it, to the effect that their eyes are bigger than their stomachs. Henrietta's desire for romance was bigger than her facts. She was a born romancer, filling in the gap between what was true and what she wished was true with details that were not true.

There are many such, and it is remarkable how often they escape discovery and humiliation. It is always a little regrettable when one of the pleasanter of the kind is discovered and humiliated. There are women—and men—who live their entire lives in a golden haze of untruths, who do no one any great harm, and who get immense momentary pleasure—and whole ecstasies of pleasant pain of conscience—out of their romantic prevarications.

As a rule, it is no one's particular busi-

* Copyright, 1921, by Ellis Parker Butler—This story began in the April number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

ness to grasp one of these lies and by unpleasant, cross-questioning and investigating prove the romancer a liar. Those who do such cross-questioning are usually most disagreeable people — rudely inquisitive people whom nobody likes.

I have given a great deal of thought to lies, having been a well-known liar myself before I reformed, and being an admirer of the late Mark Twain, who was a connoisseur in this field. I have classified human beings in four rough groups:

First, those who, like Miss Susan Redding, sin not and tell no lies.

Second, those who, like Lem, sin and tell the truth about it, because they cannot tell a lie.

Third, those who, like Henrietta, lie romantically and without evil intent, but who are so weakened by it that, although they would not lie to do intentional harm, they come in time, as Henrietta had come, to lie in self-protection or to protect another.

Fourth, those who, like Freeman Toddler, will lie to do another harm, or to win personal advantage, or for any other reason whatever.

Lem, being a boy, was in my opinion more or less of a freak, as the botanists would say. The young are, and should be up to a certain age, unethical. This has the advantage that we can take them when they are innocent of ethics and drill into them the variety of ethics we want them to have. The undrilled youngster, faced with trouble, will tell a fib or the truth quite indifferently, as may seem desirable at the moment.

Of course, in these days we begin the drilling at an extremely early age, and a boy of five has often learned that it is nobler to be spanked for stealing the pie than for lying about it; but he has to be taught, and Lem had not been taught. There had been nothing in his early lack of training to teach him that lying was wrong. He had never been spanked for lying, or shut in a closet for lying, or even scolded or wept over for lying. He had been born with the ability to lie left out of him, or so weak that it shriveled up and blew away before he learned to talk. In the matter of being unable to tell a lie Lem was not to blame; he was born that way.

Neither should we be inclined to blame Henrietta too severely if she romanced frequently, with eyes that looked frankly into other eyes while she was telling whoppers.

Henrietta was a mature woman, healthy and attractive, but her ethical development had been arrested when she was about five years old, while her romantic imagination had continued to grow. In this one respect she was abnormal.

We all know, or have known, girls or boys from seven to sixteen years old who tell awful lies. There are others who pick up things that don't belong to them, or who slip up-stairs in a neighbor's house, when unwatched, and open dresser drawers — otherwise nice girls and boys who just can't help doing such things. Nearly all have frank, honest eyes. They look at you with saintly innocence and say they did not do it. They are cases of arrested ethical development, and they cannot help doing what they do. They are abnormal.

Friends and neighbors often say:

"Etta Bates is such a liar! Dear, dear! Mrs. Bates ought to take a strap to her. I'd wale that child within an inch of her life, but I'd cure her!"

Beating such a child does no good, nor would locking her in prison cure her. The trouble is deeper.

Henrietta had been a handsome girl. At twelve her physical development was that of a young woman of eighteen. She was enthusiastic, noisy, healthy, and untruthful. She liked to romp, especially with boys. She never knew her lessons, because she did not waste time on them, but she was at the head of all when it came to games. When her little friends were still dressing dolls, Henrietta had developed the "he said" habit. Judged by Henrietta's tales, all the boys were mad over her and thought of nothing else.

A year or so later, she began to be caught in lies. She told her child companions that she had gone to dances, gallantly escorted, when she had been safe in bed all the while. Mothers began to say:

"I wouldn't play with Henrietta any more than necessary."

Henrietta told lies about any subject which at the moment promised to glitter more brilliantly as a lie than as a truth. She said that her mother was making her a blue silk dress with red bead embroidery in a sort of Greek design, and the skirt only shoe-top length, when her mother was making her no dress at all. She said that her mother was going to take her to New York in the fall, so that she could go to a private school where Mr. Vanderbilt's daughter

went, and that she was going to room with Mr. Vanderbilt's daughter, when her mother had never thought of any such thing in her wildest dreams.

Things like these Henrietta told not only to children but to grown-ups. She told the minister that her mother had told her to ask him what college she ought to attend if she was going to be a missionary. All this was unpremeditated. She had happened to be passing the minister's house, so she just dropped in and began lying in her frank-eyed, innocent way. The minister believed her until he spoke to her mother. Then there were tears, and he agreed to do what he could to reform Henrietta. The result was that she joined the church and went on lying. She was then fourteen years old.

More frequently her lies had to do with love-affairs. She had no love-affairs, but she invented them. If, returning from school, a boy happened to walk a block or two with her, she filled every one's ears with tales of his attentions.

It was about that time she began buying herself presents—cheap beads, plated pins and bracelets—which she said the boys had given her. She also began writing herself "notes" and letters, which she read to the girls, explaining that the boys had written them.

All the while, except when her romancing made trouble and led to hot flashes of resentment, every one liked Henrietta. She was kind to every one, and polite, and helpful in many small ways.

Being found out in her prevarications did not seem to worry her long. It frightened her stunningly at times, making her gasp, but the fright did not last. In a few moments it was all over. The whippings that her mother gave her, until she was too big to be whipped, hardly annoyed her.

She was fearless physically; she never admitted that anything hurt her.

Her mother, a worried little woman, suffered most. The father was a traveling salesman and seldom at home, and Mrs.



"AUNT SUE DIDN'T HAVE TO TAKE ME. I'D RATHER STAY WITH POP AND HELP HIM BE A SAINT"

Bates kept from him as much of Henrietta's misdoing as she could—killing herself eventually, crushing herself under the weight of the burden. She would have worried herself away earlier had the Bates family not moved as often as it did.

As Henrietta reached high-school age, and later, the family was moving continually, Mr. Bates changing from one job to another, and each time taking his family to his new headquarters. In each new home Mrs. Bates tried to obscure herself and Henrietta, but never with very much success, because Henrietta did not wish to be obscured.

One particularly unfortunate lie got Henrietta expelled from a high school she was attending, and she was sent to a private school. This latter institution was strictly managed, and during her entire stay there she met no young men, but her letters to her friends and to her mother were filled with romantic incidents. It was then that her famous Billy Vane first appeared in her lies.

Lying—whole-souled, brazen lying—has a strange hypnotic effect on many hearers who are by nature truthful and kind-hearted, as quite a few human beings are. When a man looks me full in the eyes and lies to me, I have a feeling of shame. I want to lower my eyes and not look straight into his. I say to myself:

"He is lying, and I know he is lying, and I am ashamed to look him in the eyes. He will see in my eyes that I know he is lying."

Then it occurs to me that if I look down he will know I am looking down because I know he is lying; so I continue to look him straight in the eyes, saying to myself:

"I know you are lying, but I will not let you know I know it. Indeed," I add, "it does not matter if you *are* lying, as long as I know you are lying."

Presently I am sorry for him, as a mother is sorry for a crippled child. I pity him, and pity is akin to love. Some whole-souled, brazen, cheerful liars are among the best loved men in the world. We know we are being lied to, but we are also being charmed, as the innocent bird is charmed by the serpent.

Although Henrietta never understood it, the ease with which she made herself believed was one reason why she continued to be such a liar. Her eyes compelled belief. No one ever doubted her lies at the moment when they were being told. When her eyes looked straight into the hearer's eyes, there could be no doubting; that sometimes came later, when the self-hypnotism was dissipated. Had Henrietta—especially when she grew older and was a woman—met doubt or distrust when she told her fanciful tales she might have faltered, thought, and stopped. She might have been cured.

After her mother's death Henrietta taught school. It was well, no doubt, that she taught in a town that had not known her. What lies she told there about her romances in other places were readily

enough believed. She was a satisfactory, commanding teacher, having little trouble with her students, and always a fine, neat, clean figure in her black skirt and white shirt-waist. She had a gesture of smoothing her trim waist downward toward her belt with the edges of her hands that was in itself a certificate of clean spinsterhood.

Her misfortune came suddenly and with catastrophic unexpectedness. She had worked her way upward until she was teaching mathematics—higher algebra, to be exact—in the high school of a town in southern Illinois. With the teachers of a near-by river town she had kept in close correspondence, and for them she had built a romance of lies, telling of a lover who was impetuous, devoted, young, handsome, and brilliant.

"He is too young for poor me," Henrietta had written. "His father objects, and if there is a match it will have to be a runaway one. His name—"

She had hesitated, fearing to use "Billy Vane," lest she might have used it before.

"His name is Freeman Todder," she had written, jotting down that of a Class A boy who had remained in the class-room while she was writing the letter.

Followed much more, romantically untruthful, but interesting, and intended to be so.

The next week two of her teacher friends to whom she had told this story wrote her that they meant to make her a visit. They were wild to meet Freeman Todder, they said.

Henrietta had one of her sudden panics. She was sitting at her desk in the schoolroom when she read the letter, and she looked toward Freeman Todder. The unlucky youth was passing a note across the aisle.

"Freeman, come here!" Henrietta commanded sharply.

He rose and walked to her desk. He was as tall then as he was ever to become. He was one of those boys who think they are already men, and who have begun to accumulate the vices of bad men, considering them evidences of maturity. He was already one of the town dandies.

"What's the matter now?" he asked when he stood at her desk.

"You know what is the matter," she said. "This cannot go on, Freeman. I want to talk to you seriously. Remain after school."

He went back to his seat with swaggering bravado, and made special efforts to break more of the few slight rules Henrietta had imposed on the scholars. He hoped she would notice and expel him. He hated school, and wanted to be free to lead a man's life.

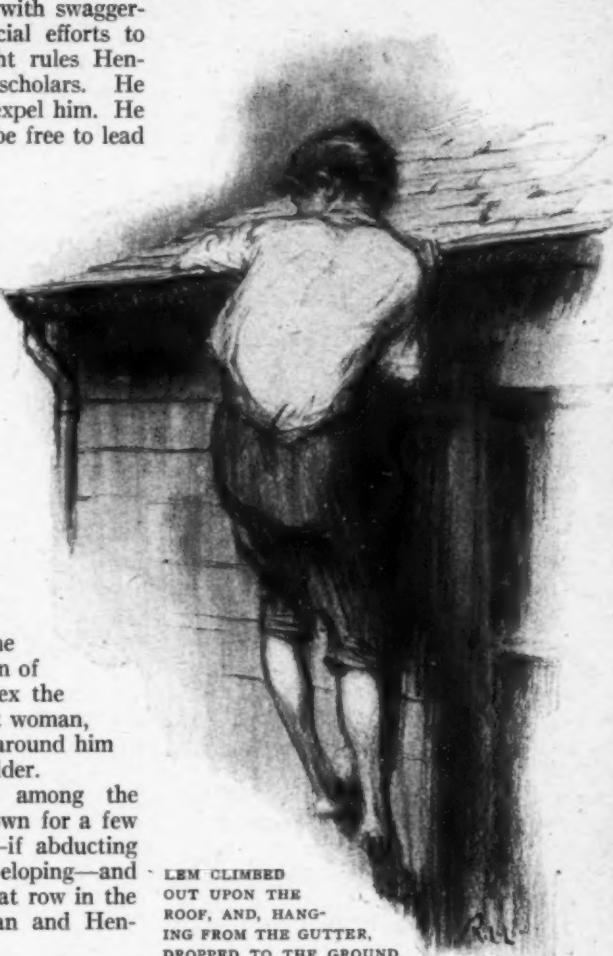
"It will be all the better for him," Henrietta told herself, excusing herself, during the short hours of courtship to which she subjected him before they "eloped." "I can make something out of him, and if I do not he will go to ruin. He is headed that way, and there is no one to stop him if I do not."

She convinced herself that this was true. As for Freeman, in his egotism, he imagined that he was doing the courting. He imagined that it was he who proposed the elopement. He felt that he was a clever, sophisticated man of the world, to be able to annex the love of this rather magnificent woman, to make her throw her arms around him and weep wildly on his shoulder.

He strutted considerably among the other cheap dandies of the town for a few days, and then they eloped—if abducting a silly youth can be called eloping—and were married. It made a great row in the town, of course, and Freeman and Henrietta did not dare to return.

The triumph of feeling that her friends would find all she had said in her letters was the truth did not last long. She tried to coax Freeman to go to work, so that they might live the life of a respectable married couple; but Todder was a worthless fellow, and was made still more worthless by a growing conviction that somehow Henrietta had played a trick on him, and by his early discovery that she was a liar. What the trick was he did not bother to make sure, but he felt that it was her fault that they were married, and that it was her business now to take care of him.

Henrietta was contrite of heart, beyond all question. She felt that she had done Freeman a vast and irreparable wrong. As he became more and more worthless, she blamed herself and not him. Whatever he was and however he acted, she believed



LEM CLIMBED
OUT UPON THE
ROOF, AND, HANG-
ING FROM THE GUTTER,
DROPPED TO THE GROUND

that it was her duty to bear with him and protect him.

The years had been miserable ones. The pair had reached some low depths, and had known some penniless days; but at last Henrietta had won her way into the Riverbank schools under her assumed name of Henrietta Bates, posing as an unmarried woman.

This was the Henrietta who left Miss Susan pacified and went up to see Lem. She carried a bag of the largest, yellowest oranges she had been able to buy. She was in most respects the kindest and most thoughtful of women. Every one liked and respected her. She had seemed, a few days earlier, to be thoroughly safe and happy. Now her whole world seemed about to topple upon her from all sides,

crushing her in a chaos of disgrace and infamy.

XI

WHEN Henrietta entered Lem's room, the boy lay as she had left him. He was in a deep, healthy sleep, with beads of perspiration on his forehead, for his room was under a slanting roof that received the full strength of the afternoon sun. Henrietta stood looking at him for a moment and then spoke to him. He opened his eyes, saw her, and sat up.

"Gee!" he said. "I guess I had a long sleep, didn't I?"

"A fine one. Look what I've brought you! You like oranges, don't you?"

"You bet I do. How long was I asleep?"

"Hours and hours."

She seated herself on the bedside and began peeling an orange. Lem stretched and yawned. His eye caught the great vaseful of syringas.

"Those are the flowers Lorna brought," Henrietta said. "She thought you would like them."

"They're nice," Lem said.

Henrietta was dividing the orange into sections.

"Open your mouth," she said.

She popped a juicy section into Lem's mouth. He made no effort to get up. He was contented where he was, and opened his mouth from time to time, as a baby does when being fed.

"I bet Aunt Sue is sore on me," he said presently. "I don't care. She didn't have to take me if she didn't want to. She made pop leave me. I'd rather stay with pop and help him be a saint. I guess I'll go back, anyway, when we get out of jail. How long are pop and me going to be in jail?"

"You're not going to be in jail, either of you," said Henrietta. "Judge Bruce fixed it all up."

"I bet Aunt Sue's sorry, ain't she?" asked Lem.

"Lem," Henrietta said, "you must not think badly of your aunt. She is a good woman, and she means to be kind. She likes you—"

"Rats!" said Lem. "She likes me like snakes! She hates me, that's what she does. I'll get even with her, all right!"

Lorna stood in the doorway.

"How's Lem?" she asked.

"Fine," said Henrietta.

Lorna came and sat on the other edge of the bed.

"And who is this you're going to get even with, Lem?" she asked.

"That old Aunt Sue," Lem said. "I'll do it, too! She told that old Schulig to take me to jail, and I hadn't done nothing but hook a chunk of lead from old Shuder. He's only a Jew, anyway. He's a Russian Jew. He oughtn't to holler when—"

"When what, Lem?"

"When it wasn't his lead anyhow. It was pop's lead. Swatty and Bony sold it to pop first—I know, because I bought it from them—and then they hooked it out of pop's junk-pile and sold it to Shuder. So it wasn't Shuder's lead; it was pop's anyway. I was just getting it back again for him."

"But you sold it to your father again after you got it back," expostulated Henrietta, although she smiled.

"Well, it was good lead, wasn't it? It was worth the money, wasn't it? We sold it to him cheap enough, didn't we?"

"Yes, but it was his lead already—"

"No, it wasn't; because Swatty and Bony stole it and sold it to old Shuder. He wouldn't have bought it if it wasn't theirs, would he? He's too slick to do that, you bet! He knew it was theirs. And, anyway, it ought to be theirs, because they had it first."

"Had it first?" Henrietta asked.

"Out of Harburger's back yard," said Lem. "It was just lying there, and nobody was doing anything with it; so they had a right to take it, didn't they? That's what junk's for, ain't it? What use was an old chunk of lead sticking in the mud, I'd like to know? It was Swatty's and Bony's, because they found it."

"Mercy!" exclaimed Lorna. "Do you mean they stole it from Harburger's back yard, and sold it to your father, and then stole it from him and sold it to Shuder, and then stole it from Shuder and sold it to your father again?"

"Why, of course—"

"And I suppose," said Lorna, "they would have gone on forever, stealing it from your father and selling it to Shuder, and stealing it from Shuder to sell to your father."

"No," Lem said.

"Why not? How many times does a junkman have to buy the same piece of



"TO-MORROW MORNING I'M GOING TO START IN BEIN' A SAINT FOR FAIR, AND I CAN'T BE BOTHERED WITH NO KIDS HANGIN' AROUND"

lead before it becomes sinful to steal it from him?"

"I don't know; but anyway," said Lem, "they'd have had to stop pretty soon, because old Shuder would get to know that chunk of lead by heart. He'd know he had bought it before, so he wouldn't buy it again."

"I'm afraid you don't quite understand the Riverbank youth's theory of property

rights in old metal, Lorna," said Henrietta. "It seems to be based on the idea that anything that can be picked up belongs to the picker-up."

"But not railroad iron," said Lem. "You got to leave that alone, because nobody 'll buy it off you. They'll get pinched if they do."

"But after a junkman has bought it, Lem, it belongs to him," said Lorna. "I

might see how useless old metal, even if not just lying on the street, might seem to be nobody's property, but when it's in a junkman's yard—"

"Well, they could take care of it, if they wanted to," said Lem. "They could put barbed wire on the fence, or something, if they didn't want it stole. How does anybody know they don't want it stole, when they just leave it out in the yard? How would anybody know it wasn't just some old junk they left out there on purpose to have it stole?"

Lorna looked at Henrietta and shook her head. This sort of logic was too much for her.

"But I bet you one thing," said Lem. "I wouldn't ever buy any junk they had just stole out of pop's yard. If they went around back and stole some, and brought it around front and wanted to sell it, you bet I wouldn't buy it. That ain't honest. That's cheating!"

"So you see, Lorna," said Henrietta, "what is needed here is an education in property rights, and not summary punishment; but I have a feeling that Lem's rights will be hard to make clear to Miss Susan."

"Well, I'll get even with her, all right," said Lem, nodding his head. "You wait, and you'll see! She can't make my father leave me here and then go and tell old Schulig to put me in jail. I'll get even, you bet!"

"Listen, Lem," Henrietta said, taking his hand. "You must not feel that way."

"Well, I do, just the same."

"But you must not. Your aunt likes you—"

"In a pig's eye, she does!"

"Yes, she does. She loves you, Lem. We all love you. Your aunt doesn't understand boys yet, and she was upset when she heard you say you had stolen—"

"I'll upset her, all right!"

The supper bell tinkled, and Henrietta arose.

"Shall I bring you your supper?" she asked. "A nice tray, with everything on it I can think of—so that you won't have to go down this evening?"

"Yes, ma'am, if you want to," Lem said.

They were no sooner out of the room than Lem was out of the bed and putting on his few ragged garments. It required only a moment. Then he pushed up the

screen of his window, climbed out upon the roof, and, hanging from the gutter, dropped to the ground. He paused to see that he was not pursued, and then made a dash for the back gate.

XII

LEM found his father preparing his evening meal in the junk-yard shack. He was not at all glad to see his son.

"What you want?" he asked. "If your aunt sent you down here to get money out of me, it ain't no sort of use. I ain't got a dollar to spare."

"She didn't send me; I come," Lem told him.

"Well, what did you come for? I ain't going to have you coming here. To-morrow morning I'm going to start in bein' a saint for fair, and I can't be bothered with no kids hangin' around. This here saint business is difficult enough to do without kids to take a feller's mind off it. What did you come for?"

"I've quit livin' with Aunt Sue," Lem said. "I hate her, and I ain't going to stay with her!"

"You mean you've run away from her house?"

"Yes, I do!" said Lem. "You heard her tell old Schulig to jail me. I ain't going to live with no aunt that tells old Schulig to jail me!"

Harvey turned the egg he had in the small frying-pan. He liked his eggs done on both sides.

"You had your supper?" he asked Lem.

"No."

"Well, you won't get none when you go back, I'll bet on that, if Sue is havin' one of her rantankerous spells. Eat this egg. I got a couple more. I want them all et up to-night, anyway; I ain't goin' t' eat 'em after to-night. To my way of thinkin', eggs is too fancy for a hermit saint to eat. When you go back you tell your aunt you heard me say so. Dod baste her! She thinks I'm foolin' when I say I'm goin' to be a saint. You tell her how earnest I am goin' at it, Lem, eatin' every dod-basted egg I got in the shack—yes, and all the bacon, too. You tell her you seen me gettin' ready to eat all the unsaintly food I got before midnight, so's I could start clean an' parsimonious, or whatever you call it, to-morrow mornin'."

He looked at the square of bacon on his shelf.

"I guess I'd better fry you up some bacon, too, Lem," he said. "I got to keep out of temptation from now on, an' there's 'most more bacon in that hunk than I can swaller to-night. You tell your aunt I used up all my bacon and eggs, will you?"

"No. I ain't going back."

"Yes, you are, too!" said Harvey. "Why, dod baste it all, Lem, I put you in pawn, didn't I? I'd be a nice-lookin' saint, wouldn't I, if I went and pawned you to your aunt and then let you come back? Why, look here, she could jail me for it, if I let you come back. You ain't got no right to come out of pawn. I'd be a nice sort of saint if I let you. I'd be a dod-basted old liar, that's what I'd be!"

"I ain't going back," said Lem.

"Now, Lem, you looky here," Harvey said. "You don't understand this business. I don't say I ought to expect you to, you being young yet, but I owe your aunt a heap of money—a heap—an' if she went and pushed me all over the place for it, I'd have a dod-basted time tryin' to be a saint. That aunt of yours gets on my nerves so gosh awful—"

"She gets on mine worse than that," said Lem.

"Now, *that* ain't got nothing to do with it," said Harvey irritably. "Don't you interrupt. If your aunt gets to chasin' me all around town an' back, pesterin' me for that money, I might as well give up bein' a saint right now and go back in the junk business."

"You don't have to be no saint, do you?" asked Lem resentfully.

"Yes, I do!" said Harvey. "You don't understand it, but I've been called. I've heard the call, callin' me to be a saint in this land where there ain't no saints. I've heard the call, Lem."

"Where from?" Lem asked.

"From heaven. Where do you think I'd get it from?" asked Harvey irritably. "The post-office? Do you s'pose it come in a registered letter, with a special delivery stamp on it? That ain't no way a saint gets called. I heard it in my heart, dod baste it! Like any other saint would hear it."

"How long you going to be one?" Lem asked dismally.

"Why—why, forever. From now on. It ain't no *job*, Lem. It ain't no *business*. It's—it's a way of being, like an angel is or a—a somethin' or other. When you're

a saint, you keep on being one. Once a saint, always a saint. Saints keep right on being saints forever, gettin' holier and holier, and workin' for mankind."

"What kind of work do they do?" Lem asked.

He had eaten the egg, and was eating the crisped bacon—Harvey always had the best bacon.

"They don't do no work—not the kind of work you mean," Harvey said. "They just work to be a saint. They work to be good. Some of 'em has a sort of side line, like I'm going to have. I'm going to work to be kind to stray dogs."

Lem finished his bacon. His freckled face set in firm resolution.

"I'm going to stay here and help you be a saint, pop," he said. "I'm going to be a saint, too. I can be a young one, can't I?"

"I'll be eternally dod basted if—" Harvey began angrily, but he remembered himself. "No, Lem," he said with forced gentleness, "that ain't in my plans. I can't let you do it—not now. You're too young yet. You go back to your aunt an' be a good boy, an' when I get her all paid off, an' get you out of pawn, maybe I'll see about it. That'll be after a while—in a year or two, maybe. Just yet awhile I got to suffer alone an' in silence, as you may say. You go back to your aunt like a good boy, an' I'll give you a dollar."

"I want to stay here."

"You can't stay here."

"Lemme see the dollar, then."

Harvey produced a dollar, a big silver one, and Lem took it. He had not taken off his hat, so he did not have to put it on.

"I'll go back to Aunt Sue's," he said as he paused at the door, "but I won't stay. She's mean!"

Harvey had turned his own egg and bacon onto the plate Lem had just emptied.

"She's mean!" Lem repeated. "I don't care what you are—I'd rather be with you, anyway. I'd rather be with you, even if you are a saint."

Harvey had been about to begin on his bacon and egg, but he paused with his knife and fork suspended.

"Lem," he said.

"What?"

"You go back to your aunt, Lem," Harvey said with sudden tenderness, "an' git along the best you can with her—for a while, anyway. You don't have to let her

be too dod-basted mean to you, Lem. You come an' tell me if she is, because maybe I might get a notion to git out of this saint business sooner than I think I will. I guess I don't have to let you be put upon

top of the fence and looked inside. The opportunity seemed perfect. He slid over the fence and moved cautiously among the shadows until he reached the shed where Shuder stored the more valuable of his properties. His toe stubbed itself on the very chunk of lead he was seeking.

Keeping a lookout over his shoulder, he dragged the heavy lump of metal to the fence, boosted it over, and shinnied after it. Close at hand was the wide opening into the rain-water sewer, and into this Lem pushed the chunk of lead, hearing it splash far below. Then, feeling more at peace with the world, he went slowly



THE EVENING
WAS PLEASANT. GAY
AND LORNA AND HENRI-
ETTA WERE ON THE PORCH

too dod-basted much, saint or no saint. You come an' see me once in a while, anyway. Now git along with you!"

Lem went, but his heart was far lighter. His father had not cast him off totally. For a few moments he stood outside the junk-yard gate in the deepening dusk. Then he had a happy thought.

He looked over his shoulder and started down the street at an easy, unhurried run. He did not pause until he reached the high fence at the rear of Moses Shuder's junk-yard. He raised himself by grasping the

back to his aunt's. He climbed to the kitchen roof, got into his room and into his bed, and slept peacefully and without a dream.

XIII

THAT Miss Susan never knew that Lem had stolen from his room that evening was due to the fact that Henrietta had carried the tray to the room. The half-open screen told her how Lem had gone, and when she took the tray down again it was as empty as if a boy with a healthy appetite had

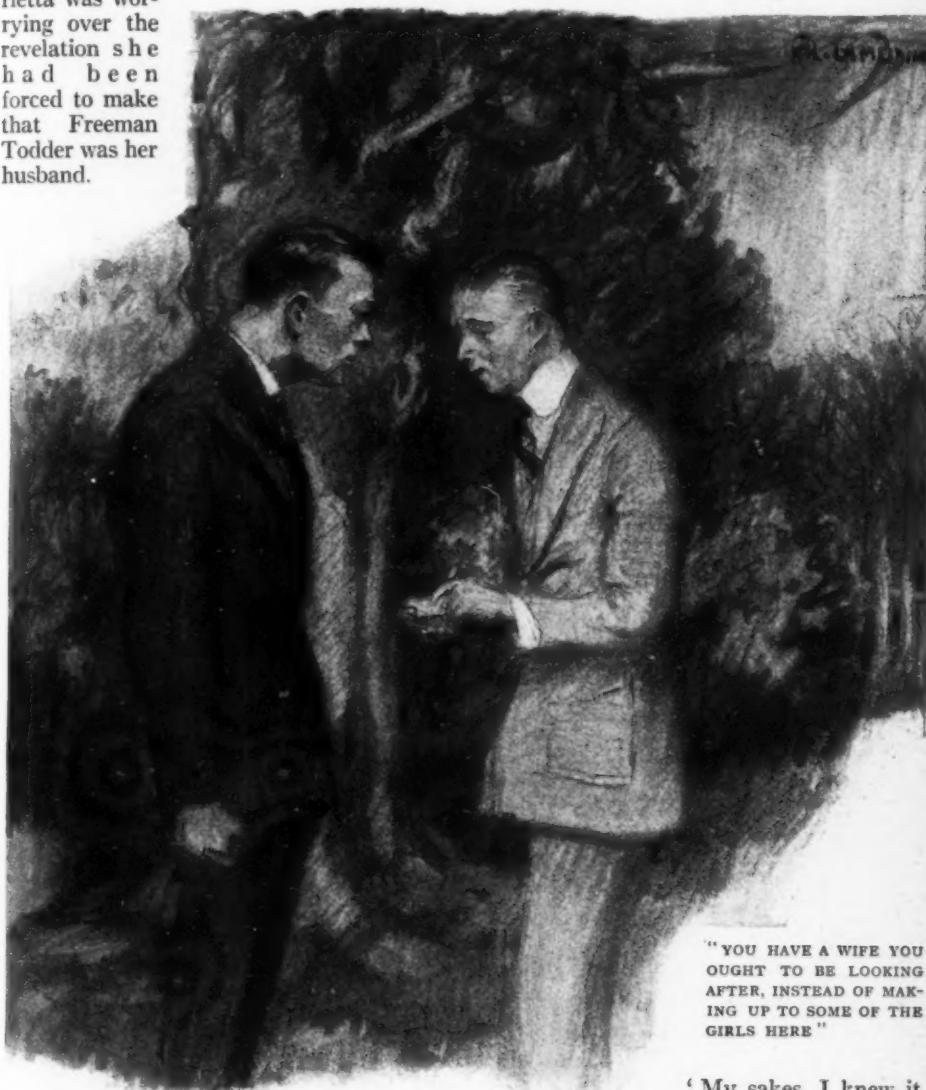
dined off its contents. Henrietta ate a rather light supper in consequence.

"I don't feel hungry," she said in answer to Susan's question.

Susan imagined that it was because Henrietta was worrying over the revelation she had been forced to make that Freeman Todder was her husband.

"Oh, please don't call me that!" begged Henrietta, in fright.

"I've got to," said Miss Susan. "I've got to do it once in a while. I've got to be able to say, to anybody that finds out:



"YOU HAVE A WIFE YOU
OUGHT TO BE LOOKING
AFTER, INSTEAD OF MAK-
ING UP TO SOME OF THE
GIRLS HERE"

"Don't you worry about what you told me," Susan said, when she found her alone for a moment after supper. "It's all right as long as you're a married couple. The only thing I want is to be able to keep the good name of this boarding-house clear, and speak right up to anybody that questions it, Mrs. Todder."

"My sakes, I knew it all along. I always called her Mrs. Todder when we was private alone together.' So don't you worry. All I ask is to see your marriage certificate, so I can say I saw it."

"Of course, I'll show you that," agreed Henrietta.

She had a drowning sensation. She could not remember what had become of

her marriage certificate. If it was still in existence, it might be anywhere.

"Not that I'm in a hurry," said Susan. "To-morrow will do. I've got to go up now and see how that boy is getting along, I suppose. If ever there was a fool I was one when I took him!"

"I know you don't mean that," said Henrietta, putting her hand on Susan's arm. "It has been an annoyance, having that ridiculous policeman come for him; but you really like the boy, Miss Susan. Don't you, in your heart of hearts?"

"I don't like a thief," said Susan grimly.

"But Lem is not that," Henrietta urged. "All boys do what he did—or most boys—if they have the chance. They mean no wrong, I know."

"They don't do things like that and stay in *my* house," Susan said.

"But Lem is such a dear boy—"

"He'd have to be a whole sight dearer before I'd ever want a thief in my house," Susan interrupted. "I'll let him stay tonight, but to-morrow back he goes to his worthless parent, money or no money."

It was evident that her dislike was still keen. Henrietta knew it would never do for his aunt to discover that he had decamped, even temporarily, by the window. Lem might not return, but if he did, Miss Susan must not know he had ever fled. That, she was sure, Susan would never forgive.

"Let me go up to him, Miss Susan," she begged. "You're tired, and it makes you cross. I love Lem."

Miss Susan was willing, and Henrietta went up to the empty room. When she came down, she said there was nothing the matter with Lem now, as far as she could see—which was, in a way, true enough, for she had looked out of his window and could not see him at all.

The evening was pleasant. Gay, who had come across the street, and Lorna and Freeman were already on the porch. As Henrietta went out to them, Carter Bruce came up the walk. Gay was on the step, with Freeman at her side, and they were talking in low tones.

Bruce hailed every one and stopped in front of Freeman.

"I hear you are going to leave us," he said.

"First I've heard it," replied Todder lightly. "Where did you get that?"

"I got it straight," Carter said. "I

hear you're going to leave Riverbank the first of the week."

"Nothing in it," said Todder carelessly. "Why leave Riverbank, where the fairest girls are? Must have meant some other fellow, Bruce."

"No, you're the man. I'm not mistaken," Bruce insisted.

Henrietta leaned forward in her chair.

"Stuff!" Freeman laughed carelessly. "Why should I want to leave Riverbank?"

"Come here a minute, and I'll tell you what I heard," said Bruce, keeping to the tone of inoffensive friendliness.

Todder rose and walked a few yards away with Carter Bruce.

"Excuse the secretive males," Bruce called, and then his tone changed as he spoke to Todder. "You are going to leave because you have a wife you ought to be looking after, instead of making up to some of the girls here. I've got this straight, understand? So you get out of town before the first of next week, or there'll be trouble!"

Todder felt in his pocket for a cigarette.

"Got a wife I ought to be looking after, have I?" he said. "That's glad tidings. Nothing like having a wife! Now, where is this wife of mine?"

He did not know how much Carter Bruce knew, or how he had learned what he did know; but he felt fairly positive that Bruce did not know much, or he would not have suggested that he ought to be looking after his wife. Henrietta was his wife, and he was, all things considered, fairly close to her even at that moment.

"Just where is this wife of mine, Bruce? I'm interested in the lady. That's proper, isn't it? A man ought to be interested in his wife."

"You know where she is," Bruce said.

"That means you don't," said Freeman, suddenly taking the offensive. "That means that somebody has been lying to you, or you have been overworking your imagination. Now tell me, where in this wife of mine?"

Carter smiled. He had played for this. He watched Freeman Todder's face, to see the sneering smile die when he spoke.

"Your wife," he said slowly, "is in Colorado."

The effect on Freeman Todder was not at all what Bruce had expected. Instead of cringing, he shouted a laugh. He even clapped Bruce on the shoulder.

" You've got me all wrong, Bruce," he said. " I know what's the matter with you—you're jealous! You're gone on Gay yonder, and you're sore because you think I'm cutting you out. Well, don't go spreading any of these 'you're married' lies about me in our beautiful little city, understand? I won't stand it."

Bruce said nothing. It was evident that there was something wrong with his information. He had no reason to doubt that Henrietta believed what she had told him, but something was wrong somewhere. He had tried to

Todder lighted his cigarette. In Iowa, at that date, such an action was in itself equivalent to a show of bravado, for the cigarette was a sign of deep depravity—so much so that the Riverbank



LEM TRIED TO PULL AWAY, BUT MISS SUSAN HELD HIM FAST

"throw a scare" into Todder, and the scare had not worked as he had expected.

He blamed himself—a lawyer, even if a young one—for having attempted a bluff before he had his evidence in proper shape to back his bluff; but he felt reasonably sure that when he had had another talk with Henrietta he would have the facts so completely in hand that he would be more successful.

audiences were never quite sure the villain on the stage was actually a villain until he had lighted a "coffin nail." Even *Simon Legree*, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," had to come to it. If *Uncle Tom* had put match to a cigarette, he would have lost the sympathy and gained the contempt of all respectable citizens. By lighting a cigarette Freeman Todder was, in a way, flaunting his devilishness in the face of his rival.

"Your jealousy has given you wheels in the head—that's what's the matter with you, Bruce," Todder said carelessly. "If you want to get the real inside information about my matrimonial affairs, past, present, or to be, I'll give it to you straight. The only wife I ever expect to have is sitting on that porch. There you have it, and you can do what you please with it. You can stand here if you want to; I'm going to go back and talk to Gay."

Bruce walked back at his side.

"I seem to have been mistaken," he said in the tone he would have used had he really believed that he was mistaken.

In a few minutes the incident seemed to be forgotten; but Henrietta was greatly disturbed. She could not guess what had passed between the two men, or how much Bruce had told or Todder guessed. She was, for the moment, exceedingly unhappy. She looked at Freeman closely, trying to judge what had been said, but his face offered no information.

If anything Bruce had said so acted on Freeman that the latter tried to leave town, the very worst might happen. Johnny Alberson, thinking he had been playing a trick, would in all probability have Freeman arrested. That would very promptly end everything.

Henrietta drew her chair far back in the shadow of the porch, and sat silent, trying to plan something, when there was in fact nothing that could be planned until she had spoken with Freeman. She had closed her eyes, trying to think, when she heard Lorna say:

"Who's that?"

Henrietta peered into the dusk and saw a plump, jaunty figure coming up the walk toward the house.

"It's Johnny Alberson," Freeman answered Lorna.

It was Johnny Alberson. He came to the porch smiling and swinging his light cane, his straw hat in his hand.

"Hello! Quite a party," he said. "Won't anybody offer a fat old man a seat?"

He walked up the steps between Lorna and Gay, and peered into the shadows of the porch.

"Is that you, Miss Redding?" he asked.

Henrietta had hoped she would not be seen. At that moment there was no one whom she less wished to see than Johnny Alberson.

"No, this is Miss Bates," she said.

Johnny, excusing himself for making the mistake, went to her end of the porch and took the chair at her side. He was pleased, because he had hoped to find her there.

It had been a thought of Henrietta that had sent him tramping up the long hill. After Henrietta's visit to the drug-store he had thought of her a good deal, and he had decided that—unless his memory deceived him—she was just about the finest woman he had ever seen; that she was the sort of woman with whom he would enjoy a flirtation, let it go as far as it might.

"Like meeting an old friend," he said, putting his hat carefully on the floor. "And I hope we'll be better friends. Mother has gone to Dubuque to spend a couple of weeks, and I'm going to ask Miss Redding to take me in, if she has room."

"That will be nice," said Henrietta warmly, but she felt that the coming of Johnny was almost too much.

XIV

THE evening proved more satisfactory than Henrietta had feared. Carter Bruce did not leave Gay to Freeman, but seemed to have taken Henrietta's warning thoroughly to heart. It is true that Freeman tried to monopolize Gay, rather driving Carter to Lorna; but Carter would not be wholly driven, and managed to make it a party of four on the steps, talking across Lorna at Gay.

Neither was Johnny Alberson as objectionable as Henrietta had feared. If he meant to press his attentions on her—and he certainly did mean to—he was too wise to begin too violently. Flirtation was a game with Johnny, and one in which he was an experienced hand. When he said good night, about eleven o'clock, Henrietta had spent one of the pleasantest evenings of her life.

She settled herself in her chair again, listening to the four younger people on the steps, to the crickets in the grass, and to the thumping of Miss Susan's iron in the kitchen.

Carter, when Gay finally arose, went with her. Henrietta was pleased to see that he took her arm, and that she did not object to this slight attention.

"Going up, Lorna?" Henrietta asked.

She meant the question more as a hint to Freeman, for she wanted to talk with him; but he did not take the hint, and sat

on the step smoking when they went into the house.

It was an hour later—fully midnight—when Miss Susan laid aside her irons and went to her room. The house was silent, for Freeman had gone to his room half an hour before, and Miss Susan climbed the stairs wearily. She was so tired that when she reached her room she sat on the edge of her bed, almost too weary to bend to undo her shoe-laces. Suddenly her eyes fell on her purse, which she had left on her dresser. It was wide open.

Miss Susan crossed the room and took the purse in her hand. It was empty.

For a minute she stood looking into it, and then she opened her door and went into the hall. The purse had not contained much money—eleven or twelve dollars, if she remembered rightly—but that was gone.

At Lem's door she paused, listening, for she heard subdued noises within the room. She opened the door suddenly.

The boy stood in the full moonlight, fully dressed, with his ragged straw hat on his head, just as he had come in from his visit to his father. He turned as the door opened, and the next moment Miss Susan had him by the collar. He tried to pull away toward the window, but she held him fast. He fell and was on his feet again in an instant, kicking and striking. Miss Susan held tight to his collar.

The small stand holding the ewer and basin toppled and fell with a crashing of queen's-ware. Almost before the noise ceased, Lorna and Henrietta were at the door. A minute later Freeman came, and Lorna fled, being too lightly clad.

"Grab him! Grab the little rat!" Susan cried.

Freeman clasped the boy from behind, slipping his hands under his arms, and spreading his own feet wide apart to escape the kicks the sobbingly angry boy dealt with his bare heels.

"You leave me alone!" Lem sobbed, doubling his kicks and jerking to set himself free.

Miss Susan, as Freeman tightened his grip, felt in the boy's pockets, bringing forth a silver dollar, but no more.

"Lem! Lem, dear!"

The boy looked up. Henrietta was standing in the doorway, her voice commanding but soothing. In the instant before Freeman and Susan could turn their

heads toward her, she closed her eyes and stiffened her body. At the moment Lem was too angry to heed her, but in another moment he felt that his struggles were useless, and he grasped what she meant. Suddenly he grew white and rigid and lay in Freeman's arms, stiffly inert.

"I was afraid of that! I was afraid of that!" Henrietta said, as she went to take Lem from Freeman.

Miss Susan, one hand comforting the side of her face where one of Lem's blows had fallen, scowled at the boy.

"The thief!" she exclaimed angrily. "The miserable, low, thieving brat! I'll show him! I'll see that he gets what he deserves now! Fit or no fit, he sha'n't stay in my house another hour!"

Henrietta paid no attention to her. Lorna was at the door now, a robe thrown around her.

"What was it?" she asked. "What did he do?"

"He stole from me," said Miss Susan. "He took the money out of my purse, and out he goes!"

"But not to-night," said Henrietta, braving her. "Not while he is like this!"

She tried to lift him, but he was too heavy.

"Take him, Freeman," she said.

Freeman lifted the boy and turned toward the bed.

"Not there," said Henrietta. "Put him into my room. He is not wanted here, but my room is my own. To-morrow, if Miss Redding wishes, Lem and I will go. Come, Freeman!"

XV

BEFORE Freeman had placed Lem on Henrietta's bed, Henrietta had her door closed and locked. She stood with her back to the door, facing Freeman when he turned. She had several things she wanted to say to him. She had not the slightest doubt that he had taken Miss Susan's money, and there were other matters she wished to discuss.

Her position was becoming more and more difficult each hour. What she meant to say she did not know, and neither did she know what she meant to do when all was said. One thing seemed to her particularly monstrous—that Lem should be held guilty for a theft he had not committed; and in her present state of mind she was ready to sacrifice both Freeman and



FREEMAN WALKED TOWARD THE WINDOW. "AND EXIT HUSBAND," HE CONCLUDED, STEPPING OUT UPON THE TIN ROOF OF THE PORCH

herself to save Lem. Her own life and Freeman's seemed already ruined, and as she stood there she was resolved that before Freeman left the room everything must be settled.

Freeman, as he turned, looked at her. He knew by the expression on her face and the light in her eyes that his last act had driven her beyond all patience.

"What do you want?" he asked, moving away from the bed.

"To talk with you," Henrietta said. "I am through. This is the end, of course."

"A nice little family chat, I suppose!" he sneered. "Door locked, hubby captured, wifey angry. Third act, second scene —villain husband lights cigarette."

He took his pack of cigarettes from his pocket and shook one out, knocking it on the back of his hand before he lighted it.

"Wife glares at husband," he continued in the same tone. "Husband nonchalantly

crosses stage to chair." He walked toward the chair that stood by Henrietta's window. "And exit husband," he concluded, raising the wire screen of the window and stepping out upon the tin roof of the porch.

Henrietta leaped forward, but only in time to hear the crackling of the tin as Freeman crossed to his own window. She heard his screen clatter down, the creak of his window as he lowered it, and even the grating of the safety lock as he locked himself in.

For a moment Henrietta looked at her window; then she turned to Lem.

"Lem!" she commanded. "Wake up!"

The boy did not stir.

"Lem, wake up! I know you are only pretending. Stop this fooling! I want to talk to you."

But Lem would not wake up. She tried other ways, talking to him all the while, tickling the tough soles of his bare feet, and opening his eyelids; but he was not to be coaxed or driven out of the pretended fit.

"Very well then," she said, seating herself on the bedside. "I'll talk to you anyway, for I know you hear me. I know you did not steal Miss Susan's money, but she will never believe that. I know Freeman stole it."

Lem lay as inert as a corpse. If he heard, he gave no sign.

"Listen, Lem," Henrietta continued. "What I want to tell you is that you must not run away, if you were thinking of running away. That was why I had you brought here, so I could tell you that. You understand, don't you? You must not run away—not to-night, anyway."

There was still no sign from the boy on the bed.

"I'll tell you why," Henrietta went on. "If you do, every one will always think you are a thief, and all your life you will have trouble and misery and unhappiness—all your whole life, even if you live to be a hundred! So I want you to promise not to run away to-night. Will you promise that?"

Lem did not answer.

"I wish you would," pleaded Henrietta. "I'm tired, Lem. I want to sleep and see if that will bring a solution of the trouble. I can't see my way out of it to-night. If you won't promise not to run away, I'll have to go to Miss Susan now and tell her that Freeman stole her money. I want to

save you, Lem; but I want to save myself and Freeman, too, if I can. If I tell Miss Susan the truth, it means ruin for me, and I will have to go away forever. Now will you promise not to run away?"

She looked at him, but not a muscle of his face quivered. She rose, drew her robe more closely around her neck, and went to the door. There she gave a last look toward the bed. Lem was sitting straight.

"Aw, gee!" he said. "Don't go and tell her nothing like that! Don't you go and tell her Freeman took her money, because he didn't take it. I took it!"

"Lem!" Henrietta cried with a deep breath, while her eyes showed her distress. "Not truly? You don't mean that, Lem?"

"Yes, I did! I took it, but I didn't steal it. I took it to get even with her, calling me a thief and everything."

Henrietta returned to sit on the edge of the bed.

"Oh, Lem!" she said. "How could you?"

"Well, she was mean to me, so I was mean to her. I got a right to get even with her, haven't I? I don't have to let her be mean to me and not be mean to her, do I?"

"But to steal!"

"I didn't steal, either!" declared Lem stubbornly. "I just took her old money and put it where she wouldn't get it again, so she'd wish she hadn't ever wanted to be mean to me."

"Where did you put it, Lem?" asked Henrietta.

"I won't tell you."

"You will tell me! You'll tell me this instant!"

Henrietta had not been a school-teacher for years for nothing. Now, by an instantaneous change, she was all school-teacher, and able to command a rebellious boy for his own good.

"I won't tell you, either!" declared Lem.

"Very well!" said Henrietta, and she arose and began to draw on her stockings.

"What you going to do?" Lem asked.

"No matter. You are going to tell me what you did with that money."

Lem watched her uneasily. She pulled on her shoes with the brisk movements of one who knows exactly what she has planned to do. She drew the laces taut with little jerks that made the metal tips snap against the leather.

"Are you going to wale me?" asked Lem.

"No matter. You'll know soon enough."
"I ain't afraid of being waled."

Henrietta was snapping the hooks of her corset now, not looking at Lem. There was a businesslike briskness in the way she snapped hook after hook and reached for her skirt that frightened Lem.

"Well, anyway, you might tell a feller what you're going to do to him," he said uneasily.

"Never mind," Henrietta said.

She jerked the band of her skirt two inches to the left around her waist. She picked up her jacket and thrust her arms into the sleeves, reaching for her hat at almost the same instant.

"Well, what do I care who knows where I put the money?" said Lem. "I made her mad all right. I ain't afraid to say where I put it. You don't need to think I'm afraid to!"

Henrietta jabbed a pin into her hat and put her hand on the door-knob.

"Where did you put it?" she demanded.

"I put it in her shoe."

"What shoe?"

"Her shoe in her closet."

"Her Sunday shoes—the shoes with the cloth tops?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"All of it?"

Lem nodded an affirmative.

"Very well," said Henrietta. "You'll stay here—understand?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Lem meekly. "I'll stay."

"See that you do, if you know what is good for you," said Henrietta.

She went into the hall, closing the door behind her, but leaving it unlocked. She knew Lem would not try to run away that night.

(To be continued in the July number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE)

BALLADE OF RUNNING AWAY WITH LIFE

OH, ships upon the sea! Oh, shapes of air!
Oh, lands whose names are made of spice and tar,
Old painted empires that are ever fair,
From Cochin-China down to Zanzibar;
Old beauty, simple, soulless, and bizarre;
I would take danger for my bosom wife,
And light our bed with some wild tropic star;
Oh, how I long to run away with life!

To run together, life and I—what care
Ours if from duty we may run so far
As to forget the daily mounting stair,
The roaring subway and the clangling car,
The stock that ne'er again shall be at par,
The silly speed, the city's stink and strife,
The faces that to look on leaves a scar?
Oh, how I long to run away with life!

Fling up the sail—all sail that she can bear,
And out across the little frightened bar
Into the fearless seas alone with her,
The great sail humming to the straining spar,
Curved as love's breast and white as nenuphar,
The spring wind singing like a happy fife,
The keen prow cutting like a simitar—
Oh, how I long to run away with life!

ENVoy

Princess, the gates of heaven are ajar;
Cut we our bonds with freedom's gleaming knife!
Lo, where delight and all the dancers are!
Oh, how I long to run away with life!

Richard Le Gallienne

The Girl Who Was Different

BY WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT

Illustrated by Gerald Leake

"LOVE," said Madge Van Amering primly, "is a thing of the spirit." "I know it," Paul Foster agreed humbly; "but you can't blame me for wanting to—to kiss you, can you?"

"I suppose not," Madge admitted reluctantly; "but I can be honestly angry with you if you try it again."

"I'm sorry, Madge," Paul apologized. "I know what your ideals are, and I wouldn't violate them for the world, if I could help it. If it hadn't been for that darned little curl that—that sort of came loose, and the way the sunlight came under the curtain there and shone on your cheek—"

He broke off with an impassioned exclamation and crossed the room. Then he pivoted and crossed back again. His hands safely clasped behind his back, he looked down at her longingly.

"I'm so unworthy of you, Madge!" he confessed. "Sometimes I think it's hopeless for me to hope. I'm such a vulgar, bestial worm! I'm forever being swayed by such dreadful passions!"

Paul's appearance belied his profession of baseness. He was a slender blond boy of twenty-four, with a nice face and serious blue eyes. Without being at all effeminate, he nevertheless bore a much greater resemblance to an adult Cupid than to the sinister and devilish creature he tragically confessed to being.

"You're so good, Madge!" he went on miserably. "Oh, darn it all! I know it's rotten of me, but I love you so much that sometimes I—I almost wish you weren't so darned far above me!"

"You see? Your so-called love for me is just pure selfishness," Madge pointed out patiently and with almost saintly resignation. "You want to drag me down. You want to—"

"I don't, Madge!" Paul protested in a

horrified voice. "I wouldn't drag you down for the world. I wouldn't really have you any different for anything. I just meant that sometimes you seem so far above me that I—I mean that—"

"I know precisely what you mean, Paul," Madge interrupted. "Professor Andrade Abracadafsky made it quite clear in his last lecture, 'The Motive of the Male.' This spurious emotion that you mistakenly believe to be true love is in reality only a false fever of selfishness."

She paused, and the far-away look died out of her eyes, giving place to an expression of warm, intimate interest.

"Tell me about Michael Noonan," she begged. "How is he doing?"

"All right," Paul replied without interest, and then, fervently: "My dear! Your eyes are like—"

"Has he really reformed?"

"What? Who? Oh, sure. Madge, if you only knew what I feel when I look into your eyes—"

"Do you think his reformation will be permanent?"

Paul drew a deep breath, and, recalling himself regretfully from the sweet land of romantic dreams, began anew the recital of his work of reformation with Michael Noonan. Then, and not until then, did he awake emotion in the girl whom he loved and sought. Her eyes glowed as he told of Michael Noonan's current moral perfection, and her graceful body was tense with interest as he contrasted Mike's almost perfect present with his perfectly awful past. Her voice was vibrant with feeling when she interpolated sympathetic comment and advice.

The butler, soft-footed and fat and curious, paused in the hall and listened. When he passed on, his face was a mask of disgust.

"That's wot comes o' lettin' 'em tyke

their learnin' serious," he explained later to the cook. "Lips myde for kissin' speakin' such words as should come honly through the beard of a hold man!"

"Lips made for kissin' 'll do the work they was meant for, no matter what words they speak," the cook philosophized comfortably. "Learnin' is taught in the schools, and can be forgot, but lov-

that he was ready to grasp at any straw of hope that offered.

The fact that no conventional obstacle stood in his way only made his problem the more difficult. Both he and Madge belonged to moderately wealthy New York families of something more than moderate-



"ONLY GUYS WIT' A YELLAH STREAK FIGHT
WIT' THEIR FISTS. I AIN'T YELLAH."

in' is born in the heart, an' cannot be invited to the party or told the missus is not at home, as ye please. When the love in her heart tells her lips to be kissin', it's kissin' they'll be, an' there'll be no taste o' the bitter foolishness o' ould min's wisdom on them thin, I'm tellin' ye!"

II

POOR Paul Foster would have been cheered by this prophecy, even from the lips of a cook. Two lean, lonesome years of fervent and unsuccessful attempt to convince Madge that kissing was the noblest service her lips could render had left Paul so nearly drowned in the slough of despair

ly good social standing. On his twenty-first birthday Paul Foster had come into an inheritance that insured him against disturbance by the wolf of want; Mr. and Mrs. Van Amering favored his suit, and there was no hated rival in sight to disturb his dreams.

The great obstacle that stood between Paul and success in his love-affair was a grim, invisible barrier built of the higher things of life. Madge was "different."

She scorned the life of the conventional New York society girl, and went in for "movements." She was apparently proof against all the various methods of courtship whereby the modern young man is accustomed to gather unto himself a mate. Athletic valor went for nought with her. She regarded commercial prowess as evidence of the brutal exercise of a primitive power and ruthlessness which it was the duty of civilization to suppress. Romantic protestation of passion either bored or disgusted her.

from a human brand, one Michael Noonan, better known in the days of his most brilliant burning as Mike the Mick.

Mike was a gang-leader and a gunman of parts. For some reason that no one but the Great Chemist who mixed the world

and its motives may understand, he submitted himself to the reformatory in-



MIKE FIRED
THROUGH HIS
POCKET. THE RE-
PORTS WERE AS ONE

She wanted—so she said—a soul mate; one who would and could appeal to her spiritual nature. Her admiration was all for the man who did things, not for his own personal gain or glory, but for the uplift of mankind.

So Paul, in desperation, went in for reform. He joined the Elias K. Waterman Association, an organization of young society men formed for the purpose of "big-brothering" gangsters and guiding their wayward feet into the safe highroad of respectability. He valiantly thrust his hand into the fire of crime and withdrew there-

fluence of the earnest young Foster, and took the highwayman's black-jack for the steering-wheel of a commercial truck.

Mike was Paul's one good card in the game of love. Where other men boasted of deeds done or contemplated, told of passion or sang of beauty, Paul, to win the favor of his lady's smile, must needs give her an account of Mike's continued good behavior.

So when Mike called at Paul's apartment in the upper Sixties, east of the park, he was promptly admitted, even though it was after eleven o'clock at night. The visitor entered hurriedly, as inharmonious against the dark-toned background of unobtrusive elegance as a pair of rubber fishing-boots worn with dinner clothes.

"Mr. Foster, I want yuh to lemme loose

from me promise not to carry a gat, an' never get into a fight less'n I was jumped an' had to defend meself," he demanded abruptly.

"You're going to engage in a gun-fight?" Paul exclaimed. "Mike, I thought you had reformed!"

"I have reformed, Mr. Foster," Mike protested. "This is a poissonal matter. It's—it's me goil. I gotta go get her. I mebbe gotta do some gun woik while I'm at it."

"Has she been kidnaped?" Paul asked.

"Took on wit' another guy," Mike corrected him. "She's at a dance to-night wit' West Side Louie. I gotta go get her away. I dunno if I gotta croak this guy Louie or no."

The structure of Paul's hopes was crashing down about him, and in the mental din of its destruction he found it difficult to think. Mike, reformed, was his one accomplishment that counted; Mike, a back-slidder, hauled up for a gun-fight over a girl in a dance-hall, would be a loss from which he never could recover.

"Wait and see her to-morrow," he begged. "Then you won't have to meet this man Louie and run the risk of trouble."

"But I gotta meet him," Mike insisted. "I gotta take her away from him. Don't yuh see? It's that way wit' a goil."

"Violence won't help matters," Paul argued desperately. "You can't keep your girl if she prefers this—er—Louie."

"The hell I can't!" Mike said explosively. "Yuh got that idea too, huh? That's what she thinks; that's what this guy Louie thinks. That's all 'cause I got this—now—reform thing. Reform ain't got nothin' to do wit' a guy's goil. The cops an' the judge an' the laws won't get her for yuh, will they? No! An' they won't keep her for yuh after, will they? No! Yuh gotta get her yourself an' keep her yourself, ain't yuh? Yeh! Well?"

"But, Mike, you can't compel a girl to care for you in the first place," Paul argued. "Nor can you make her keep on caring for you, if she meets some one else she likes better."

"What makes yuh think I can't?" Mike questioned. "Do I look like a sucker or somep'n? Why can't I?"

"Because no one can do that, Mike," Paul insisted.

Mike shook his head in bewilderment.

"You're all right on reform, Mr. Foster," he said; "but yuh don't know much about goils. Yuh gotta be able to make 'em like yuh in the foist place, or yuh don't get 'em; yuh gotta be able to make 'em keep on likin' yuh in the second place, or yuh don't keep 'em. Kate would be a sucker to stick wit' me if I ain't man enough to make her stick!"

"How can you make her stick if she doesn't want to?" Paul demanded.

"Why should she want to if I can't make her?" Mike countered. "Will yuh lemme off from me promise? I give yuh me woid, Mr. Foster, I won't do nothin' I ain't got to do. I won't do nothin' you wouldn't be willin' to have me do if yuh was along wit' me."

"Then I'll tell you what, Mike—I'll go along with you."

"Yuh can't do that, Mr. Foster. Yuh might get bumped off."

"I don't much care if I do," Paul replied. "I'm going to save you from this madness, if I can. You don't know what it means to me, Mike. I'm going with you!"

"All right," Mike agreed sullenly. "I ain't ashamed to have yuh. Have yuh gotta cap an' some oldish clo'es?"

III

THE strange pair went together into the night, across-town on Fifty-Ninth Street and thence down by the Elevated to Twenty-Third Street. Descending to the street there, Paul became conscious that he was viewing the city from a new point of observation, and that, so viewed, it was utterly unfamiliar to his eyes.

Instinctively he walked close to the dark walls and sought the shadows. He had the feel of being alone and menaced in a jungle—a mighty jungle, alive with hidden dangers that he might be compelled to meet at any moment. As he started across Eighth Avenue, he saw a policeman on the opposite corner, and a constriction of fear hurt his heart.

He followed Mike into a dark, narrow entrance next to a delicatessen-store and up two dim-lit flights of stairs. As he climbed, he could hear music, the shuffle of feet, and a confusion of voices above. His legs were weak and trembling, his throat was dry, and his heart thumped a lusty protest against the strain that was being put upon it. He wanted to argue with

Mike, to urge him to go back, but his stiff lips refused the utterance.

On the second landing there was a wide doorway, through which Paul caught a glimpse of the bobbing heads of many dancers.

A slender young fellow who leaned against the door-jamb and smoked a cigarette looked at Mike and grew pale. As Mike entered the hall, the slender young fellow flipped away his cigarette, tiptoed to the head of the stairway, and sprinted swiftly down to the street. Arrived on the sidewalk, he drew a deep breath of relief and wiped his forehead with the back of his hand.

"I don't want any of that in mine," he muttered fervently, and hurried around the corner.

"Stick wit' me," Mike whispered to Paul, as he entered the hall. "Keep right beside me, no matter what happens!"

Paul and Mike stopped and stood together just inside the door. A man dancing near by caught sight of Mike, stumbled out of step, stopped stock still, and with his partner held, forgotten, in his arms, stood silent, staring. One by one other couples stopped, stared, and began moving off the floor. Within the space of a minute the floor was deserted—with the exception of one pair.

The girl was a brown-haired, blue-eyed, over-dressed young creature of perhaps twenty. The man was slender, black-haired, swarthy, and dressed in the height of fashion, as fashion is dictated by the rulers of the sartorial kingdom of slash pockets, pinch-back coats, and patent-leather shoes with colored cloth tops.

These two danced on alone until the music stopped. The man kept his black eyes fixed on Mike, and maneuvered so that the girl was always partially between them.

When the music stopped, the man and the girl stood alone together on the floor, facing Mike. Mike spoke to the girl.

"Come here!" he ordered.

The girl tossed her head and laughed derisively. The swarthy man beside her grinned and patted her arm.

"Lo, Mike!" he said mockingly. "Feel like dancin'? Lot o' goils here to-night wit'out fellahs. Y' ought to be able to pick up somep'n if yuh look around."

"Yuh know what I come for, Louie," Mike said quietly.

"No," the other denied, with a shake of his head. "I dunno what yuh come for, but I know what yuh gonna get, if yuh feel like startin' somep'n!"

"Yuh know I'm off the rough stuff, Louie," Mike continued patiently. "I'm goin' straight, an' I don't want to do nothin' that'll get me into no jam. Will yuh fight it out wit' me wit' your fists, an' leave it stand as the fight goes?"

Louie shook his head.

"Only guys wit' a yellah streak fight wit' their fists. I ain't yellah."

Mike sighed and nodded his head.

"All right," he said, and took one step forward.

Louie's hand flashed under his left coat lapel, and came out holding a gun. Mike fired through his pocket. The reports were as one. Mike spun half-way around to the left, and his knees sagged, but he recovered himself and jumped for the girl. Louie gasped, swayed slowly forward, and crashed to the floor on his face.

Paul was conscious of a confusion of screaming and shouting. Then Mike was at his shoulder, swearing at him, urging him out through the door. Mike had the girl by the wrist, with her arm twisted behind her back in a position where he could break it with a slight pressure.

As the three went stumbling, almost falling, down the first flight, there was the roar of a shot in the hall above them. Paul felt the swift breath from the bullet on his forehead, and heard the *sput* of it as it spanked into the wall. Mike promptly returned the shot, and as Paul glanced back from the first landing he saw a limp form draped over the hall railing on the second floor.

"Don't run!" Mike cautioned, as they reached the street door. "Walk on the other side o' Kate—an' walk! Act like nothin' had happened." Then to the girl, as they stepped out on the sidewalk: "One squawk out o' yuh'll be your last. If I gotta get snuffed out for this job, I ain't goin' to leave yuh behind for no West Side Louies!"

The sidewalk was deserted. An automobile rolled up to the curb near the corner ahead of them and stopped. The driver alighted, leaving the engine running, and stepped into a cigar-store.

A policeman came hurrying around the corner and confronted the trio.

"Where was that shootin'?" he asked.



MIKE PEERED AT THE TWO BELOW. "YOU NEXT," HE SAID TO THE GIRL. "NO FUNNY BUSINESS, NOW. COME ON!"

"Shootin'?" Mike repeated. "Oh! That noise a minute ago? That was an automobile back-firin', I think."

"Sounded like shootin' to me," the policeman muttered. Mike started to move on. The policeman turned away. The scream of a hysterical woman came from the stairway the three had just quitted. The policeman instantly whirled and grasped Mike by the shoulder. "Hold on, you!" he shouted. "You'll stay with me till I find out—"

He groaned and sank limp to the sidewalk. Mike, with his black-jack still swinging from his wrist, dragged the girl to the car standing by the curb in front of the cigar-stand, opened the door, and thrust her into the tonneau.

"In wit' yuh!" he panted to Paul. "Hang on to her, an' don't let her yell or jump. Hurry!"

IV

PAUL clambered into the tonneau. The girl sat in terrified silence beside him, making no effort to escape or cry out. The clutch went in, and the car moved ahead.

The driver emerged from the cigar-store lighting a cigarette.

He gave a startled yell and, sprinting after the car, leaped upon the running-board. Mike leaned out.

His black-jack rose and fell. The driver groaned, went limp, and rolled off into the street.

Two shots sounded behind the car as Mike put it into high and stepped on the gas. Police whistles were shrilling from several near-by points.

The car went north across Twenty-Third Street at fifty miles an hour. There was a little metallic twang as the fender of a cross-town street-car just brushed the tire of the left rear wheel.

In the upper Twenties, Mike

swung the car to the left and roared into the cross street on two wheels, headed west. Between Ninth and Tenth Avenues he braked the machine to a jarring halt in front of a dingy saloon, and hopped out.

"Hustle!" he said tersely.

He reached into the tonneau and lifted the girl to the sidewalk. Paul followed them down two steps and into the saloon. A melancholy bartender was alone in the place, reading a newspaper.

"Job on," said Mike briefly. "Left a car outside. They ought to be here pretty soon."

"Shall I tell 'em you went through the place an' out the back way?" the bartender asked.

"Just tell 'em I run through here. They'll trail out the back way all the quicker 'thout any tellin'."

"Thought you was off the work," the bartender said.

"I am," Mike insisted. "This is just a poissonal matter."

Still gripping the girl by the wrist, Mike led the way to the rear of the place and into a little room that had been the kitchen in the days when free lunch was served. An old step-ladder lay on the floor among a pile of litter. Mike lifted it and set it up in the middle of the room.

"Watch her," he said.

Releasing the girl, he mounted the ladder. He pushed with the palms of his hands on the dingy ceiling, and a portion of it moved. It swung up and back, revealing a small trap large enough for a man to squeeze through.

Mike lifted himself up through the aperture, and, kneeling on the edge, peered back at the two below.

"You next," he said to the girl. "No funny business, now! Come on!"

The girl mounted the ladder. Mike reached down, grasped her hands, and drew her up after him. Paul followed, clambering through the hole to find himself in dense darkness. Mike reached down then, drew the step-ladder up after him, and softly closed the trap-door. As he did so, Paul heard a rush of feet in the saloon below and a clamor of voices.

"There's a fake getaway out back that 'll keep 'em busy for a while," Mike chuckled. "Come on!"

A thin ray of light slanted down from the small lamp in Mike's hand and marked a way on the dusty, uncarpeted floor.

They mounted four flights through the untenanted house to the roof, which they reached through a skylight. Up and down over the uneven roof-tops they clambered for several minutes, and then Mike knelt by another skylight, fumbled about the edge of it for a moment, and pressed a button with his thumb.

The buzz of a bell was faintly audible from below. Shortly the skylight was lifted, and a man's head appeared. Mike leaned down and carried on a whispered conversation with him.

"All right!" he said to his companions, when he had finished.

He guided the girl down first, then Paul, and descended last himself, closing the skylight after him. They went down a short, ladder-like flight of stairs, and entered a huge room filled with automobiles and lit by one large electric globe. They were on the upper floor of a garage. They rode down to the first floor in the big elevator, and walked back through rows of silent machines to a huge truck. Mike led the way to the rear of the truck and lifted the girl in. He climbed in after her, and beckoned Paul to follow.

"Lie down an' keep quiet," he ordered, and curled up on the floor of the truck, drawing the girl down beside him.

The man who had admitted them through the skylight also climbed in, dragging a huge tarpaulin after him. This he spread carelessly over the three recumbent fugitives.

Paul's hand came in contact with Mike's coat sleeve, and the sickening feel of warm blood sent a shudder through him.

"Mike! You've been wounded!" he exclaimed.

"Got it in the left shoulder," Mike admitted. "Didn't bust anything—just tore the flesh some."

The girl began to cry. Paul felt her move under the tarpaulin, and sensed that she had thrown her arms about Mike.

"I didn't mean to get you hoit an' all," she wept. "Honest I didn't, Mike! I got scared you didn't like me no more like you usta. That's all—honest! I just wanted to see did you like me like you usta. That's all, Mike!"

"What made you think I didn't?" Mike asked. "'Cause I didn't have so much dough to blow on you after I went straight an' started woikin' for it?"

"I dunno," the girl wailed. "I dunno

what made me think it. I just wanted to see did yuh like me like yuh usta!"

"Want me to go back on the rough stuff again, and be like I usta be?"

"No, no!" the girl wept. "Please not, Mike! Just if yuh like me—that's all I care about."

"What made yuh think I didn't?"

"I dunno," the girl sobbed. "Oh, I wish I was dead!"

V

THE roar of the truck's engine stopped further explanations. The big machine moved ahead, backed, rolled slowly forward again, and passed down the incline into the street.

After ten minutes of being jolted about on the hard, rough floor of the truck, Paul heard a warning cry above the noise of the engine, felt the sudden grinding jar as the driver jammed on the brakes, and then the sharp shock as the huge vehicle smashed heavily into some obstacle and came to a standstill.

"Beat it!" he heard the voice of the driver calling. "Beat it! Here come the bulls!"

"Out yuh go!" Mike growled, "It's all day wit' us if the cops get me now, wit' this wound in me shoulder!"

Paul scrambled out at the back of the truck, and stood blinking stupidly in the middle of Forty-Second Street, near Fifth Avenue. The lights all about rendered near-by objects almost as clearly visible as at midday. He saw the battered milk-truck with which they had collided, the two drivers approaching each other with clenched fists, and three policemen racing down the street toward them from Fifth Avenue. He also saw a limousine coming from the direction of Fifth Avenue and slowing up alongside the wreck, as the chauffeur leaned out to gratify his curiosity. At sight of the chauffeur his legs went weak under him, and his body shook with a sudden chill of fright.

He was dimly aware of Mike plunging past him and leaping upon the running-board of the limousine. He saw the startled expression on the chauffeur's face as he stared into the muzzle of the gun in Mike's hand. He saw Mike fling open the door, and heard his order:

"In wit' yuh! Hurry up! Keep 'em quiet inside!"

Then he was scrambling frantically into

the familiar interior of the Van Amering limousine, dragging Kate after him, and grinning idiotically at Madge Van Amering, the sole other occupant of the machine.

As the chauffeur, obeying Mike on the seat beside him, drove rapidly away, Paul looked back and saw that the police were occupied in prying apart the fighting drivers of the two wrecked trucks, and were apparently unaware of the getaway that had been made before their very eyes.

"Well!" Madge said.

It was all she said, but not all she meant. All she meant could not have been expressed in detail in an hour of uninterrupted speech.

"What a coincidence!" Paul chattered hysterically. "Fancy meeting you here, Madge! Ha, ha, ha! Really remarkable, isn't it?"

"At least remarkable!" Madge agreed coldly, her eyes on Kate, who was huddled beside Paul in a tearful heap. "May I ask who this—this person is?"

"Of course," Paul said. "This is—this is—I don't know her name, Madge. I'll explain it all as soon as we get where we can talk. It's some of my work with Michael Noonan, Madge. That's Mr. Noonan on the front seat with your chauffeur. It's all very mixed up. Can we stop at your house for a few minutes?"

Madge nodded an assent with evident reservations. Her lips were tightly compressed, and there was an expression in her eyes which was of no service in allaying the suspicion of imminent disaster that was driving Paul to hysteria.

Paul leaned forward and spoke to the chauffeur.

"It's all right, David," he assured him. "Just a little—er—practical joke. You may drive home now." And then he told Mike: "Put up the gun, Mike. It's all right!"

"What's that? The gun?" Madge exclaimed. "Michael Noonan? Well!"

VI

MICHAEL NOONAN was lacking in some things, but an ability to grasp the rough fundamentals of a situation involving human relationships was not one of them.

Seated in the library of the Van Amering home, awaiting the arrival of a physician whose discretion could be depended upon, Mike sensed the fact that Paul's interest in Madge was the antithesis of platonic, and

that his case with her stood in danger of serious damage as a result of the situation in which they were all involved. He realized that Paul stood in need of assistance, and Michael Noonan was never one to remain inactive when he could help a friend.

"Mr. Foster cert'nly is one tough guy!" he declared admiringly, offering the comment that he believed would be of

"Don't, Mike, don't!" Paul wailed. "Tell the truth!"

"Do," Madge begged. "I'm anxious to hear it. I'll thank you not to interrupt, Paul!"

Mike proceeded to give evidence that



PAUL SAW MIKE FLING OPEN THE DOOR AND HEARD HIS ORDER: "IN WIT' YUH! HURRY UP! KEEP 'EM QUIET INSIDE!"

the greatest help. "You'd never think it to look at him, but when he gets goin', in a mix-up like tonight, the best o' the bad ones have to step around!"

"In deed!"

Madge exclaimed. "Apparently Mr. Foster hasn't fully explained his part in this—peculiar affair. Tell me more of it."

"I didn't do anything!" Paul protested in a panic. "His mind's wandering, Madge! He must be out of his head!"

"He's like all these game guys," Mike continued. "He hates to talk about what he done. Why, say! When he swiped that cop on the jaw comin' out o' the dance-hall—"

one of his major characteristics was a vivid imagination. From it he drew forth the material for a gripping narrative of the evening's adventure that had but little to do with what had actually occurred.

Paul was the central figure of the tale, as Mike graphically told it. Paul it was who had tackled two gunmen bare-handed and beaten them insensible with his fists after disarming them. Paul it was who, alone and unaided, had fought off a very army of cops in order to make the getaway from the dance-hall possible.

As the tale was told, Paul writhed in agony of spirit and protested in vain. Madge believed the ex-gangster's fantastic

story—that was clear. By the time the doctor arrived, Paul stood identified in her belief not as a reformer who had rescued Mike from a life of crime, but rather as a man of violence who had suggested the evening's orgy of conflict, and had been the major figure throughout its course. Mike, as he finished, sighed with the satisfaction of a good deed well done. To his belief he had fixed things for his friend, and he was content.

When the physician began to work on Mike's shoulder, Paul, dumb with horror, followed Madge into the hallway. There she turned on him and threw her arms about his neck. Her tremulous lips sought his in a passionate kiss.

"My boy!" she breathed in ecstasy. "My brave, wonderful boy! My hero! I wouldn't have believed it of you! I never dreamed you were capable of such things. So modest and so brave! My viking man! My brave, strong boy!"

VII

THE next afternoon's papers carried two news items not so widely dissociated as

they seemed to the casual reader. One told of a gun-fight in an Eighth Avenue dance-hall, in which West Side Louie and a pal had been wounded by unknown assailants. The victims had been taken by the police to a hospital, where they were both under arrest on the charge of being concerned in a recent burglary. Detectives, it seemed, had been hunting them for weeks.

The other item was the announcement of the betrothal of Madge Van Amering to Paul Foster.

Reading the latter, the Van Amering cook nodded and smiled.

"Lips made for kissin' 'll do their work, no matter what foolishness o' learnin' they're taught to speak," she triumphantly remarked to the butler. "Wasn't I afferh tellin' ye so?"

She nodded and smiled again, and glanced through the rest of the newspaper; but among the stories of the day she found none telling of the marriage of Michael Noonan to Kate O'Grady by a justice of the peace. Such events in the lives of such people are unimportant, and have no news value.

LADY JUNE

My lady walks in silks of air,
Her feet are flowers, her breath a tune.
Sisters she hath, but none compare
With lovely June.

Her eyes are deep as some deep sea
Where it is always azure noon;
Her hair is every windy tree—
This maiden June.

Her breast-flowers are the buds that blow
On warm red clover; hers the rune
Of leaves that murmur "Ah!" and "Oh!"
In sighing June.

Oh, life would be a lyric thing
If I might gain a simple boon—
To hold forever one gold wing
Of singing June.

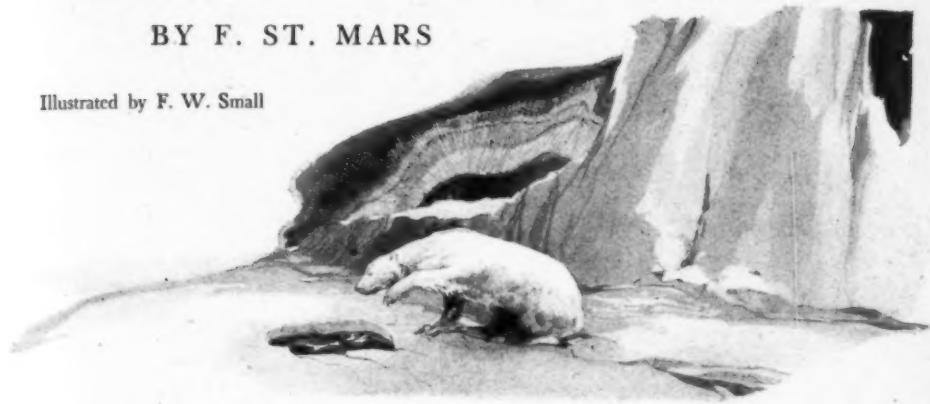
Now, dear my lady, halt, I pray;
Grant me just one more honeymoon!
Alas, alas, alackaday,
Where is my June?

Clara Maude Garrett

King of the Ice Lands

BY F. ST. MARS

Illustrated by F. W. Small



IT is no use attempting to describe that noise. Thunder would be too mild a comparison; but then the sound was nature's, you see, and when nature speaks none can turn a deaf ear.

The yellow smudge was half-covered in white snow, and scarcely noticeable. Lying upon a lavender floating ice-block, among thousands of other ice-blocks afloat upon a still sea of burnished bronze, the smudge moved in response to the sudden noise, and turned itself into an enormous, loose-limbed bear of startling proportions.

He shook the snow from his nine feet of length and sprang up like a gigantic dog, crushing his hard bed with his thousand-pound weight. He stared about him at the cataclysm of sound, which filled and shook all sea and sky and earth, but was chiefly where the shore ice-pack lay in toward land. Then he slid, and the sea received him with a little burst of foam.

He was fleeing to a larger floe, that bear, as the polar bear seldom flees, for had seen what made him, as polar bears rarely are, afraid.

What he beheld was a mountain—no less—tumbling into the sea; but the mountain was of ice, so that it shimmered and sparkled in the sun. Thousands of tons of snow were falling with the ice, all going down into the sea together—flop!

But it was at the sea that the bear looked chiefly. When he had gone to sleep, fifteen minutes before, that sea had been a polished bronze shield. Landward it was now a wave, *one* wave, and that one as high

as a cliff. It was hurrying outward to sea, roaring as it came, and the sight of the floating blocks of ice poised momentarily on top of it before they went toppling and upending over the farther side was enough to freeze the stoutest heart.

The noise that the bear heard was the falling of the ice in one earth-shattering slide of millions of tons. That was all—just one glacier that had broken off a piece of itself into the sea. But it was enough; so stupendous that a whaler, specially built and designed to battle with ice, and anchored three miles off shore, capsized, and was seen no more.

The bear was not fleeing from the wave. He was not such a fool, doubtless, as to attempt to outstrip the speed of its onrush. He made for the biggest ice-floe he could see, and he swam with a power and skill that stamped him as nearly, not quite, a true water beast.

But in spite of the power of a dozen men that lay in his immense forearms, in spite of sea-craft almost equaling a seal's, it became a race for life. In the great beast's eyes terror shone, perhaps for the first time in his life, as he literally hissed through the bronze depths.

Oddly enough, the seals, to whom he figured as death incarnate at ordinary times, swept insolently and curiously close to him. The porpoises, too, and the dove-like fulmar petrels seemed to be gathered about watching him, all much nearer than usual, as if they had come to see their arch enemy die.



THE BIG BEAR'S HEAD CAME STREAMING UP
OUT OF THE SEA

But he cheated them, and did not die. He gained the floe with a hundred yards to spare, flung himself at its arched and beauteous deep blue overhang, circumvented this, and raced for the center at full speed and without a falter.

The huge wave caught the floe as a mill-race catches a floating tree-trunk, and nearly lifted it upon its end; but the bear struggled desperately to reach the center of its solid expanse. Partly this was because his wife was there, partly because to fall into the water meant getting ground into potted meat between the grinding floes. The bear never guessed what, besides his mate, he would find there.

He galloped blindly into the very center of the trouble before he knew it, and then he stopped so suddenly that he sat upon his furry hindquarters and slid.

The apparition, which was a walrus, was some twelve feet long, probably did not weigh less than two thousand pounds, had

no ears, and only tiny eyes; but it had tusks—two of them, hanging downward and about a foot and a half long.

Moreover, it was not alone. The whole ice, as far as could be seen in the snow mist, was covered with rolling, undulating, slug-like forms of immense and terrifying proportions—all walruses. They had come there to escape the glacier.

But that was not all. There was a yellow blotch dancing grotesquely upon its hind legs, an absurdly uncouth and clumsy capering dance, right in among the crowding, heaving bodies that were closing in more and more. It was the great bear's mate.

How she had stalked and wounded a young walrus strayed from the herd, how the tidal wave had driven the herd to the floe's center for safety, and how they had spotted her and become aware of the foul murder to be, and gone mad with rage at the scent of blood, the big bear knew not,

though he may have guessed. What he did know was that death in several forms hovered over that she-bear where she danced now, and that by that very dance—she was looking for him—she showed that she knew it.

Now, bears are odd beasts. Their tempers are variable; one can never tell what they will or will not do.

This bear's wife was going inland, there to dig a hole in the snow, and, comfortably ensconced and sealed in, hibernate for the winter. When she came out in the spring, she would probably have two jolly little white baby bears to accompany her. And her husband was going with her as far as her hibernation; to see her comfortably sealed in, as it were, beneath the sheltering snow. Then he would return and hunt through the long arctic night, alone and bad-tempered. Goodness knows how many times the two bears had made that journey together!

To upset this program came fate in the shape of, first, the split glacier; second, the wave; third, the walruses.

II

THE old bear looked, and then roared. Also, which was more to the point, he charged.

The gigantic wave set up by the falling portion of the glacier had passed them now, and was thundering seaward, leaving a seething white wake in an agony of tumbling waters. For this reason the big bear's footing was none too certain. He reared up and struck, with the terrible round-arm, clawing stroke of all the bears; but he missed his mark, for just as he struck the ice suddenly cracked and opened under him.

His head came streaming up out of the sea—greenish now—biting savagely at two or three mighty pairs of tusks hacking downward at his flat skull. He scrambled out—red now in streaks—and reared up, striking with both huge forepaws—bash, bash!—at mammoth, slug-like walruses rolling one over the other in their eagerness to get in at him.

It was a great fight, but the bear won through to his mate; and then the two yellow bodies could be seen fighting their way out upon the white snow of the floes.

In five minutes the bears were clear of the walrus herd, and were slouching away across the lavender floes, stopping once to

drink at an indigo pool of fresh water, and then on—side by side, blood-stained and sinister.

Presently the female bear dug herself a bed and lay down in the snow to rest a while. The sea had quickly subsided, and was once more deadly still. She had lost a good deal of blood from her wounds, as had the male bear, too—walrus tusks, with a couple of thousand pounds' weight or so to back them, cut deep—and had never ceased licking her wounds when she stopped.

But her mate, grand old beast that he was, held other views. Wounds were nothing to him.

While she slept, therefore, he went to stalk a hooded seal lying flat and inert upon the snow. And fine was his approach. He hugged every snow-heap, melted belly-flat into every inequality.

But all his strategy went for nothing. The seal dived into a blow-hole, which she had made in the ice, when he was still twenty long yards distant.

Then the bear proceeded to await the convenience of the owner of that particular blow-hole.

In more or less time—time in those parts is only measured by the period a beast can keep under water without “lunging up”—a blue seal, which was not blue but gray, came up to blow off steam. His head was absurd, it was so small; but his length was almost exactly one foot more than the bear's length.

In spite of that, the bear lunged as only a polar bear can lunge—quick as a cat. The seal—all ten feet of him—turned an instantaneous and complete somersault, and—no seal! Only a snarl of falling waters, a splutter of bubbles in the place where he had been.

The bear turned round to lick his hind leg. Later, when he had picked up his mate again and proceeded another ten miles shoreward, and she and he had lain down to sleep together, the old male bear woke up with the northern restlessness upon him, and slouched off and waited by another blow-hole.

The owner of that breathing-space must have possessed an alternate ventilation shaft somewhere, for it was a full hour, during which the bear moved rather less than the floe he was on, before a bearded, smallish head poked up, and—biff!

The bear made no mistake this time.

Instantly his great paw swept round, and bodily he scooped the giant of all the seals, scaling more than six hundred pounds, splashing and sliding and shining wet, yards out upon the ice. That is the great ice bear's way.

Gradually and in such wise the bears worked their way in toward shore, reached the shore pack, crossed it, and so made the land. Here, high among the everlasting glaciers, lit by the light of the midnight sun, the she-bear dug out her den, the old male looking on.

But he was not for long

lifted a little, absurdly like some gigantic ferret, to strike.

And then, almost under his black muzzle, really under the foaming nostrils of the oncoming herd, a loud noise burst. The snow

A CLOUD OF BROAD
BACKS AND HOOKED
HORNS CAME PLUNGING
ONWARD. IT WAS LIKE THE
THUNDER OF A CAVALRY CHARGE

unchallenged. There came quickly a hurricane of snorts, like the "*qui vive*" of sentries.

A whirl of snow up the slope; then a rising column of it, as a cloud of broad backs, hooked horns, and dozens of bulging eyes came plunging onward. It was like the thunder of a cavalry charge. The herd of musk-oxen, feeding somewhere out of sight up the slope, had scented the bear, their greatest foe, and were charging down upon him.

If you have ever stood in the stifling African swamp and felt the ground shake beneath your feet as the Cape buffalo herd came on, you can guess what the old bear faced in silence.

His mate, ensconced now in the hole of her own digging, remained out of sight. He himself could not run. There was nowhere to go and none to help. He faced it—death, utter and annihilating.

Before you could breathe, almost, they were upon him — within ten yards. He



exploded as if a bomb had been set off beneath it. White shrapnel whizzed upward and outward. White lumps of snow flew all over the place. White powder blinded the eyes of the charge-maddened beasts.

The herd parted momentarily. One division swept by on the old bear's right, the other on his left, both so close that he could have touched the long, shaggy, tossing coats. Then the herd thundered on, and the old bear came down on all fours again.

He had been saved as if by a miracle. His escape was due to the bursting upward on wing of a covey of ptarmigan from under the snow, wherein they had been lying buried in their tunnels, till the roar of the charging herd literally blew them into the air with fright.

Then the bear turned, and slowly shamblled down the slope to face the relentless dark of the long, silent winter night.

The Samovar Girl*

A ROMANCE OF REVOLUTIONARY RUSSIA

By Frederick Moore

Author of "Siberia To-Day," "Sailor Girl," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY STOCKTON MULFORD

XIX

PETER'S mind was set going like an engine by what Vashka had told him. He spent the afternoon walking the floor of his room, his whole being glowing with the joyful fever of revenge.

"I am close upon your heels!" he whispered to his own mental image of Michael Kirsakoff—the image in his memory, to which new strength was given by the description of Vashka.

It might take days, it might take weeks, before he could so shuffle circumstances that he should meet Michael under ideal conditions for carrying out his vengeance. Peter's inner fury against the former governor was fed by imagined combinations of scenes in which he killed Kirsakoff over and over again.

Peter's vengeance had become a holy mission to him through the years. During his years in the United States there were times when he felt that he would never return to Siberia; but the old hatred still smoldered, and it flamed up brightly with the chance to get back on Russian soil with the American army.

What had been his selfish desire for revenge had now transformed itself into a desire to help his own people. The old tribal spirit of the Slav had flamed up within him when he encountered the mad ecstasy of liberty among the people in Vladivostok. He longed to have a part in the great emancipation which had come to those of his race.

Moreover, he now saw himself as the savior of the beautiful Vashka—Vashka, who personified for him the Russia that

must be saved, just as Kirsakoff personified for him the Russia that must be destroyed. For with Kirsakoff plotting with Zorogoff the Mongol to defeat the revolution and once more enslave the people, Peter saw his chance to strike a blow to thwart the new tyranny.

"Our day of vengeance draws near, my father!" said Peter. "It is God who has done this for us! Did He not take me from this place, crude ore from our own beloved land, and send me back with the deadly power of an avenging sword to strike a blow for justice in holy Russia?"

In the old way, he crossed himself with both hands. The deep flow of mysticism and emotionalism which so often had swept the Slav to action, without the cooler preview of the races that gained the beginnings of their freedom in the Dark Ages, shook Peter's very soul. He was living again the stark horrors of his boyhood—living again the bitter morning when his father, who was all the world to him and all he loved, had been stricken down before his eyes. These memories he could now blot out, and he could slay with his own hand one dragon of the old autocracy—Michael Alexandrovitch Kirsakoff.

Through Vashka and her father he could find Michael. It seemed to Peter that it was all a divine plan. He felt that a guiding star had brought them together—and now he could not fail in his duty.

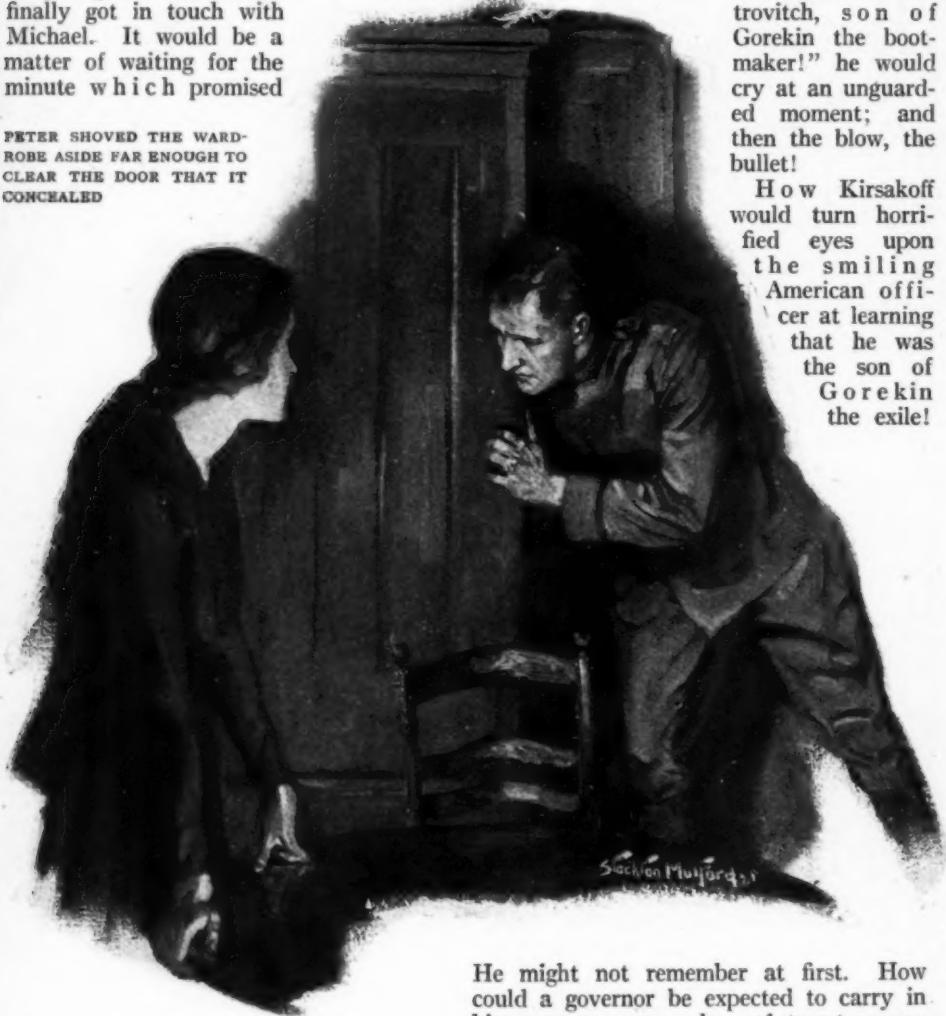
Michael would be well guarded. He would be wary; but vigilance might be relaxed for an American officer who wished to talk with General Kirsakoff and to enter into secret negotiations with him. That was one of the many possible plans for

*Copyright, 1921, by Frederick Moore—This story began in the February number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

meeting Michael which flitted through Peter's brain.

The business would require care in preparation and good judgment in execution. He would have to put aside all impulses for prompt action when he finally got in touch with Michael. It would be a matter of waiting for the minute which promised

PETER SHOVED THE WARDROBE ASIDE FAR ENOUGH TO CLEAR THE DOOR THAT IT CONCEALED



success without attaching the slightest suspicion to Lieutenant Peter Gordon of the American army.

It would have to be done only after a period of slowly acquiring Kirsakoff's confidence. Peter would have to build up a pretended sympathy for those of the old régime, and to show a willingness to aid Kirsakoff and Zorogoff in their plans to betray the people into the hands of a new tyranny.

He saw himself dining with Kirsakoff as a guest at the general's house. He built in his imagination a succession of secret conferences, and then perhaps a social evening together, with wine and cigarettes.

"I am Peter Petrovitch, son of Gorekin the boot-maker!" he would cry at an unguarded moment; and then the blow, the bullet!

How Kirsakoff would turn horrified eyes upon the smiling American officer at learning that he was the son of Gorekin the exile!

He might not remember at first. How could a governor be expected to carry in his memory a poor boy of twenty years before? But Peter would make him remember. There must be time for that. Michael Kirsakoff should know by whose hand he died—that was necessary for the joy of vengeance.

Peter went to the window, and through the frost gradually creeping upward on the panes, making a delicate etching of tropical foliage upon the glass, he looked out over the Valley of Despair.

The sun was gone over the crest of the

hills, and the gray gloom was settling down upon the city. The little hut of Peter's boyhood was merging slowly into the shadows of the higher buildings about it, and tiny sparks showed through the white smoke rising from its ancient chimney. Old Rimsky was feeding the fire-pit for the night.

Peter thought of the bitter days and nights of all the exiles, long dead and forgotten—of the staggering columns coming in afoot over the Czar's road to living death, of the clanking of chains, of the screams in the night, of the barking of rifles hunting down fugitives in the hills. Chita had become a city—a city built out of the tears and anguish, out of the bodies destroyed and minds wrecked, the prayers and lamentations, the hates and cruelties, mixed with the bricks and the logs of its walls. Countless legions of human beings had been poured into the wilderness and their bodies used as fertilizer for a new empire for the Czars.

"Oh, you cry for justice," he said, "and I shall not deny it! Peter Petrovitch knows how long you have waited!"

Turning from the window, he took his belt and pistol from the writing-table and strapped them about him. Then he turned on the shaded drop-light which threw down upon the green cloth of the writing-table a yellow cone of radiance. It was five o'clock by his watch. He rang the bell—three times—for Vashka.

He sat down by the table, his head and shoulders in the gloom of the room, and waited. The sound of footsteps in the hall reached his ears, and the careful opening and closing of doors. He heard the strains of an old Russian air played on a violin on the floor above, and the regular pounding of feet, as if some one had broken into a sudden dance.

It was the hour when the people of the hotel began to bestir themselves for the gay times of evening. They seemed to keep hidden during the day and go abroad at night to the restaurants of the city, to return to their rooms early in the mornings, with noise and confusion. The men were mostly officers of the ataman's army, from the few Peter had seen in the halls, and the women were a flashy, furtive lot—women who had drifted up from Vladivostok or Harbin, women of the sort that has the best of everything in times of disorder and famine. Disaster always seems to en-

rich them, and they thrive best where there are the fewest laws of restraint.

Vashka was at the door with surprising promptitude. She entered without knocking, closed it behind her softly, and stood for a minute, a vague shadow in the gathering darkness outside the zone of the shaded lamp.

Peter rose from his chair and moved toward her.

"Thank you for coming," he said, his voice low, in keeping with her secretive entrance. "Will your father talk to me? Will he tell me—"

"If you still wish it," she said. "Please, will you take the shade from the lamp? The darkness is not pleasant."

He caught a note of melancholy, of discouragement, in her voice.

"Is anything wrong?"

"Not unless it is wrong for us to involve you in the dangers that face us."

Peter laughed, to cover a sudden fear which he felt that she might recede from her promise to help him find Michael Kirsakoff.

"I am glad to help you. I know there may be danger, but I have no fear."

He lifted the shade off the top of the lamp, and in the flood of light he stood revealed in his khaki uniform. The silver bars on his shoulders caught the light and reflected it sharply. But Katerin—who was to him Vashka—let her eyes rest upon the brown, boxlike holster on Peter's hip; and her eyes still clung to the holster while he turned and pulled down the decrepit window-shades.

He swung round and looked at her, smiling. He saw at once that her mood of the former visit had utterly disappeared. Her eyes seemed sadder, and the light revealed the pallor of her face. He could see that she was suffering from strain long endured. A twinge of pity tugged at his heart.

He gave the pistol-holster a great slap.

"Here is America!" he said. "Come! It is time to be happy! Behind me is an army, and the power of America!"

She smiled faintly, and sat down in a chair.

"America!" she whispered. "It must be a wonderful land!"

"A land of magic!" he said with swift fervor. "Look at me! It took me, in a few years it transformed a poor Russian boy into an officer, and it sent me back to help Russia—and you, Vashka!"

"And you will go back to America?"

"Oh, yes—when Russia has her freedom. Did you tell your father that I would help you, and that I desired to find Michael Kirsakoff?"

"Yes, I told him. He fears that you will only endanger yourself, and not be able to help us. He is discouraged. You must not be annoyed if he is slow and cautious with you, for he doubts, as he said, that one American can fight Zorogoff's army."

"But I am a Russian," said Peter. "Do you think I would hide behind my American coat, and see Zorogoff and Kirsakoff destroy you?"

"But if Zorogoff's men should kill you?"

"Ah, it is one thing to terrorize a girl and a helpless old man, and quite another for him to frighten an American officer—or defy the American army!"

"But your soldiers are in Vladivostok."

"True. Zorogoff might kill me, but he knows he would in time have to pay for it. He will think twice with me, you may be sure of that."

"You are brave," she said simply, with a look of admiration.

It was apparent to Peter that she was reassured. He shrugged his shoulders.

"It is you who has been brave. It is easy for me to talk with an army behind me. Please tell me one thing—are you expecting an American officer to come here—to find you?"

She looked at him in surprise, trying to understand what might be behind his question.

"No. Our friends may send help. That was why I came to you—any stranger in the city might have word from friends." She laughed suddenly, in comprehension, and went on hastily. "We who are beset clutch at any straw—and you were the

straw. Yet was I not wise? For you have said that you will save us, that you would even—" "

Katerin stopped abruptly and looked into the light. Her eyes showed more animation now, and Peter found himself admiring the patrician poise of her head. She turned away abruptly, and shivered.

"I would what?" he prompted.

"You would even kill Kirsakoff for us!"

His eyes narrowed, and he smiled.



"IT WAS KIRSAKOFF'S
ORDERS WHICH CAUSED MY FATHER TO BE CUT
DOWN BY A COSSACK," SAID PETER BITTERLY

"What makes you think I would kill him?"

She looked at him with a steady gaze for an instant.

"I know. That is why I trust you, and that is why my father and I will help you to find him. But I tell you now—before you will be able to have my father tell you where Kirsakoff may be found, you will have to convince him that you are not a friend of Kirsakoff. It will be a secret in return for a secret, in the old exile way of bargaining."

"That is fair enough," Peter replied. "I think I can convince your father that

I am the friend of anybody who was an unfortunate, and that I am the enemy of Michael Kirsakoff."

She turned her back to him, and moved toward the wardrobe against the wall.

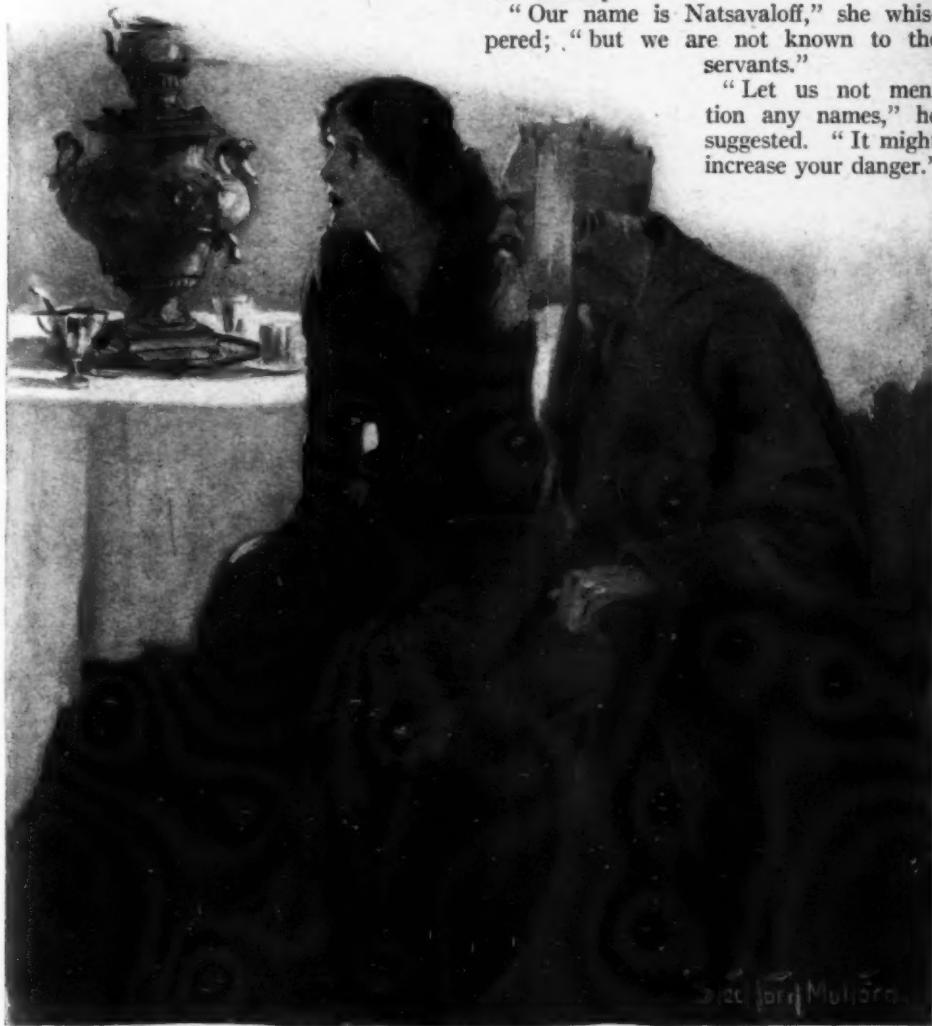
"Move this," she directed. "The door behind it leads to our rooms. I got the Jew to bring us near you, so that you will not have to go into the hall to visit us."

"That was wise," he said.

Going over to the wardrobe, he put his shoulder against it, and, steadying it with his hand, shoved it aside far enough to clear the door that it concealed. When he had finished, she slipped the shade back on the lamp.

"Our name is Natsavaloff," she whispered; "but we are not known to the servants."

"Let us not mention any names," he suggested. "It might increase your danger."



MICHAEL KIRSAKOFF LEANED FORWARD. KATERIN'S MOUTH OPENED AND HER EYES WIDENED IN HORROR

"It is wiser," she agreed. "Now I shall go round and free the bolts on our side."

She slipped through the door into the hall, and he snapped out the light on the table. In a minute he heard the rattle of bolts, and the door between the rooms swung open. Vashka stood outlined against the dim light of a room beyond.

"Come!" she whispered.

Peter stepped through the open door into the shaft of light which shot toward him through another partly curtained doorway. Looking to the end of this vista of light, he saw a frail old man, with his head tied up in a bandage, sitting by a table, waiting for the visitor.

XX

PETER stopped at the threshold of the room and gave Michael Kirsakoff a brief scrutiny. It was an old and decrepit man who sat in the chair, with a withered old head bound in bandages, and nodding gently as if with a palsy—a man much older and more worn than Peter had expected to see.

For an instant the two looked at each other by the dim light which came from the shaded lamp behind Michael on the table; for Katerin had so arranged it that her father's face should not stand out clearly before Peter.

Wassili stood behind Michael's chair, partly in gloom, hovering over his master with watchful care. Peter was conscious of the muzhik's face in the dark background, and of his suspicious eyes boring across the room. There was a tense alertness in the posture of the man's body suggesting the crouching of an animal for a spring.

Peter, heels together, bowed. Katerin passed him, approached her father, and said:

"I bring our friend."

The bent shoulders of Michael under the old gray coat leaned forward slightly. His right hand, hidden beneath the blanket thrown across his legs, moved with a jerk, while the left hand, which rested upon a knee, lifted, and by a gesture invited Peter to a chair. Peter noted that it was a thin and bony hand—so thin that it was more like a claw than a hand.

"Sir, I bid you welcome," said Michael hoarsely.

"And may God's blessing fall upon you, sir," replied Peter.

His heart quickened with sympathy for this pathetic old man, who, like his own father, as Peter thought, had suffered the life of an exile under the cruel rule of Governor Michael Kirsakoff. His sympathy fed the inward flame of hatred which he felt for the very man now before him!

Peter sat down. A samovar sang on the table, so placed that when Katerin went to it to fill glasses with tea, she stood where she might easily step between her father and Peter. As Peter sat down, Wassili offered the guest a cigarette from a tin box, and, lighting a match for him, took his station behind Peter's chair. So, while it appeared that Peter was receiving the conventional courtesies accorded a visitor, Katerin and Wassili were really disposing themselves so that in case Peter recognized Michael Kirsakoff, the old man might be safe from attack.

"You are an American officer—yet Russian," said Michael.

"Yes. It has been twenty years since I saw my native land."

"Ah, a sad home-coming for a child of the motherland!" sighed the old man.

"Times have changed, sir."

"And some say for the better, eh? Perhaps, but I'll not live to see it finished. My daughter says you know our story."

"She has told me you were a political under the old governor, Kirsakoff."

"Kirsakoff! Ah, yes! He has but a short time left in this world, for there are many waiting their chance to settle with him; but I have learned, young man, to bide my time."

"Your daughter has told me of what Zorogoff and Kirsakoff have visited upon you—the torture—" began Peter.

"That Mongol dog of a Zorogoff!" said Michael.

"He would be nothing but for the brains of Kirsakoff," put in Katerin, as she handed them their glasses of tea. "Beware of him," she went on, addressing Peter. "It is a dangerous game you play if you have any reason for wanting to get close to Michael Kirsakoff."

"But if I did not go to him as a Russian—if he knew me only as an American officer, who, we will say, did not speak perfect Russian? Would not the danger be more on his side?"

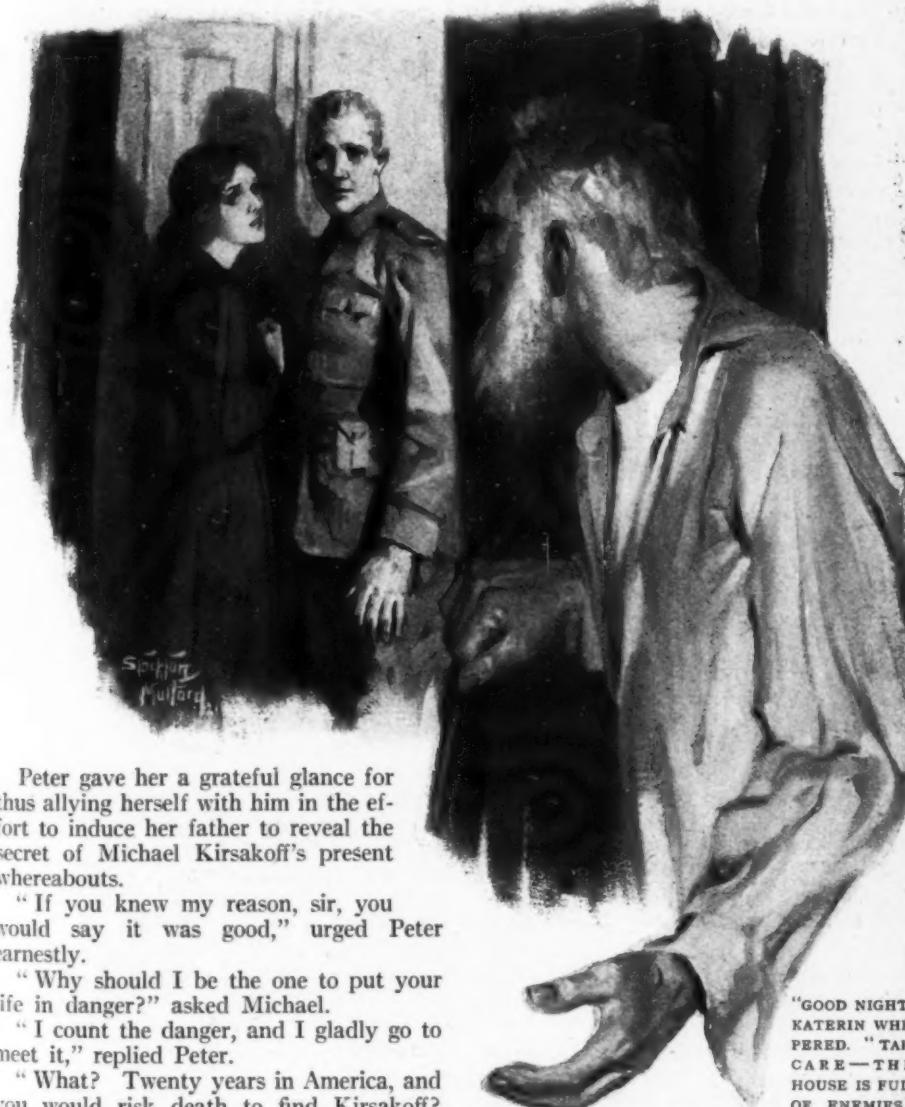
"No, no!" said Michael, shaking his head energetically. "Kirsakoff's hand is hidden, and your life would be in danger at

once if you gave a hint that you knew where Kirsakoff was."

"But perhaps our friend has his own reasons for wanting to find Kirsakoff," said Katerin to her father.

"Too well," said Peter. "I knew him when I was a boy, and I have an old score to pay off!"

"What? You are too young to have been an exile!" said Michael, leaning for-



Peter gave her a grateful glance for thus allying herself with him in the effort to induce her father to reveal the secret of Michael Kirsakoff's present whereabouts.

"If you knew my reason, sir, you would say it was good," urged Peter earnestly.

"Why should I be the one to put your life in danger?" asked Michael.

"I count the danger, and I gladly go to meet it," replied Peter.

"What? Twenty years in America, and you would risk death to find Kirsakoff? You speak as if you had spent twenty years in Kirsakoff's prison! There are many here who have done that, and still they have no stomach for meeting the governor face to face. I tell you, sir, it is because they know Kirsakoff!"

"I also know him," said Peter.

"You know Kirsakoff?" asked Katerin.

"GOOD NIGHT,"
KATERIN WHIS-
PERED. "TAKE
CARE—THIS
HOUSE IS FULL
OF ENEMIES!"

ward and peering at Peter; but the old general took good care that his face was turned away from the light.

"My father was an exile," Peter replied.

"Oh, that is a new string to the fiddle," said Michael, leaning back in his chair.

"You are one of us."

"Here? In Chita?" demanded Katerin.

Peter looked up and saw the shocked surprise in Katerin's face.

"In this city—the Valley of Despair," said Peter, feeling that he had scored with them, and that now they would regard him with a more friendly attitude.

"And could we have known your father?" asked Katerin.

"No. He died twenty years ago."

"Twenty years!" said Michael. "That is a long time to wait for vengeance!"

"Aye, so it is; but you, sir, have worked all your life to see Russia freed of its chains. Like you, I have learned to bide my time. During those years in America I never forgot, though I confess I had little hope of ever coming back. It was the war that has given me the chance, and when I knew the Americans were to send troops here, I volunteered for service in Siberia. Was it not God-given that I should be sent back to my native land?"

"It was, if the debt to Kirsakoff, as you call it, was such that God would have it paid," said Katerin.

She had seated herself by the table, so that her father was close to her side, yet she faced Peter; and her position was such that she cut the light from her father's face without being herself between Peter and the lamp.

"It was Kirsakoff's orders which caused my father to be cut down by a Cossack," said Peter bitterly. "And it was by Kirsakoff's orders that I was thrown into the big prison on the hill—I, a poor boy!"

Michael leaned forward with keen interest in Peter's revelation, and Peter saw Katerin's mouth open and her eyes widen in horror at his words. She clutched the sides of her chair, her arms rigid.

Peter felt that these two had the keenest sympathy for him. He heard Wassili breathing swiftly, evidently in anger that Governor Kirsakoff could commit such crimes and still live.

"Then you know—how cruel Kirsakoff was—to the exiles!" whispered Katerin.

"I know," said Peter. "Yet what was done to my father and me—what was it? Only the ordinary thing of the old days, as you know. That is why I would help you, and why I wish to find Kirsakoff."

"How long were you in prison?" asked Michael, after a moment of silence.

"Three months," said Peter. "Three months of hell in darkness, forgotten by the

world! It might have been three years for all I knew, or three hundred; and I might have been there still, for all I know, so far as Kirsakoff was concerned."

"With what were you charged?" asked Michael.

"Surely a boy could not be imprisoned for nothing," said Katerin. "Even Kirsakoff—he would have mercy on a boy!"

"It was his order that sent me there," said Peter. "I got in the way of officers before the old post-house, and was knocked down, and when my father picked me up, the governor angrily ordered us both away to the prison. You see, my father belonged to the free gang. He was killed. When I was taken to the prison, the officer in charge of the books was drunk, and he put my name down wrong—put down my father's name for mine. I did not know what they were doing—my father had died before my eyes. For three months it was supposed that it was my father who was in the cell, not I."

"And then the governor freed you, I presume," said Katerin.

"No, it was God's hand that set me free!" said Peter.

He spoke with passion, his rage growing within him as he pictured to himself once more the old scenes of terror. He sat staring steadily at the lamp, and presently resumed.

"It seems that some convicts escaped, and were recaptured; but before the soldiers took them, they had waylaid and robbed an American who was traveling by sledge to Irkutsk. His name was Gordon. When he returned to Chita, he was taken to the prison, and convicts were brought out to be identified by him as the robbers. It happened that one of them, a man named Grassi, had been put in the cell with me, and when he was taken out to the yard I went with him. Then it was discovered that there was no charge against me, and Mr. Gordon, the American, asked to have me as his servant. The commandant corrected the records, I was released, and Mr. Gordon took me away to America with him."

Katerin stood up and tried the fire in the samovar. Michael sat staring at the floor, his lips moving as if he were shaping words which he did not speak aloud.

"And that is why you would kill Kirsakoff?" asked Katerin suddenly, turning to face Peter.

"I would kill him," said Peter, "because he caused the death of my father."

He was aware of a quivering hand upon the back of his chair, and turned to look at Wassili. The muzhik's eyes were shining like a cat's in the dark, and there was the look of murder upon his face.

"Kirsakoff killed your father?" asked Michael, who seemed aghast at Peter's statement.

"Not with his own hand, but by his cruelty. I tell you this that you may know I have good cause for finding Kirsakoff. My father was a political, as were you—and of the free gang, as I have said. My mother died—I never knew her; but my father was good and kind to me. He was all I had in the world, all I loved in the world, though in those days"—Peter smiled wistfully—"I was taught to love the little father, the Czar. We lived in a little hut down in the Sofistikaya. It is there yet. An old cigarette-seller—"

"Rimsky!" exclaimed Wassili.

"Yes, that is the name—Rimsky," went on Peter, turning his eyes upon the lamp once more, his mind thrown backward to memories of his father, and his face flushed by the emotions roused by his tale. "I was but a boy, and my father taught me to read the almanacs. We were happy, for we had a samovar, and the ladies of the Street of the Dames came to us often, and gave me cakes and my father money. Of course I know now he was an underground to the prison—he carried messages back and forth between wives and their husbands in the prison."

He paused, and finished the tea in his glass. Then, seeing the eyes of Katerin and her father upon him, waiting eagerly for his next words, he suffered a moment of abashment.

"Yes, we had many ways of getting news in and out in the old days," said Michael, with a smile. "We would hear more of your story, sir."

"The year of which I speak," resumed Peter, "the almanacs from Moscow were late. The mail-sledges came in from Irkutsk one morning. I ran down to the post-house—it is still there, a restaurant—to learn if the almanacs had come. There were excellencies in the sledges. As I remember, the governor's daughter—they called her Katerin Stephanovna—"

"Ah, yes!" cried Katerin. "Katerin Stephanovna! It is said that she is dead!"

She turned to her father, as if he might know better.

"So I have heard," said Michael.

"That was why Kirsakoff came that morning to meet the sledges. I was eager to be sure of the almanacs, and a Cossack knocked me down. When Michael Alexandrovitch, the governor, came, he found my father picking me up. I was bleeding and half stunned from the blow. The governor was in a rage at us. He ordered my father to the prison once more—and me with him."

"But your father did not go. You said he was killed," said Katerin.

"Yes, as I say," said Peter. "My father"—and Peter inclined his head toward the icon in the corner, over Michael's head—"was so desperate at knowing that he was no longer to be of the free gang that he ran after Kirsakoff to beg for mercy. It was then that a Cossack ran him through with a saber, and swore he had struck at the governor with a knife."

Peter glanced at Katerin. Her face was deathly white. Michael, his head thrust forward toward Peter, was breathing wheezily. His hand, under the blanket over his knees, was twitching nervously.

"But did the governor know of this terrible happening?" asked Katerin in a horrified whisper.

"Aye, did the governor know?" echoed Michael.

"Know!" cried Peter. "What did he care? He had just ordered both of us to the prison for nothing! And did he care enough for the three months I was inside a black cell, to give me freedom? Does he care now what the fate of you or your daughter may be? I say, sir, I must find Michael Kirsakoff!"

"True, you must find him," said Katerin. "We know now that you have good reason. What was your father's name?"

"Gorekin—Peter Pavlovitch Gorekin, a bootmaker."

"Gorekin!" gasped Michael, his head jerking back.

"Perhaps you have heard of him," said Peter, with a quick look at the old general.

"I thought for a minute that I knew the name—but it was another. A bootmaker, eh? No, it was not the same man."

He looked at Wassili. Then he put his free hand on the table beside him and began to drum softly with the tips of his fingers.

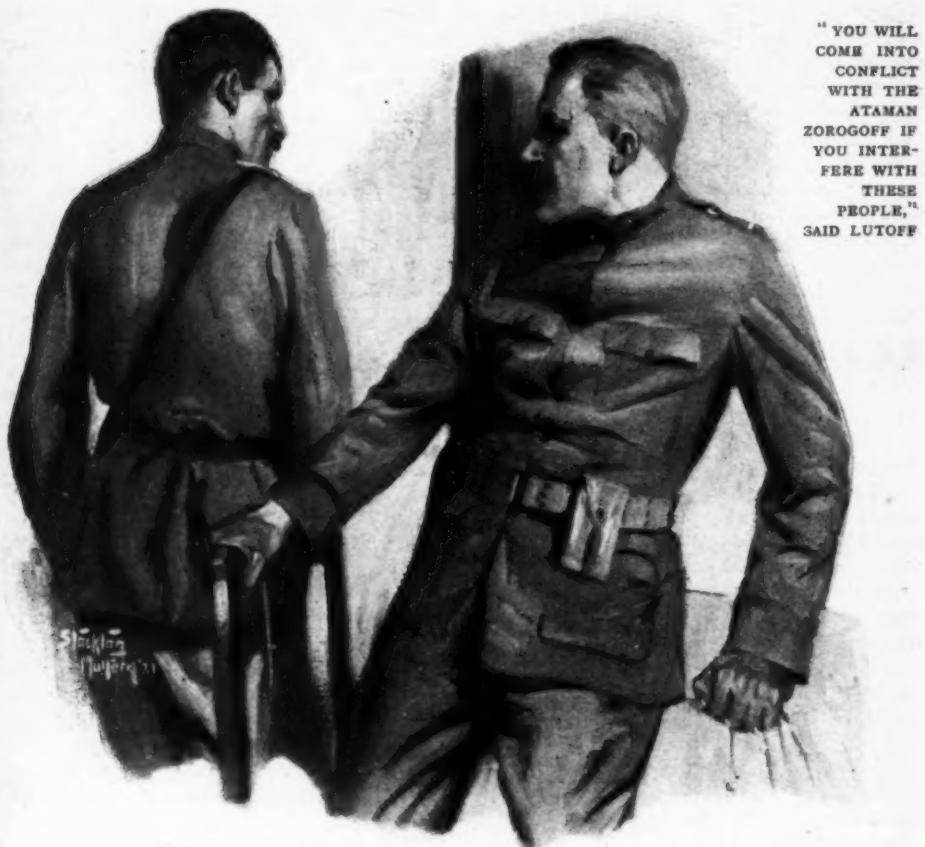
No word was spoken for several minutes. Peter could hear Wassili breathing behind him.

Katerin rose suddenly from her chair, and, smiling at Peter, said softly:

" You have our great sympathy, and you shall find Kirsakoff. If you will give me time to talk it over with my father—"

She followed Peter into her own room, and they left Michael and Wassili alone.

Peter turned at his own door, and looked over Katerin's shoulder. Against the light of the room in which he had left Michael and the muzhik, he saw a shadow pass before the lamp. Then he made out the figure of Wassili, peering after them.



She gave Peter a look which he interpreted to mean that he was not to press the matter further than, but to leave it in her hands.

" Thank you," he said.

He rose, too, and bowed.

" You shall find Kirsakoff," said Michael, without looking at Peter. " By morning I shall be sure where he may be found."

The palsied head was shaking, the fingers still drumming on the table.

" Yes, yes," said Katerin hastily, and Peter saw tears in her eyes.

" Good night, Peter Petrovitch!" said Katerin hastily.

She also had seen the figure of Wassili outlined against the glow from her father's lamp.

Peter seized both her hands with a sudden impulse.

" I cannot tell you of my gratitude, Vashka!" he whispered. " It is you who has helped me to this—and I waited twenty years for my vengeance!"

She drew away from him gently.

" Good night!" she whispered. " Take care—this house is full of enemies! Be

careful—if we are to defeat the ataman—and bolt both doors!"

She slipped back to her father.

XXI

ALONE in his room once more, with the light on, Peter went to the big mirror on the wall between the windows, and smiled at himself.

His face was a trifle flushed, for the emotions roused by the story of his father's death were still uppermost in his mind. Yet a strange calmness had come to him—a steadiness which he credited to his own efforts to control all outward indications of the grim satisfaction that possessed him. For his brain was singing over and over a single sentence:

"I shall find Michael Kirsakoff!"

Peter had thought that the first assurance of a successful end to his quest for Kirsakoff would bring a delirious joy. Instead, he seemed drugged with elation, strangely soothed, like a man lulled with wine till his senses are benumbed.

Yet his alertness was in no whit subdued; on the contrary, he was wholly awake to what was before him, and to the necessities of the situation. At last he was approaching the long-awaited moment of triumph, and he must hold himself against the slightest rashness in thoughts or actions.

He studied himself in the glass. His eyes were encompassed by deep wrinkles, which began far back on the temples and converged at the eye sockets. His lids were half-closed, and he stood squinting at himself.

"I shall have to keep that look of malevolence out of my face," he whispered, and opened his eyes wide to disperse the telltale wrinkles. Then he turned away and paced the floor, head down, in thought.

The secret of his purpose in coming to Chita was known. In that very fact there were for him the relief of the confessional and the joy of having shared with others a knowledge of the terrors he had suffered under the rule of Kirsakoff. For twenty years he had nursed in his soul the grievance of his father's death and his own imprisonment—nursed it secretly, pent it up within his consciousness, till it seemed that his whole being had become a culture-tube of growing hate. Now there was an outlet, and for the first time since he had left Chita as a boy the poison of memory was

being diffused. All that he needed was to have Kirsakoff's life—and there would be peace for his own soul.

These people understood! No American could have ever understood fully, Peter knew. Prison to an American implied disgrace, but to an old exile like Vashka's father it meant honor. Indeed, to Vashka herself it meant honor.

Peter felt sure that he stood better in her regard now that she had heard his story. Outside of the help she needed for herself and for her father, he was sure that she would stand by him till Kirsakoff was dead.

He had no way of knowing that the horror which she had shown as he told his story was the horror of the realization that Peter yearned to slay her father. He could not know that she suffered torture while he sat there looking into the lamp and telling why he desired to take vengeance upon Michael Kirsakoff, aware that if Peter should catch a look or a word or a vagrant inflection of her father's voice which would betray his identity, there would be swift murder.

Peter, without knowing it, had built up a dream—a dream of Vashka that extended into the future, that went past the time when Kirsakoff would be dead by Peter's hand. It was still an unformed dream—nothing more than little mental flits into the future, in which Vashka was always present. It would be, he thought, a great satisfaction to have some one with whom he could share the knowledge that he had killed Kirsakoff. Only a Russian, a Russian girl who knew, as Vashka knew, the terrors of the Valley of Despair, could fully understand the necessity of a personal vengeance.

Fate had a hand in it—Peter was sure of that. The whole thing had come about with the inevitability of a divinely directed plan. It was apparent to Peter that he had arrived in Chita precisely at the one moment in twenty years which was the most propitious. If events had shaped themselves with such unerring accuracy for him, he saw no reason why the final result should not be brought about with the same good luck.

The fiddler whom he had heard on the floor above had now come down to the hotel restaurant, and was playing merrily. There were other instruments, too—an orchestra, no doubt. For the first time since

he had arrived in the city, Peter desired to move about among other people and see them making merry. He had a feeling as if his task was already accomplished, and he felt the need of relaxation from anxieties and hopes and doubts. Also, he was suddenly hungry with the voracious appetite that comes to people who have passed the crisis of an illness and know that they are on the way to complete recovery.

He washed his hands and face and combed his hair. Then he went into the hall and proceeded toward the dining-room.

Its gloominess and dinginess were dispelled somewhat by the lights and the music, but there were only a few people in the place—young men in Cossack uniform with flashily dressed women, sitting in couples at tiny tables along the wall next the frosted windows.

There were four musicians on a raised platform at the far end, near the red-painted buffet counter with the mirrors smashed out. As Peter paused in the doorway and looked in, he saw that these four were clad in poor and ill-fitting gray suits, and were Germans—war prisoners, no doubt.

Peter clicked his heels and bowed before he entered. The officers at the tables looked up with startled eyes, inclined their heads slightly in response to his courtesy, and then stared at him—as did their women companions—till he sat down.

Peter's American uniform had attracted special attention, it was obvious. He wondered if there was any resentment of the fact that he wore his belt and pistol; but as he presently glanced about him, he saw that the young Cossacks also wore their sabers as well as their pistols. He concluded that he had committed no breach of etiquette.

The musicians went on with their music. There were two violins, a cello, and a clarinet. They played a German air sadly, and with good evidence that the stringed instruments lacked some of their strings; but the music was pleasing in this place, which otherwise would have been depressing on account of the evidences of previous troubles all about.

A waiter came to Peter. The man was clad in the same greenish-gray clothing as the musicians.

"Have you a ticket?" he asked, speaking in English, a smile flickering on his face.

"Is a ticket necessary?" asked Peter.

"Yes, sir. This is an officers' mess."

"Then I am sorry," said Peter. "I thought this was the hotel restaurant."

He pushed back his chair to rise, feeling as if he had intruded where he was not welcome.

"Hans!"

A young officer who sat two tables beyond Peter, and faced him, called the waiter away, gave him something, and the waiter was back at Peter's table at once.

"This is a ticket for you, sir. The Cossack gentleman—the lieutenant—wishes you to have your supper here."

Peter bowed to the young officer, who smiled back across the shoulders of the woman with him. He was a thin-faced fellow, with heavy black hair worn low on his forehead, after the Cossack fashion. Gold straps covered his shoulders, and a great saber hung outside the table-legs from his belt.

Peter sat down again. It would be an affront not to accept the proffered hospitality. The waiter brought him a soup—*borsch*—black bread, a plate of chopped meat with boiled grains of wheat, and a glass of tea.

The band continued to play during the meal, and the officers and their women companions talked in low tones. Gradually they drifted away, leaving only the young officer who had sent Peter the supper-ticket. Before Peter had finished, the young officer's companion disappeared also, whereupon the Cossack came to Peter's table and bowed.

"You speak Russian," said the Cossack, when he had shaken hands with Peter, and clicked his spurred heels.

"Yes," said Peter, wondering how the other knew.

"I am Lutoff, lieutenant in the forces of the ataman. I was about to call upon you this evening. I heard there was an American officer in the hotel."

"That is very kind of you," said Peter. "My name is Gordon, and I am a lieutenant also. I have not felt well since I arrived, and have been resting. I was three weeks coming up on the train, and my health suffered; so I have delayed paying my respects to the Ataman Zorogoff."

"That does not matter," said Lutoff; "but I trust you will feel better soon. I was not intending to make an official call—just to have a friendly chat."

"Please sit down," said Peter.

They both settled in their chairs, facing each other across the table. On closer inspection, Peter did not like Lutoff. There was a craftiness in his eyes, a suavity in his manner, which implied a purpose behind his affability. He tried to simulate a friendly frankness, but behind his smiles there was a promise of menace.

"You speak Russian well for an American," he said, offering his cigarette-case, a ponderous silver box covered with jewels of various kinds and studded with raised initials of various friends who had added to its embellishments.

"My father was in business in Moscow, and I was born and brought up there, before I went to America," Peter lied glibly, for he had no intention of taking Lutoff into his confidence about his own early life.

"Are American soldiers coming to Chita?" asked Lutoff.

"Oh, yes," replied Peter easily. "I understand a battalion will be coming soon. That is something I intend to discuss with the ataman—the barracks available here."

Lutoff considered this bit of information for a minute, but made no comment. Then he looked over his shoulder to make sure that no waiters were near, and leaned forward toward Peter.

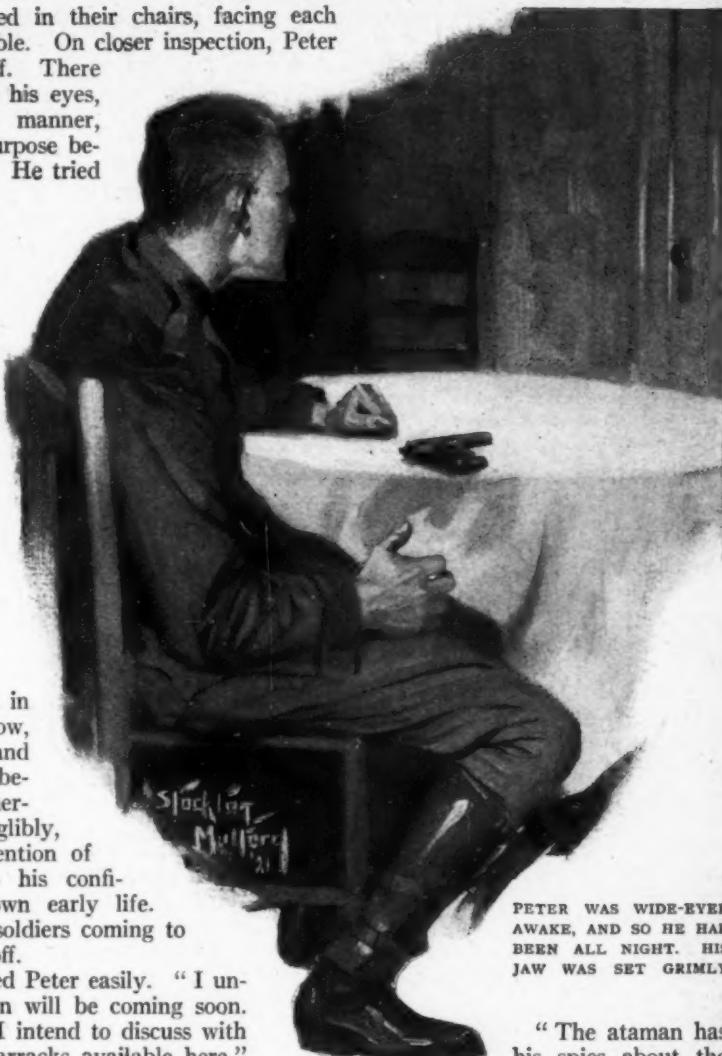
"As a friend, I wish to tell you something," he said in a low tone, looking squarely into Peter's eyes.

"Thank you," said Peter.

"I am not speaking officially for the ataman—I belong to the staff—but as a friend to a friend. Do not trust civilians in this hotel. There are many spies about."

"Spies for the ataman?" asked Peter, without taking his eyes from Lutoff's.

The Cossack shrugged his shoulders.



PETER WAS WIDE-EYED AWAKE, AND SO HE HAD BEEN ALL NIGHT. HIS JAW WAS SET GRIMLY

"The ataman has his spies about the town, of course," he went on, without taking offense at Peter's question.

"Have I talked with any spies?" asked Peter.

"I do not mean that. I am only warning you to be careful."

"You are very kind," said Peter.

"I would suggest that you avoid those people."

"To what people do you refer, sir?"

Lutoff threw his cigarette away with an impatient gesture, and blew smoke through his nostrils.

"You know the people I mean," he said with some tartness, but still smiling.

"I appreciate your consideration for me," said Peter politely. "I assure you I shall be glad to follow your advice if I find that it is backed by a good reason. But frankly, I think you are willing to admit that 'those people' is a vague description. It might apply to anybody. Can't you be a little more specific, if you wish to be of help to me, as you say?"

Lutoff twisted a bit of the black bread off a slice on the plate, and kneaded it into a dough on the cloth.

"With whom have you talked in the hotel?" he asked presently.

"That is hard to say," replied Peter. "I may not be able to recall them all, if I give you an answer without thinking it over."

"You have not talked with many," said Lutoff.

"No, not many," said Peter.

He was sure now that Lutoff was trying to learn whether he had talked with Vashka and her father, and he began to feel disquieted. Was it possible that some spy had heard his conversation with the old exile and his daughter? Was Wassili to be trusted? Could it be that Vashka, after all, was a spy? He doubted that, but he did not know that he faced great danger if what he had told Vashka and her father had been overheard by spies of Zorogoff or Kirsakoff.

"But you have been talking with dangerous people, nevertheless," said Lutoff.

"Quite possible," returned Peter smilingly. "Almost any one in the country is dangerous. You see, I am tolerably discreet with you, if it comes to that, Mr. Lutoff."

"You compliment me," said Lutoff, smiling at Peter. "No, truly, I am not trying to frighten you or to mystify you. I thought you would understand the people I meant, and that I might avoid referring to them directly. I speak of the old man and the girl."

"The old man and the girl!" said Peter, with well-feigned amazement. "I am not sure whether I know what you mean."

"I am sure you do," shot back Lutoff.

But Peter had no intention of telling Lutoff that he had talked with Vashka and her father. This might only be a trap, a feeler, to ascertain for Zorogoff whether Peter knew their story and could be expected to oppose the ataman's plans with them.

"You know what you know," said Peter. "I cannot be sure what you know, and I cannot be sure that you speak as a friend. First you must assure me that you know to whom I have been talking. Otherwise, my friend, you are seeking information rather than giving it to me."

"The old man and the girl have come to this hotel very recently—you know that. They are hiding here, which you also know," said Lutoff.

"I can be sure of nothing," said Peter. "But you might tell me this—are they hiding from the ataman?"

Lutoff resumed his kneading of the bit of dough. Peter realized with considerable satisfaction that he had put the Cossack into something of a hole. The question about hiding from the ataman might clear up something about Vashka and her father, and verify her story.

"I would keep my hands off the whole matter, if I were you," said Lutoff, without looking up.

"That is what you wish to tell me—all of it?" asked Peter.

"It should be enough," said Lutoff. "The ataman will welcome American troops here, and he will be glad to give you any help you ask; but I would not offend him by taking part in local—political matters."

"Thank you for the advice," said Peter. "I have no intention of offending the ataman, if I can avoid it; but I would like to know if what you have said to me has come from him?"

"I do not speak officially," said Lutoff, "but I cannot prevent you putting your own valuation on what I have said."

Lutoff rose. Peter stood up and bowed.

"I wish to thank you, lieutenant, for your kindness in sending me the ticket—and for your advice, as I said; but I cannot limit myself as to the people with whom I talk, even to please the ataman."

"Am I to tell the ataman that?" asked Lutoff.

"As you please," said Peter. "I shall tell him myself, if he wishes to see me."

"Very good!" said Lutoff, and clicked his spurs again most formally. "But I can tell you now, sir, that you will come into conflict with the Ataman Zorogoff if you interfere—if you take any further action with these people to whom I have referred. And to make myself entirely clear, let me say that I mean the old man

who was the Czar's governor here, Michael Alexandrovitch Kirsakoff, and his daughter, Katerin Stephanovna!"

He bowed once more, and walked out of the dining-room.

Peter swayed upon his feet, clutched for the table, and sat down heavily in his chair.

XXII

MORNING whitened the frost-bound windows of Peter's room. The electric lamp on the writing-table still glowed under the shade, but its effect waned as the new day came to full strength, till the light which fell from the globe became bleached from a sickly yellow to a pale gray and was finally vanquished by full daylight.

Peter sat by the other table—the one near the door, on which the samovar always stood—with one elbow on it. His automatic pistol lay on the white cloth beside him. He stared at the door, as if he were waiting for it to open. He was fully dressed, just as he had come from the hotel dining-room the evening before. The blankets of his bed had not been touched during the night.

He was wide-eyed awake, and so he had been all night. His jaw was set grimly, but the right side of his mouth was a trifle askew, as if with a sneering smile which had become fixed. His face was pale with a ghastly and unhealthy pallor, but darkened by the night's growth of bearded stubble. Both his boots rested flatly on the floor, pulled back slightly under his knees, for he had slipped down into the chair, and his shoulders were bent forward in a crouching attitude.

Presently he lifted his head and pulled up a khaki sleeve to look at the watch strapped to his wrist. He thought for a moment, and then wound the watch.

He turned and looked at the windows, rubbed his jaw with the tips of his fingers, and got up to open his shaving-kit. He looked at himself in the mirror, smoothed his rumpled hair with his hand, and then pushed aside the cloth folder which held his razors, to look once more at his watch.

His hand fell to his pistol-holster. Then he returned to the table, picked up the pistol, and slipped it into the holster, after a cautionary glance at the little catch which showed the weapon to be ready for firing. He did not button the flap over the holster. The stiff leather was sprung open from the brass button that held it down.

He went to the little wall sink beside the wardrobe and dashed water in his face. Drying himself with a handkerchief, he went once more to the mirror and combed his hair with infinite pains. This done, he stood looking at the door which led to Katerin's room, his head turned in an attitude of listening.

Once more he looked at his watch; and as if he had made a decision, he walked to the door and rapped gently upon it. He waited a minute, listening, and then went to the button in the wall, near the door to the hall, and pressed it three times as a signal for a samovar. He began to pace the floor, head down and hands behind his back.

The peasant girl who had first served Peter brought the samovar after a considerable delay. She seemed to be still half asleep, and she departed promptly without so much as a look at Peter, leaving the samovar hissing on the table.

Peter mechanically put the tea to brewing. After a few more turns up and down the room, he drank several glasses of the steaming liquid without apparent relish or satisfaction. He hunted through his pockets for cigarettes, but he had smoked all he had during his nocturnal vigil. He regarded the litter of charred remnants in a corner of the room, with spent matches among them, as if he doubted that he had thrown them there.

There came a tapping at the door leading to Katerin's room. He sprang toward it and threw off the bolt. The door opened under his hand, and Katerin, who called herself Vashka, smiled at him.

He bowed, and, with a gesture, invited her to enter. He did not look beyond her, though he was conscious of some one moving in the other room.

"I did not bring the samovar, because I did not want to risk being in the hall," she began in a low voice when he had closed the door.

Peter turned toward the light of the windows, and she caught her breath quickly as she saw his face clearly.

"You are ill!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," said Peter dully, but forcing a smile without looking at her. "I have a cold—a headache. It is nothing—see, I have had my morning tea, and I feel better. What news do you bring? Does your father know where Kirsakoff may be found?"



"GOOD MORNING, MY FRIEND!"
PETER BROUGHT A CHAIR FOR THE OLD GENERAL

He pulled a chair out from the writing-table for her, and she sat down listlessly. He thought that she, too, looked as if she had not slept. Her eyes were a trifle reddened, and the lids were dark.

"Wassili was out last night. He got the information that Kirsakoff is in Harbin."

"Then we must go to Harbin," said Peter simply.

He felt like complimenting her upon her ability to handle a situation so fraught with naked menace for her father and herself. He saw through it now. It had all become plain enough to him during the night's brooding over the fact that he had told Michael Kirsakoff himself that he had come to Chita to kill him. He was to be

so manipulated that he would save them from Zorogoff. Then, having led him on a fool's errand, they would slip away from him once they were safe.

"If you wish," said Katerin. "If we can get away, we know where Kirsakoff may be found in Harbin. He spends his time between the two cities."

"Have you a plan?" asked Peter. He was curious to see what sort of er-

rand she had devised for him. It struck him that it might be wise to get away from Chita. Harbin offered possibilities not only to the Kirsakoffs, but to Peter himself.

"Yes, it has all been talked out with Slipitsky, the Jew. My father thinks that he should not have a hand in bringing you into danger; and perhaps you have changed your mind—about things."

Peter looked at her searchingly, wondering how much she knew about Lutoff, if anything.

"Oh, no," he said, "I have not changed my mind. Why should I?"

"I mean about helping us," she replied.

He realized that her reluctance to go through with the trip to Harbin was only feigned. She knew better than to allow herself to show too much eagerness. She would let him think that they were obliging him, rather than clutching at a chance of escape for themselves.

He laughed, without mirth.

"This is a serious business with me," he said. "Remember, as I told you last night, I have waited twenty years!"

"True. Then you are willing to take a chance of getting us out of the city?"

"I am. Suppose you bring your father here, and we will talk it over—we three."

He stood over her, looking down into her face. She glanced up quickly, as if she thought it strange that he had so pointedly shown a wish to exclude Wassili. She stood up, smiled her assent to his suggestion, and looked at him with solicitude.

"Perhaps you would prefer to wait till you are feeling better," she suggested.

"The pain in my head has nearly gone," he said, putting his hand to his ruffled brow, and smoothing it. "We should not delay."

"No—not if we are to avoid the risk of trouble with the ataman. Every minute is precious."

Peter helped himself to more tea, while Katerin opened the door of her room and called to her father gently. She passed through the door, and Peter thought that she took occasion to prevent Wassili from following Michael.

Before long Katerin was back, and with her came Michael. He shuffled in weakly, the large and ill-fitting boots on his feet scuffing the floor, as if his strength was beyond lifting them clear. He had a blanket over his shoulders, for there was still a morning chilliness in the rooms. His white

hair stood up stiffly on the back of his head, behind the bandages which came down about his face before his ears. He peered at Peter, who was standing by the samovar, waiting.

"Good morning, my friend!" said Peter heartily.

He brought a chair for the old general, and put it down beside the writing-table.

"Good morning," said Michael, bowing.

One thin hand held the blanket together under his chin, the other was concealed under the capelike folds which fell from his shoulders.

The three sat down by the table. Peter experienced a sense of fierce glee at the thought that conditions were reversed from the night before. Now it was he who had them at a disadvantage, for while they knew him and his purpose in coming to Chita, they did not know what he had discovered about them.

As they must have been amazed at hearing his story, how much more amazed they would be if they knew that their secret was in his possession, just as his was in theirs! They had played a bold game, a brave game, and still were playing it; but cleverly as they played it, they were only giving themselves into his hands.

"You know where Kirsakoff may be found," began Peter briskly, speaking to Michael.

"True. He has left the city for a trip to Harbin, and it might be better to go there for him."

"Can we get away?"

"We could leave by droshky," Katerin spoke up, to handle the story in her own way.

"Droshky to Harbin?" Peter looked doubtful.

"Away from the city—far enough down to reach a station where we might get a train. It would not do to attempt to get through the station here, for we should have to present passports to Zorogoff's station commandant."

"I see," said Peter. He did, indeed. He saw that Katerin knew better than to risk having her identity discussed in the hearing of Peter at the Chita station. "But the guards outside the city—will not the sentries stop us if we attempt to leave that way?"

"They might not stop an American officer, if he handled them properly. You could insist upon going through, and we

should provide ourselves with false passports. No doubt Slipitsky will attend to that for us."

"But you risk being arrested if the fraud is discovered."

"True, but the weather is so cold—papers are hard to handle. We would be well wrapped up in the droshky, and we would not be known. Liberality with rubles, which we will attend to, would make the soldiers willing enough to let an American officer through."

Katerin waited while Peter thought it over. But as he gazed at the floor, pondering what she had said, he was not thinking so much of the feasibility of the plan as of their cleverness in contriving that he should save them from the ataman while they were pretending to help him in his pursuit of Michael Kirsakoff.

"What if Kirsakoff should be gone—should have returned here?" he asked.

"We have spoken of that, too," said Katerin promptly. "He goes to Harbin often. Even if we should miss him this time, he would soon be back there. And there is an advantage there which we have not here. It is not easy to find him in this city, and he is guarded by Zorogoff's troops; but we know the house in Harbin where he stays. We would be safe from the ataman there, to help you plan for—meeting him."

She is doing her utmost to save her father, thought Peter! It occurred to him there had been no one to save his father. He found it hard to choke down the bitterness that her clever lies engendered in his breast. He was tempted to laugh at her and tell her that he knew the whole game now; but he found a queer comfort in hearing this young woman go on with her futile plan of deception.

He glanced at Michael. The old general was nodding gently, his eyes on Peter's face with an uncanny fixedness, watching, watching, like a cat outside a mouse's lair. Peter suspected that beneath the blanket there was a weapon ready—a weapon ready for him at the slightest sign of danger.

"When are we to start?" Peter asked Katerin.

"When you wish."

"The sooner the better," said Michael.

"Will Wassili go with us?"

"No."

"You think it better to go by day?"

"Yes. That is the advice Slipitsky gives. It will not appear to be an escape, and the soldiers will not be suspicious. By night, they might fire upon us, or hold us till morning in some guard-room, which would be fatal."

Peter looked at Michael again, this time with care, pretending consideration for him.

"You are strong enough for the trip?"

"I am strong enough," he said.

Peter studied him—the wrinkled brow, now the color of old ivory, the strong nose, the black eyes so weak and so deeply set with age, the bristling white mustache that had once been black. Peter knew him for the governor, but the resemblance was dimmed by the changes of twenty years, and the bandages helped to transform the man's appearance.

"The old wolf!" said Peter mentally. "His fangs are gone!"

"What is the first thing to be done?" asked Peter of Katerin. "I am ready when you are."

"We shall send Wassili for the droshky, and for a driver who can be trusted not to betray us."

"Very good! Let us go about it," Peter agreed.

Katerin went out and sent Wassili on his errand.

"Slipitsky is to supply us with food," she said when she returned. "And perhaps I had better ask him if he has the passports. It might be safer for me to go for him than to bring him here. My father must get ready at once."

"Good!" said Peter, rising. "Dress warmly. We shall see if the soldiers of the ataman dare to prevent an American officer leaving Chita!"

Michael got to his feet.

"God bless you!" said Katerin, with tears in her eyes, turning to Peter as she drew her father toward the door. "You face danger—for us. Our lives are in your hands!"

"The road to Harbin is before us still," said Peter, with a smile. "You and your father are not yet out of danger."

"True!" she replied.

She passed through the door with her father, leaving Peter standing there and looking after them, with the same queer, twisted smile still at the corner of his mouth.

Poisoned Pugilism

BY E. K. MEANS

Illustrated by E. J. Dinsmore

WHEN Hitch Diamond returned from New Orleans, he brought with him two bantam-weights. In the pugilistic circles of Tickfall's colored society, the appearance of these striplings excited facetious comment from those who knew the husky type of pugilist represented by Hitch Diamond and Conko Mukes.

"Dem boys ain't prize-fighters; dey is shadder-boxers," Pap Curtain announced. "An' dey look like dey is skeart of deir own shadders."

"Dey is such skinny-lookin' skellingtons it would take bofe of 'em to box a good-size shadder," Figger Bush declared. "Ef Hitch Diamond is trainin' dem saplin's to grow up to his own size, he's got some job befo' him, an' failure at de end!"

In answer to inquiries, the boys said they were chums and had never fought each other. They were always in the ring together, one as the principal and the other as his second.

Four days after their arrival their comradeship ceased. The cause was the dusky belle of Tickfall, Dazzle Zenor.

Monk Zedd was the first to find this young woman, and he claimed her by the right of discovery. She fulfilled every demand of Ethiopian beauty, and was altogether the most wonderful thing Monk had ever seen. He met her one night at the Shinbone Restaurant, and promptly told her his autobiography. His inventive faculties and his conscience were elastic, and the yarn Dazzle heard was a brilliant one.

"Dat yuther man here wid you—ain't he a prize-fighter too?" Dazzle inquired.

"He pretends like he kin fight," Monk replied disparagingly; "but he ain't got no record in de ring, like I has, an' he is mo' of a trainer dan a fighter."

"I'm shore surprised to hear dat," Dazzle smiled tantalizingly. "I done heard tell dat his head-wuck is better'n yourn."

"I ain't pestered about his old bean—dar ain't nothin' in it. Even effen dar wus, I could knock it off!"

"Some folks thinks he could knock you off in one roundance," Dazzle asserted in a tone of tormenting conviction.

She kept up these tactics until Monk was so mad with jealousy that his clothes smoked. In a long tirade he strove to convince Dazzle that Bamboo Barge's pugilistic record was very suspicious.

"I ain't never fit dat coon in de ring," Monk proclaimed; "but I knows all his tricks. I kin oil de public highway wid dat nigger's grease!"

"I figgers from whut you says dat no real spote had oughter bet on Bamboo in no kind of fight," Dazzle chuckled in the same irritating way.

"He cain't fight no better dan a stone dawg wid a sprained ankle an' a muzzle on," Monk said earnestly. "A fight wid him ain't no mo' dan a baby-blue ribbon bust-up, an' de bawlin' baby is Bamboo."

A few days later Dazzle met Bamboo Barge, and immediately began to talk to him about Monk.

"Monk is a noble friend of mine," Bamboo said. "We is wucked wid each yuther fer a long time, an' has took good luck an' bad luck 'thout no complaints."

"Monk wus tellin' me 'bout you," Dazzle grinned. "I disremembers all he said, but he specialized dat yo' head warn't no use excep' fer a hat-rack, an' you didn't hab no use fer yo' fists excusin' to pick a banjo. He b'lieves ef dar wusn't nobody in de worl' but you, dis yearth would be a vacant spot."

This blow nearly knocked Bamboo out. Then he rallied and began to bite pieces out of the air. He did not know that Dazzle's greatest conversational trick was a sort of hat-pin work, by which she tormented a man to the verge of insanity.

"I don't aim to start bustin' caps an' throwin' slams, Dazzle," Bamboo said earnestly. "Ef I tried to tell a cullud lady whut a bum fighter Monk shorely is, I would git to usin' conversational ag'in' the rules of sawciety, an' de only pertection fer Monk would be to git in a box wid de top nailed down. I ain't no lather-tongue, an' I indulges in no soft-soap talk. When I gits put upon, I is a plain-spoke cusser; so

confess that we are high privates in the rear rank. If we can make a pretense at being first, and get away with it, we are proud of our bluff.

Dazzle showed that she did not care who



"BAMBOO CAIN'T FIGHT NO BETTER DAN A STONE DAWG WID A SPRAINED ANKLE AN' A MUZZLE ON," MONK SAID EARNESTLY

I tells you in dis ca'm moment dat Monk really ain't no fighter at all. He is jest a tol'able good trainer. De white men in N'Awleens won't never put him in de ring when dey bets on deir man to win."

"He ain't confess up dat way to me," Dazzle said, striking out once more with her conversational hat-pin. "He said you wus a powerful puformer—a kind of comic star wid a long curly tail."

Then, with a happy "amen" expression, Dazzle left Bamboo to ferment in the sour-mash vat of his professional jealousy. The girl knew that in the army of the world we all want to be major-generals. We never

was first. Her favors were equally distributed between the two young pugilists. If she went to a dance with one, she would go to a picnic with the other. Her friendship had cat whiskers, and her conversation was equipped with long, sharp claws which tore the feelings of her suitors.

"Dat gal is tryin' to remain puffeckly neuter," Hitch Diamond grinned one day, when he saw the men walking on either side of her. "Dem bantams is shore reg'lar in attendance at Dazzle's coteship school, an' up to now dey ain't got no tardy marks."

"Co'tin' Dazzle am shore a lib'r'al edgecation," Pap Curtain snarled. "Dat gal

is like a candle movin' in a dark place, but when she gits tired an' blows out de light—good night! Two lost niggers, settin' in de dark an' hollerin' fer he'p!"

"Dat gal's cuttin'-up is shore to make a row," Hitch Diamond remarked uneasily. "Dis town am fixin' to hear a loud noise, an' Dazzle will be de fuse whut will cause dat explosion."

"Dem mens loves each yuther now 'bout like a bull purp loves a cat," Pap Curtain observed.

"Dazzle is itchin' to git 'em in a fight," Hitch replied. "She treats 'em bofe like a leaky bucket—she pours gradual an' lets 'em swell up. Dey is so swelled up now, each one of 'em thinks he is de greatest prize-fighter in de worl'."

"Is dey brave mens?" Pap Curtain asked.

"Naw!" Hitch exclaimed disgustedly. "Bofe of 'em together ain't brave enough to chase a Shanghai rooster outen a goober-patch!"

One other man in Tickfall was much disturbed by Dazzle's relations with the two strangers.

Skeeter Butts regarded the girl as his personal property, having worshiped her for several years through a light pink haze of perfect bliss; but such was her elusiveness that he had never secured his property. Sometimes he felt himself so near tenure that he was willing to give three loud cheers for the whole world. Then the weather man hung out a tornado-signal in the light of the pink haze of happiness, and Skeeter cheered no more, but sank into the blank silence of abysmal reverie. He was in the depths of gloom now because since the bantams had come to town, Dazzle was seemingly unaware of his existence.

As Skeeter sat beside a table, resting his head upon his hands, his meditative eyes wandered idly toward a knot-hole in the floor. Since Dazzle had begun to ignore him and concentrate her attentions on the bantams, Skeeter had smoked too many cigarettes, and his nerves were jumping. Something seemed about to emerge from that hole—seemed to waver in indecision. Mortally afraid of a snake, Skeeter watched the hole in immovable silence.

Suddenly an eye appeared—an eye that stood out like a shiny jet button on a girl's satin slipper. As Skeeter watched the eye, it seemed to get bigger until it was as large as a dime, increasing to the size of a chest-

nut. Then it disappeared, and where one eye had been two eyes were seen, and around those black eyes, glowing with green fire, tiny hair feelers twisted and waved.

Great drops of sweat burst out on Skeeter's forehead. Waves of nervous emotion flowed up and down his back until it felt like the corrugated lining of a scrubbing-board. Skeeter felt an ever-increasing desire to scream, to spring to his feet and gyrate and shriek—and then through the hole a common rat appeared.

Skeeter's reaction almost threw him to the floor. A slight movement sent the rat back into the hole. Mopping perspiration from his temples, Skeeter sighed:

"I'll git me some rat p'ison to-night!"

Slowly Skeeter's mind returned to the contemplation of his love-affairs. When rivalry and competition were placed on a physical basis, Skeeter felt himself at a great disadvantage in winning the girl's favor. He was as tall and as large as either of the bantam pugilists, but if physical prowess and courage made the final appeal to the romantic woman, he felt that his lack of fighting blood and brawn imperiled his chances. Some of his friends were of the same opinion.

"Dazzle is gittin' ready to lose you, Skeeter," Pap Curtain announced. "She don't see no peanut-size darky like you no mo'. You wus raised in velvet pants an' automobile eye-goggliers, an' Dazzle favors a man wid a punch in his mitt!"

"I knows it," Skeeter said mournfully; "but I cain't he'p it. I ain't no fightin' man, I's a bizness man. I couldn't bust no nigger's nose wid my fist. I ain't got muscle enough to break a promise. Ef I wus tied up in a paper sack, I couldn't fight my way out."

"I'm sorry, Skeeter," Pap said. "It is sho' misforchinate dat you is jes' a two-bit-size feller, an' a man-size man comes an' takes yo' gal."

"I ain't no heavy hitter," Skeeter said hopefully; "but I's heavy on de head-wuck, an' sometimes a think totes a K. O. wusser dan a thump. I'll win out yit!"

II

LATER, as Monk Zedd sat in the Hen-scratch Saloon, Skeeter remarked:

"I seed you at de picnic wid Dazzle. Is you gittin' ahead wid yo' coteship?"

"I could git on a heap better ef dat



"DAT GAL'S CUTTIN'-UP IS SHORE TO MAKE A ROW," HITCH DIAMOND REMARKED UNEASILY.
"DIS TOWN AM FIXIN' TO HEAR A LOUD NOISE"

Bamboo nigger would go away," Monk replied. "'Bout de time I gits good started, Bamboo shows up, an' Dazzle fergits all about me."

Grinning in a knowing way, Skeeter took the time to light a cigarette and smoke it half through. Then he said:

"Ef you gits a line on whut Bamboo is

Monk snorted, suddenly resembling one of the circus wild men who howl and gnaw bones. "I bet he gives hisse'f a good recommend!"

"Suttinly," Skeeter replied. "He specified he wus de best fighter of his weight in de worl', an' dat he had pounded you all over de trainin'-shed hundreds of times. He shore talked hisse'f like he wus a good hoss—ain't got no out,



DAZZLE'S FAVORS WERE EQUALLY DISTRIBUTED
BETWEEN THE TWO YOUNG PUGILISTS

doin' to you, my friend, you kin understand Dazzle a whole lot better."

"How is dat you mean?" Monk asked suspiciously.

"Bamboo is knockin' you," Skeeter told him. "He infawmed Dazzle dat you wus jes' a trainer, an' didn't have enough punch in yo' hand to dent a cake of soft soap."

"Dat coon is de cuss of de country!"

trick, skip, or skive—no bump, bobble-whoop, or pimple."

Skeeter was so tickled at his own equine conversational volubility that he broke out in a loud laugh. Monk thought the laugh was on him.

"Dat big liar!" Monk exploded, as he rose to his feet. "I'll hunt dat nigger up an' bust de backbone of his kinnery clean back to Af'icky!"

"I ain't aimin' to start no confusion," Skeeter said hastily. "I ain't no fightin'

man. I goes in fer bizness; but ef a friend gits a raw deal, I likes to tip him off."

"I loves you fer tellin' me," Monk replied, his voice sounding like a terrier snapping at flies. "You is my best friend. Ef a feller cain't git de trufe, he cain't pertection hisse'f from niggers like Bamboo."

"Don't allow yo'se'f to cloud up unless you is fixin' to rain," Skeeter advised him mockingly.

Monk stamped out of the saloon muttering threats of vengeance. Skeeter hoped he would be successful in his search for his rival. When the saloon door opened a few minutes later, and Bamboo came in unharmed, Skeeter was chagrined; but he proceeded to sow a few more seeds of discord.

"How is you an' Dazzle proceedin'?" he asked.

He placed a free drink in front of the negro, which established cordial relations and also awakened memories, for it was a dim and shadowy reminiscence of stronger alcoholic days—about one-tenth of one per cent.

"Monk musses up wid my mattermony," explained Bamboo. "He ties pig-iron to my coat-tails whenever I tries to fly."

"Is Monk totin' fair?" Skeeter asked significantly.

"I reckon so," Bamboo answered. "Ef he ain't, I'll make a meat pie outen him!"

Once more Skeeter lighted a cigarette and took the time to smoke it almost to the end before he made a remark.

"Is you heard whut Monk is sayin' 'bout you to Dazzle?"

"Not a word," Bamboo replied, his eyes opening wide. "I'll bet he's been knockin' me all over de place!"

"Tain't as bad as dat," Skeeter grinned. "He says dat you lets on dat you is a big hornet wid a red-hot tail, but you really ain't nothin' but a lightnin'-bug wid yo' headlight on behind."

"My Lawd!" Bamboo exclaimed angrily, springing to his feet. "I's gwine to hunt dat nigger up an' make hen-feed outen his face!"

"Dat treatment is comin' to him," Skeeter said. "Pusson'ly, I'd he'p you, only but a little nigger like me cain't be no fightin' man. I lives one of dese here lily lives, like Solomon. I likes to be dressed up like a fun'r'al bouquet, an' a fight would spile my clothes."

"I ain't need no he'p," Bamboo ex-

claimed; "but you kin git a doctor an' a preacher an' a undertaker fer Monk. He'll need 'em bad!"

"I don't craves to make no flusteration," Skeeter said with a malicious laugh; "but I done drapped my monkey-wrench down in de machinery, an' I feels like walkin' out right away."

"How comes you to find out, Skeeter?" Bamboo asked.

"I knows Dazzle real good," Skeeter said. "We been livin' in dis town, an' I ain't had no aversion to her female sawciety. We sings in de chu'ch choir, an' when us niggers gives shows she an' me dances an' sings on de stage together."

"She told you all whut Monk said?" Bamboo interrupted impatiently.

"Dat's what come to pass," Skeeter said. "Dazzle wus queered up some an' axed me 'bout it. She said you fellers come to town as peaceful as two purps in a baskit, an' now Monk is yappin' at you like a poodle."

In the mean time Monk had found Hitch Diamond and told him what he had heard of Bamboo's perfidy.

"I craves to kill dat nigger!" Monk exclaimed in hysterical voice. "When I gits through wid him, dar won't be nothin' left to tell lies—he will jes' be a loud voice bawlin' fer mercy!"

"How is you aimin' to fight him?" Hitch Diamond asked. "We don't want no guns an' razors in dis row."

"Guns an' razors!" Monk shrieked. "You talk like a lunatic wid a wanderin' mind. Bamboo said I warn't no prize-fighter, an' what I craves to do is to beat dat black man to death wid my fists!"

"Dat sounds proper," Hitch agreed, nodding his head. "Dat's how come Gawd give a nigger his hands."

"I'll bust him!" Monk whooped. "Onless he's got as many lives as a litter of kittens, he's a dead coon already!"

At that moment Bamboo Barge entered the room, prancing like an old horse doctored with liquor. He had overheard enough to know what Monk was talking about.

"When dat prize-fight comes off," he announced dramatically, "I'll be dar. I shore don't aspire to miss it."

"You won't git a chance to miss it," Monk yelled in a voice which nearly pushed out the window.

The fight would have been staged right there if Hitch Diamond had not interfered.

"Hol' on, boys," Hitch said. "Less hab dis fight out at de old picnic-grounds, whar us niggers pull all de prize-fights. We kin make plenty money out of it."

"I don't want no money; I wants revengences!" Monk exclaimed. "You kin charge admissions an' give Bamboo a fust-class fun'r'al."

"Us 'll see who needs de fun'r'al!" Bamboo howled. "I won't have to take no chloroform to make de pain easy; but I'll fight you on dese terms—de loser gits all."

"Dat's fair," Monk responded. "All I wants is to show de loser up to be a liar. I do dat 'thout askin' fer loose change."

"You niggers will be ready to fight to-morrer afternoon?" Hitch asked.

"I'm ready now!" each shouted, glaring at the other with implacable hate.

Skeeter, who had gone to town to buy some more rat poison, was the first to hear of the coming fight. He carried the news to Dazzle Zenor.

"I likes fightin' men," Dazzle said with great enthusiasm, reaching for her conversational hat-pin. "I wish you wus mo' scrappy, Skeeter. You ain't got enough fight in you to lick a spoon, is you?"

Skeeter winced, and Dazzle looked at him with that impersonal eye with which the surgeon views the human frame, whose members he is accustomed to amputate.

"Nobody who wants me to die suddent cain't be my friend," Skeeter replied; "but I is a real brave fighter when I gets at it. I loves peace an' tries to be discreet, but I kin be awful explosive ef somebody makes me go off. Howsumever, I ain't gwine to brag like dem yuther two niggers."

"I don't doubt dat," Dazzle said biting-ly. "As a fightin' man you don't make no mo' uproar dan a tadpole!"

Skeeter walked away with gloomy forebodings. For the first time in his life he had been betrayed into making the assertion that he could be pugnacious. He knew that Dazzle would fuss and sputter like a frying-pan until he made some sort of demonstration of his combative abilities.

Returning to the Henscratch Saloon, he opened his box of rat poison, spread some slices of bread upon the table, and with the blade of his knife began to smear the sticky substance over the bread. He looked like a man who was preparing to eat his lunch. As he worked, he tried to think a way out of the consequences of his indiscreet boast to Dazzle.

"Ef I could feed dem coons some of dis rat p'ison," he soliloquized. "But dat seems to be ag'in' de rules of fightin', an' de cote-house would shore git de decision ag'in' me!"

He glanced around the room, then at the table before him.

"I got eight slices of bread layin' on de floor now. Dese four slices ought to be a plenty. Dis place am runnin' off wid rats. I wish dese rats would bite de head offen dem two prize-fighters! I b'lieve I could bite better dan I could box."

Skeeter had never taken a lesson in the manly art of self-defense. He had developed no strength by exercise, beyond the meager physical brawn required to mop the top of a sudsy bar with a rag. His one gift was that of agility required by years of practise in fancy dancing. He had always been a comedy of a man, and those who make us laugh do not have to carry a punch in each fist.

"I covered up too much ground when I confessed I wus a fighter," Skeeter mourned to himself. "Now I'll git de stuffin' pound-ed out of me. I don't need no doctor to tell me to fix up my will. I am already a dead nigger!"

III

QUICKLY the news spread that the fight was on.

Before noon the next day hundreds had come in from the plantations, and every negro in Tickfall had arranged to attend the fistic battle. There was much wild and enthusiastic betting, and more of talk and laughter, as the two combatants walked through the negro section of the town breathing out threatenings and slaughter.

Each was very specific in his description of what he was going to do to his rival. Nothing could satisfy either except the bloody and painful death of his opponent. Verbally, they took each other apart without anesthetics.

Hitch Diamond acted as gate-keeper, and that afternoon, when he came into the ring as referee, he carried a canvas bag containing nearly a thousand dollars. The people on the picnic-grounds were nearly equal to the population of Tickfall. Figger Bush and Pap Curtain acted as seconds.

Just as the fight was ready to begin, Skeeter caused the greatest sensation ever known in Tickfall. Stepping to the center of the ring, he challenged the winner!

"I ain't never been no fightin' man," Skeeter announced in dramatic tones; "but dese chickens don't look like such dangerous roosters to me, an' after dey have pecked at each yuther fer a while, I aims to singe de feathers off de bird dat wins!"

This extraordinary incident came very near being a knock-out blow to Hitch Diamond. He gasped for breath with a puff-puff-puff, like a derrick lifting the heavy load of Skeeter's ponderous pronouncement. He looked at the little saloon-keeper with a stare that slowly pushed his eyes out of his head like a snail's.

When the derisive shouting of the crowd had stilled, Hitch said in a voice that gurgled like the escaping steam in an overcharged radiator:

"As a bizness man, you have shore put a powerful sight of bizness on yo'se'f, Skeeter! Dem two niggers is already lookin' at you like two hongry buzzards waiting fer de feast!"

"I won't be de dead one," Skeeter said confidently, and stepped out of the ring with a pose as proud as a stuffed peacock.

Skeeter did not reflect that a stuffed peacock brings bad luck; otherwise he might have chosen another pose. Amid all the shouts of surprise and incredulity, one woman's voice was confident and triumphant, and floated across to Skeeter like a song of praise.

"I always knowed dat Skeeter wus a fightin' man, ef anybody could surround him an' git him in a fight," Dazzle said. "Now we got a chance to see!"

The spite fight was a most satisfactory fistic battle. It was one of those whirlwind affairs, defiant of all rules and regardless of all technique. For a while Hitch Diamond tried to make the bantams observe some of the rules of pugilism; but when he saw that neither intended to claim a foul, he leaned back against the ropes, laughed with great bellowing guffaws, and cheered them on as only a prize-fighter can.

They knocked each other down with amazing frequency, and in their wrestling bouts they tripped each other up and pushed each other down with even greater facility. They bit and kicked and yelled at each other, and, as the Rev. Vinegar Atts said, "dey cussed in eighteen diffunt languages." They bled at the mouth and nose and from many cuts and bruises on their bodies, while the great crowd in the natural amphitheater of the woods hopped up and

down like corn jumping in a popper, yelled like maniacs, and went into a veritable hysteria of excitement and enthusiasm.

At the very beginning of the battle, Dazzle Zenor walked up close to the ring and was most voluble in her expressions of enjoyment. Like knights of old, these colored warriors were fighting for her; but less than three minutes was enough to satisfy the girl. Sick in every nerve and fiber of her being, and trembling all over, she staggered out to the edge of the crowd and leaned against a tree, clinging to it desperately from the fear that she would fall flat upon the ground. Dazzle was one of those sensitive people who cannot stand the sight of blood.

Skeeter saw her leave, and met her at the edge of the crowd.

"Fer Heaven's sake, Skeeter," she exclaimed, "go git yo' automobile an' tote me home! I never wus in such a place in all my life. I never intends to pay another dollar to see no amusement like dis!"

"I'm proud you got to see it, Dazzle," Skeeter said. "You been runnin' aroun' wid dem prize-fighters, an' I knowed you didn't know whut sort of fellers dey wus—full of original sin an' all dat."

"Dem niggers is wuss dan fightin' dawgs," Dazzle replied, shuddering at the recollection. "Dey look like half-skinned fool-hens."

When they came out on the road, Skeeter turned away from Tickfall and took the girl for a long drive through the deep woods. The flower-laden air and the peaceful quiet of the forest restored her, and after about an hour he brought her back to her home and then hurried down-town to learn the outcome of the fistic battle.

"Dem niggers fit to a plumb finish," Hitch Diamond told him. "It wus a dawg-fall. Dey got so tired dey couldn't stand up no mo', an' dey lay down in de middle of de ring an' yelled an' bawled an' kicked at each yuther like two piccaninnyes fightin' on a cabin floor."

"Whut wus de decision?" Skeeter laughed.

"I calls it a draw," Hitch Diamond grinned. "I took one-third of de money fer promotin' de fight, an' divided de rest amongst de fighters."

"Dat lets me out," Skeeter said. "I challenged de winner. As de fight wus a draw, dar ain't no winner, an' I kin live in peace."



MONK AND BAMBOO STARTED FOR DAZZLE'S HOUSE FROM OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS, BUT THEY ARRIVED AT HER GATE ALMOST SIDE BY SIDE

"You got dat notion outen a dream-book," Hitch said in a pitiless tone. "I 'nounced at de end of de fight dat you would fight bofe of dese men till we got a decision."

Hitch Diamond expected Skeeter to drop dead at this announcement. To his great surprise, the little man listened with a

smile. After a moment's thought Skeeter asked:

"Is you gwine be de referee?"

"Suttinly," Hitch replied.

"Dat suits me," Skeeter said happily. "I don't want dem city coons to pull no trick on me. Wid you in de ring I gits a fair deal."

Turning away from Hitch Diamond, Skeeter hurried out to the Shoofly Church in search of Vinegar Atts.

"Hitch Diamond tells me dat I'm got a fight on, Elder Atts. I wants you to act as one of my seconts."

"Cain't do it," Vinegar Atts said solemnly. "It's ag'in' my religion to take part in a murder, an' wid you tryin' to fight I would feel like Herod at de slaughter of de innocents."

Skeeter turned away from Tickfall and wandered aimlessly down the road which led to the Little Mocassin Swamp. He was appalled by the predicament into which he had precipitated himself. He had relied upon Vinegar Atts to help him win the fight by trickery, and Vinegar had failed him. Sometimes he walked fast as if trying to run away from his thoughts, at other times he slowed to a snail's pace as if fearing to advance and confront the horror which loomed before him.

Far down the road the trail narrowed to where the limbs of the trees and the tall bamboo poles overlapped, making a corridor which, in the gathering darkness, looked as black as the mysterious passage through which the dying pass to that bourne from which no traveler returns.

The shuddering horror of the darkness shook the soul of this distressed man, and he paused and gazed into its blackness as one who looks into the grave which has been digged for his feet. Then in that Stygian gloom strange phosphorescent lights appeared, the shifting glow that hovers above the vegetable death and putrefaction of the swamp. Here an old rotten log lay like a decaying corpse in the slime and mud, and a shifting sheen played about its prostrate form. There an old stump glowed like the eye of some monstrous serpent.

Skeeter had what he would have called a "rigger." It shook his entire being. The convulsive movements seemed to be concentrated in his feet. In fact, they shook faster than any negro's feet have ever moved, and their speed was in the direction of Tickfall.

Pursued by all the fantoms of his imagination, Skeeter fled to the only spot he knew as a refuge. Pausing at the door of his saloon, Skeeter thrust the key into the lock with trembling fingers, and entered the room in the darkness.

Then he reeled back with a whining moan of anguish. From twelve different

places in his saloon he beheld the gleaming phosphorescence that lingers above places of death and putrefaction.

As Skeeter staggered back, he pushed the door shut with his shoulders. For a moment his terrified hands groped for the door-knob. Had he found it, he would have fled from that place of terror; but he could not locate that knob. A flash of reason illuminated his shattered brain, and he reached for the electric light switch.

In the fear-dissipating electric light of civilization, those twelve gleaming fires were transformed into twelve slices of bread, smeared with rat poison.

"Bless Gawd!" Skeeter sobbed.

IV

IMMEDIATELY after the fight, Monk and Bamboo made inquiry for Dazzle Zenor. Both started for her house from opposite directions, but they arrived at her gate almost side by side.

They were a bruised pair, their beauty marred for a long time. Their faces were covered with sticking-plaster and wrapped with bandages, and their bodies felt like great aching wounds. Each had exhausted his hate for the other in the terrible battle. When they met they did not speak, for they had bent and broken all language in expressing their opinion of each other in the prize-ring.

When they stepped within the gate, Dazzle Zenor came out of the door on the little porch.

"You two niggers git outen dis yard!" she said. "I'm ashamed dat I ever wus seed wid either of youse. I'm done wid you bofe forever!"

The two were so astonished that they stood perfectly still, looking first at each other and then at the girl.

"When I goes wid a nigger, I wants him to be a gentleman. I like one dat kin sing an' dance an' knows how to dress. I'm not in favor of fightin' mens. I likes bizness mens. Git out!"

She turned back into the house. The two men walked out of the gate, traveling side by side for a long distance before either spoke. Evidently they were thinking of what Dazzle had said, for a certain phrase turned their thoughts at the same time to a little yellow saloon-keeper.

"Dazzle specified dat she liked bizness men," Monk mumbled through lips that were swollen and painful. "She wus al-

ludin' to Skeeter Butts, fer Skeeter told me he wus dat kind of a man."

"Skeeter is gwine to be a fightin' man," Bamboo said in a tone that throbbed with hate. "Dat pet of de lady folks challenged de winner, an' claims he is got me to fight."

"You wusn't no mo' winner dan me," Monk snapped. "Skeeter fights me, too. He cain't amputate me from dat woman 'thout a row."

Skeeter Butts found himself surrounded upon every side by those determined that he should fulfil his promise and fight the first fistic battle of his life. He had always been an artful dodger, but he was caught like a fly in a mile of spider's web.

When Pap Curtain came in, Skeeter hoped that the visitor would sympathize with him, and help him out of his difficulties; but Pap, a cheerful idiot, encouraged Skeeter with the promise that if he were killed Pap would see that he got a nice funeral.

"Whar is you gwine to stage yo' fight?" Pap asked. "At de picnic whar we all scraps?"

"I ain't accustomed to no puffawmunce in de open air," Skeeter said. "I gives all my shows in de opery-house."

"Dat's a fine place," Pap agreed cordially. "Hitch Diamond said admissions is gwine to be two dollars per each. It'll be wuth de price. Us'll need dat money to buy roses an' jewraniums fer you three niggers atter you kill each other. I nearly giggled myse'f into spasms over dat fust fight, an' I expects to die of de hoss-laughs when you gits to scrappin'."

None of this served to encourage Skeeter. Indeed, he resembled a rooster's tail in the rain.

"Lawd!" Skeeter sighed in great distress. "I ain't got no mo' show dan a pertater-bug in a chicken-yard! Ef Dazzle don't he'p me, my light is gone out. I'll go see Dazzle."

V

On the night of Skeeter's appearance in the prize-ring the house was crowded to suffocation. Vinegar Atts had offered to bet that Skeeter would not enter the ring, but he found no takers. Skeeter was present, but it was clear that he lacked self-confidence and was ill at ease.

The preliminaries were quickly disposed of, and Skeeter took possession of one corner, with Figger Bush as his second. Monk

soon appeared with his second, Bamboo Barge.

"Time!" Hitch Diamond bellowed, and the fight was on.

The end was too quick and amazing for anything. Skeeter rose and stretched up both hands as if he were trying to fly.

Then the lights went out.

Ten seconds of total darkness; then from a hundred different places strange lights appeared, shifting like luminous smoke. All over the stage, around the four sides of the room as high up as a man could reach, on the backs of many seats, around the railing of the gallery, along the front of the stage toward the audience, these weird, ephemeral fires flamed without heat, and burned while nothing was consumed.

The central figure was Skeeter Butts, each upholstered mitten on his hands a glowing ball of white fire. His shoes, his fighting-trunks, his boxing-gloves, stood out in the darkness, the rest of his dark body invisible. It gave mystified Monk the impression that he was being advanced upon by a pair of shoes, a pair of sawed-off pants, a pair of boxing-gloves with no man wearing them, and all of them afire!

In the terrible silence the stentorian voice of Vinegar Atts rumbled like a peal of thunder.

"Glory be!" he yelled. "Dis here place am like Moses an' de burnin' bush, flamin' an' unconsumed by de glory of de Lawd's presence!"

As he spoke, a woman sitting next to the stage rose and threw a cloak from around her body, though no one saw her action. What they saw was a female form ablaze with this strange incandescent light. She seemed a creature of fire, agleam with a luminosity which never before had shone on land or sea.

"Great Gawd!" Vinegar Atts howled. "We done saw de woman clothed wid de sun, an' de moon am under her foots!"

Up to this time Hitch Diamond, referee, had stood in the ring speechless as a stone dog, absolutely petrified with astonishment; but when the woman appeared in the crowd he howled:

"My Lawd! Dis here fire am ketchin', an' it's spreadin' eve'ywhar!"

Just a few seconds of darkness had elapsed, during which all of this had occurred. Nobody stayed to wait for more light. The exodus was spontaneous and general. Five hundred people who had

paid two dollars each as the price of admission departed without stopping at the box-office to get their money back. The panic started when somebody shouted "Fire!"

Yells, curses, shrieking voices; broken and shattered benches, men falling and rising, only to be knocked down again and to make the darkness hideous with their blasphemy. In the confusion the crowd lost the sense of direction because of those horrid gleaming lights. They bumped against the wall and butted against one another, and stumbled and staggered, until the room became a bedlam of yammering idiots, praying, gyrating, shrieking for light.

Verily, Skeeter Butts had been busy with the phosphorus that his luminous rat-poison had suggested.

One little glowworm of phosphorus which Dazzle Zenor had surreptitiously smeared upon the head of Monk Zedd revealed to Skeeter Butts where his opponent was. Skeeter started after Monk with two luminous boxing-gloves. He won the battle with one blow, wiping his glove across Monk's body from shoulder to waist. Monk looked down at his illuminated bosom, then with one terrified shriek he went away from there, followed by his second and accompanied by everybody else.

In exactly one minute the electric light was switched on again by Little Bit, the stage mechanic. Skeeter stood in the center of the ring in a most pugnacious attitude, but there was nobody to fight. He was more than conqueror!

The next morning Monk met Bamboo, and looked at his old sparring-partner with the light of a great purpose shining in his one serviceable eye. The other was closed by a bandage.

"Is you heard 'bout dat trick Skeeter done played on us?" Monk inquired.

"I done is," Bamboo replied.

Not a word was spoken. No definite plan was formed, yet the two were spurred by a mighty impulse. They started at the same instant in the direction of the Henscratch Saloon.

When they arrived at the historic grogery, they separated, one going in at the front door and the other entering at the rear. They met in the saloon with Skeeter Butts between them, and the luckless bar-keeper found himself the object of a mighty vengeance. The noise was heard for a distance of five blocks. A few of the boldest

came near the building, impelled by curiosity, but the sounds were so terrifying that they retired to a place of greater safety.

The one most clearly distinguishable sound was the voice of Skeeter Butts calling for help; but nobody organized a relief expedition, for the racket sounded as if heaven and earth were passing away and the firmament was being rolled together like a scroll.

The two bantams left the saloon walking arm in arm, the best of friends and perfectly happy. Two blocks down the street they met Dazzle Zenor, standing in front of the Shinbone Restaurant. The two men greeted her effusively, for revenge is sweet, and the world at that time was floating in honey.

"We arrives away from town on de next train, Dazzle," Monk said. "Come walk to de deppo wid us."

With a smile the girl swung around between them and started down the street. One hundred yards away in the direction they were going there stood an old-fashioned watering-trough, ten feet long, two feet deep, and full of water. Animals still drew heavy loads in Tickfall, and they were wont to drink at this trough.

When the three reached the spot, as if moved by divine inspiration, the two men placed their arms under Dazzle's elbows, lifted her into the air, and deposited her full length in the cold water.

The girl rose, shrieking like a wildcat. Wiping the water from her eyes, she held the two men half a block down the street. Neither turned to look back.

Dazzle climbed out and started toward the Henscratch Saloon at a swift run, leaving a moist trail behind her. She was the first to venture into the place after Monk and Bamboo left it. A few of Skeeter's men friends followed her.

The saloon was a complete wreck. If a cyclone had passed through the place, there could not have been greater devastation. Everything breakable was broken except a pool-table. Skeeter was stretched out on this in a half-conscious state, muttering incoherently. Hitch Diamond bent over him and asked:

"Whut did you say, Skeeter?"

Hitch placed his ear close to the bar-keeper's lips to listen. Then he straightened up, grinned at the crowd, and said:

"Skeeter says he ain't no fightin' man—he's a bizness man!"